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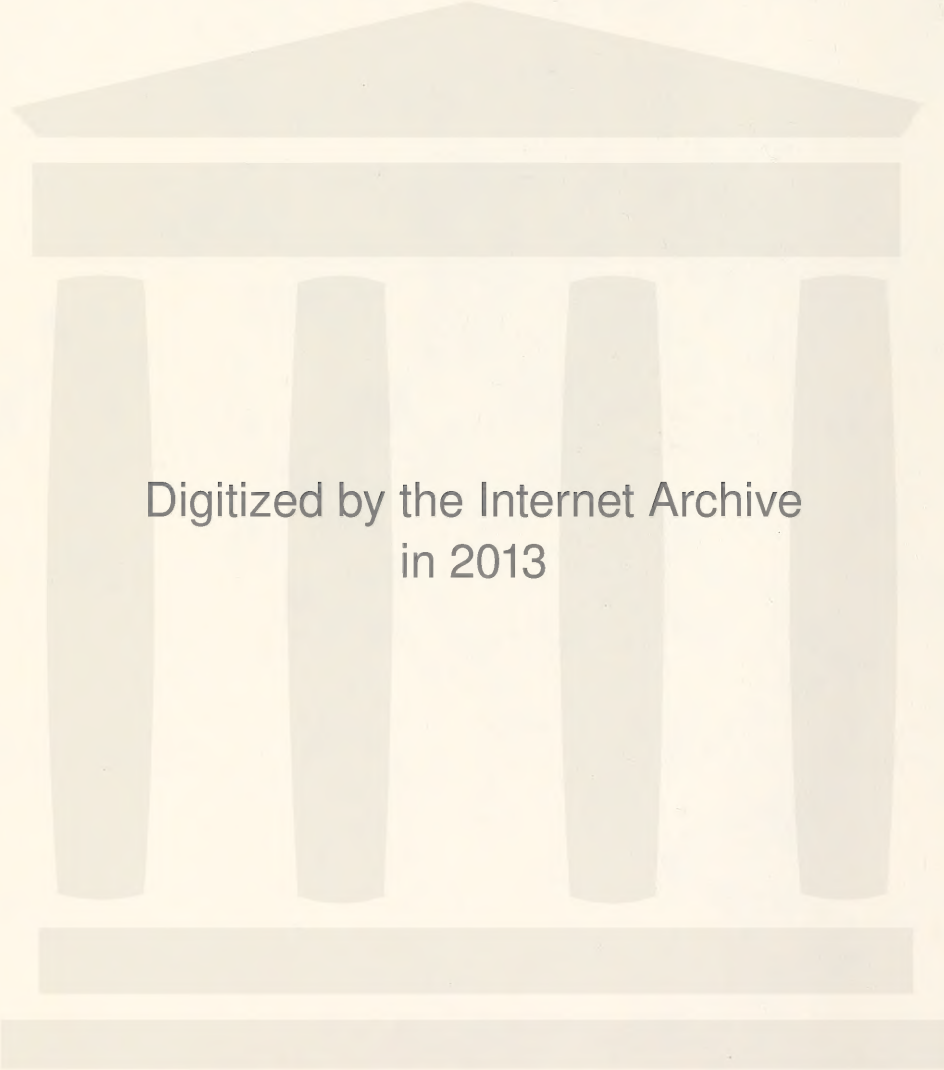
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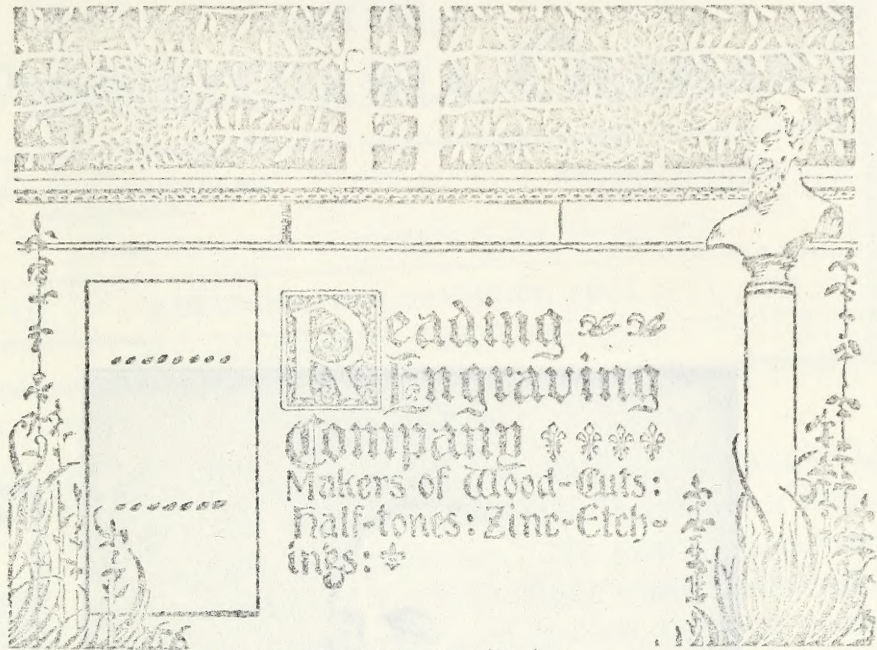
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The
*Pennsylvania-
German*

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1902. No. 1.

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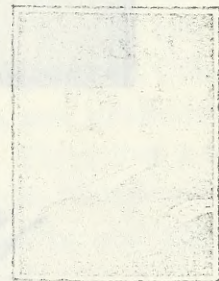
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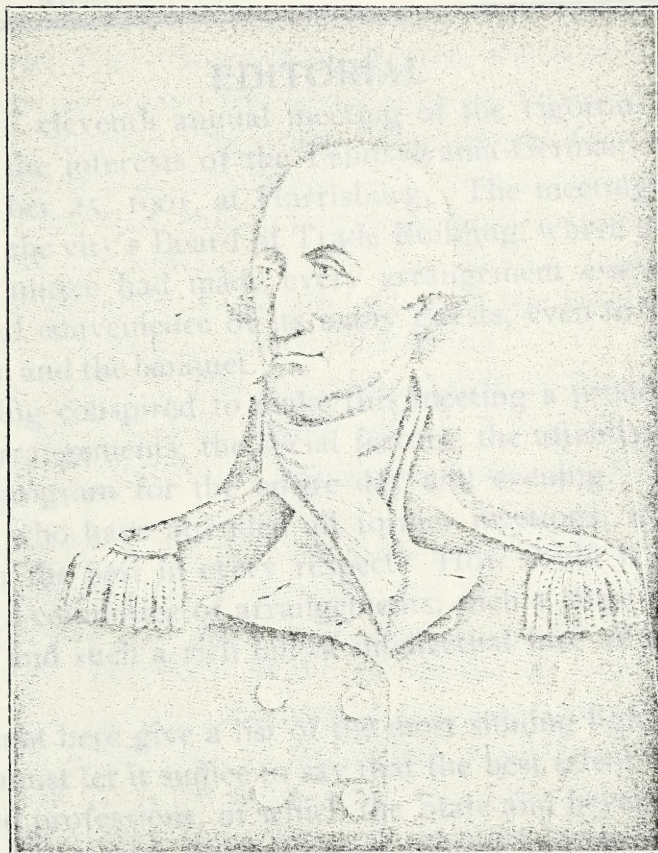
EDWARD H. COOKE,
Business Manager

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Vol. III

LEBANON, PA., JANUARY, 1902

No. 1



Edw. H. Cooke

The character of the first feast of the year may be judged from a reprint of the Order of Proceedings. This was as follows:
Morning Session.—Invocation, Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, D.D., Lebanon; City's Greeting, Mayor John A. Fritschy, Harrisburg; Address of Welcome, Rev. David McGonigley Gillen,

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
Editor and Publisher

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Vol. III

LEBANON, PA., JANUARY, 1902

No. 1

[Entered at the Post-office at Lebanon, Pa., as second-class matter]

EDITORIAL



THE eleventh annual meeting of the vigorous 'society in the interests of the Pennsylvania-Germans met October 25, 1901, at Harrisburg. The meeting place was the city's Board of Trade Building, where a local committee had made every arrangement essential to the comfort and convenience of its many guests, even to the serving of luncheon and the banquet.

Everything conspired to make this meeting a pronounced success, the arrangements, the social feature, the attendance and the excellent program for the entire day and evening. There were not a few who have attended all former meetings, who declared this by far the best in every respect. How could it help but be with such a committee of arrangements, such a large and talented gathering and such a rich bill of intellectual fare as the program provided?

We cannot here give a list of the most shining lights in attendance, but must let it suffice to say that the best talent from among the learned professions, of which the State and beyond can boast, were largely present. Business men, judges, legislators, Congressmen, editors, college and seminary presidents and professors and many ladies joined these to fill the large hall. There was a sprinkling of visitors from the State Convention of the Daughters of the Revolution, which had just been held in the city and adjourned the evening previous.

The character of the rich feast of reason may be judged from a reprint of the Order of Proceedings. This was as follows:

Morning Session.—Invocation, Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, D.D., Lebanon; City's Greeting, Mayor John A. Fritchey, Harrisburg; Address of Welcome, Rev. David McConaughy Gilbert,

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

GEN. JOHN PETER G. MUHLENBERG



It is well known that the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, Dr. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, reared an illustrious family, through whose lives and labors his own great fame shown forth with additional luster. It was through them that the honored name has been written upon the national muster-roll of the renowned, and transmitted to our day as among the most honored promoters of our civil, literary, scientific and ecclesiastical greatness as a nation.

It is proposed during this year to sketch the lives of that illustrious quartet of sons and son-in-law (Rev. Dr. J. C. Kunze) that has made the name of Muhlenberg so widely known and so justly honored. We begin with the eldest.

John Peter Gabriel was the baptismal name given to the first-born of this distinguished family. He first saw the light of day at Providence, now Trappe, Montgomery county, Pa., October 1, 1746. The meagre accounts left to help one in delineating the childhood life of Mr. Muhlenberg's family are in the form of diary entries, where some very tender and interesting events are recorded concerning the mental unfolding and personal characteristics of all. Some of these are given in Dr. Mann's "Life of Muhlenberg." But, remembering the character of their parentage and their rural environment, it should not be found a difficult task for the reader to picture the early life of these children of loving and pious training. We know that young Peter—by which name the first-born is generally known—had made sufficient progress in his studies to enter the Academy at Philadelphia, at the age of fifteen, the time of the family's temporary removal to that city. Here he was a pupil under Dr. Wm. Smith, first Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1763 he, with his two younger brothers, Frederick A. C., and G. Henry Ernest—the former in his fourteenth, the latter but in his tenth year—was sent to Halle,

Germany, where all were to prepare themselves for the Gospel ministry at the same institution in which the father had studied. The father's diary-records speak of the anxious parental concern felt at their departure, and describes the solemn manner of their parting. Peter, being the eldest, was obliged to exercise a sort of guardianship over his younger brothers, although during the voyage to London they enjoyed the companionship of Chief Justice Allen, an intimate friend of Dr. Muhlenberg, who as fellow-passenger, took charge of the boys as far as England. Their arrival at school had been previously arranged for by correspondence, Dr. Ziegenhagen, of London, giving the matter much personal concern. The following extract of a letter from Dr. Muhlenberg to Dr. Ziegenhagen, dated October 27, 1763, gives a general outline of the boy's character, and shows the father's apprehension, afterwards realized, that Peter would prove a troublesome subject:

"My son, Peter, has, alas! enjoyed but little care and control, on account of my extensive official duties, but he has had no evil example from his parents, and many reproofs and counsels. His chief fault and bad inclination, has been fondness for hunting and fishing. But if our most reverend fathers at Halle observe any tendency to vice, I would humbly beg that they send him to a well disciplined garrison-town, under the name of Peter Weiser, before he causes much trouble or complaint. My prayers will follow him, and if his soul only is saved, be it in what condition it may I shall be content. I well know what Satan wishes for me and mine."

Peter could not endure the severity of discipline which prevailed at Halle, and being constantly in trouble, peremptory steps were about to be taken to bring him to terms, when he found it expedient to run away, ere the first year of school-life had been completed. He determined to devote himself to mercantile pursuits and accordingly, with his father's knowledge and direction, entered into an iron-bound engagement with a druggist, Niemeyer by name, of Lübeck, Germany, to serve for a term of six years. But for some unaccounted reason young Muhlenberg grew tired of his long apprenticeship, after half of the long term had elapsed. Hence, one morning, without previous notice, he was numbered among the missing.

He is next found, whither many young men of Germany of that time naturally gravitated, in a military company. Here he is at once enrolled as secretary. This somewhat reckless procedure caused anxiety at Halle and grief to his parents, and efforts were

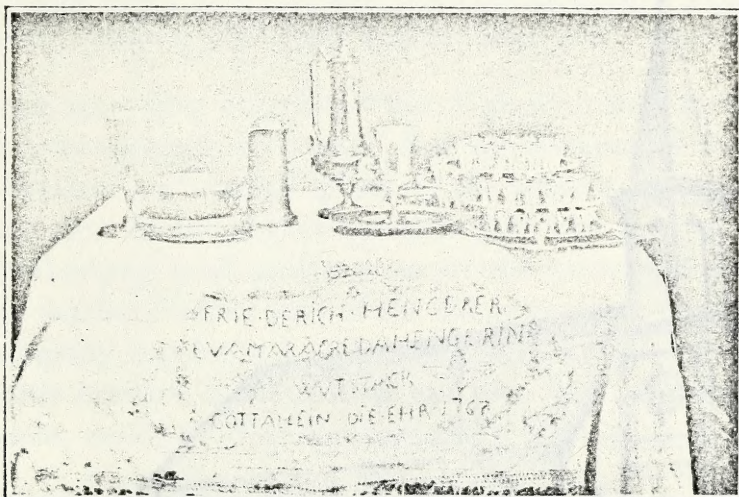
made for his release from his engagement and return to his native country, which plan was successfully carried out.

Upon his return to America young Muhlenberg was placed in the care of the Rev. C. M. Wrangel, father Muhlenberg's personal and trusted friend, who was then Provost of the Swedish Lutheran churches and pastor of the Wicaco congregation at Philadelphia. Here Peter was carefully instructed and so gently guided in mind and heart by the powerful personal influence of this godly man, that the previously somewhat wilful and inconsiderate youth henceforth devoted himself earnestly to the interests of Christ's kingdom. Already in 1768, while yet a student of theology, he is occasionally entrusted with the supply of his teacher's pulpit and his maiden efforts are said to have been well received. He also occasionally assisted his father and his preaching gave equal satisfaction among his own German brethren. It is recorded that by general request he took his father's place in St. Michael's pulpit on Good Friday, 1768, where he preached to a large and curious congregation. His theme was "The Burial of Christ." The father's feelings at a time are given in a letter to Rev. Drs. Ziegenhagen and Francke, from which we quote:

"When my permission was made public, there was such a concourse and throng in St. Michael's as never before had taken place (as they told me) since the church was erected. I did not go there, but stayed in my small chamber, feeling like a condemned publican and a worm, with tears praying the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls to defend this act against Satan's cunning and to grant that the good cause might not suffer through me or mine. After the service the elders came to my house and congratulated me with much feeling on the sermon delivered by my son. I thanked them, but no one knoweth what is the state of my mind in anything of this sort, since I am slow to believe or trust in any good, either in myself or in my own, save what God's grace and mercy give. I could not take it ill in my brethren in Christ that they secretly out of love to the cause, said to each other: 'God be praised! if the old man should depart, Providence has sent us a young substitute who in case of need may assist and comfort us!'"

Thus he gradually became his father's assistant and while this relationship existed he preached at such points as Barren Hill, Pikestown, Macungie and neighborhood, in Pennsylvania, and in New Germantown, and Bedminster, in New Jersey. In 1769 (June 20) the Lutheran Synod licensed him to preach and thereafter, for a year or two, he served the congregations on the Raritan in New Jersey, named above, as his father's substitute. Here his services were duly appreciated and quite satisfactory. It is probable that he took to this New Jersey parish his bride in 1770.

In 1772 he received a call from the Lutheran congregation in Woodstock, Va., in which vicinity a great many Lutherans of Pennsylvania had recently settled. To accept this position the laws of the State required his re-ordination by the Church of England, which necessitated his journeying to London. This he did at once, and was ordained April 23, 1772, at the Royal Chapel of St. James, the Bishop of London officiating. Upon his return, he settled with his young family at Woodstock—having married, November 6, 1770, Miss Anna Barbara Meyer, of Philadelphia—and continued to serve the Lutheran Church of that place with great acceptance until the outbreak of the Revolution. Legend has it that Washington once partook of communion here.

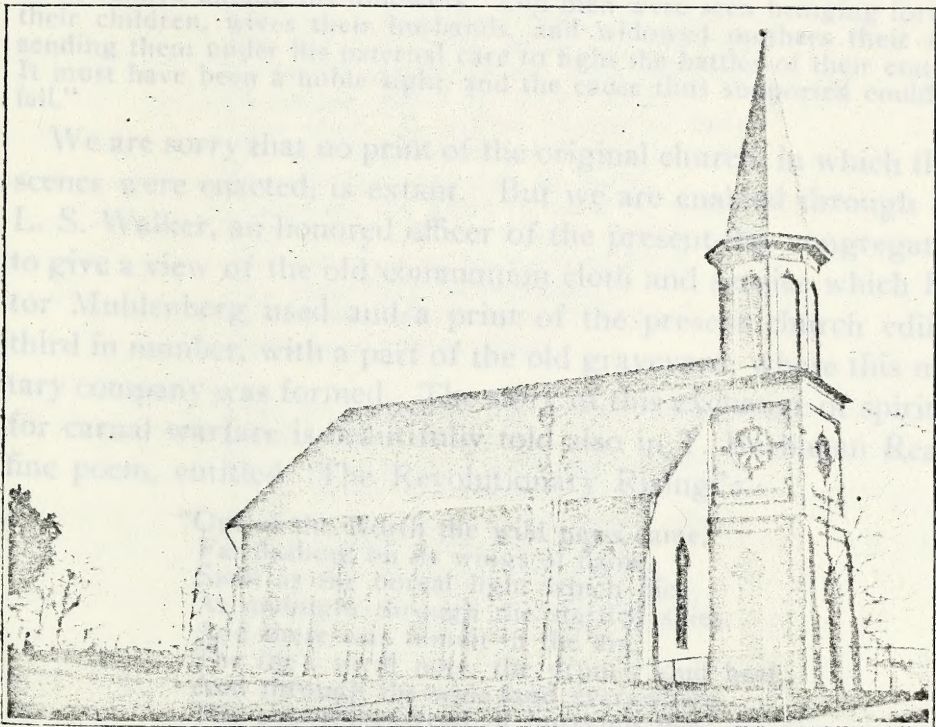


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He had always taken deep interest in civil as well as in Church affairs. The agitation which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution of the colonies, stirred his patriotic heart and swept him into the very local leadership of the American cause. The friends of liberty found in him a brave, intelligent and trustworthy guide. He kept himself informed of the movement and with a heart all

aglow with patriotic fervor his lips could not be sealed. His sermons and public addresses breathed a lofty sentiment in favor of independence. The community learned to trust him as counsellor and elected him, in 1774, as chairman of the Committee of Safety of his county, a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and in 1776 a delegate to the State Convention. Here he became personally acquainted with George Washington, Patrick Henry and other eminent Virginia Statesmen, whose lofty views he shared and whose close personal friendship he enjoyed and maintained during all the trying years to come. It was at the earnest solicitation of General Washington, who had learned to know and admire



LUTHERAN CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD, WOODSTOCK, VA.

his ardent patriotism, that he was induced to accept a colonel's commission.

And now the soldier-preacher did a beautiful and impressive thing that has come to be among the best remembered events of his life. Having received his military appointment he took public leave of his congregation in a most striking manner. One Sunday, about the middle of January, 1776, he preached an eloquent sermon on the wrongs this country had suffered from British tyranny,

and closed with these words: "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a time to fight, and that time has now come." Having previously donned a military uniform, which was hid by his clerical robes, he now, having closed the service with the benediction, threw off his gown, and, at the church door, ordered the drum to be beat for recruits while making an appeal for volunteers, which was instantly responded to by nearly three hundred of his flock. This thrilling scene has been thus described:

"Then followed a scene to which even the American Revolution, rich as it is in bright examples of the patriotic devotion of the people affords no parallel. His audience, excited in the highest degree by the impassioned words which had fallen from his lips, flocked around him, eager to be ranked among his followers. Old men were seen bringing forward their children, wives their husbands, and widowed mothers their sons, sending them under his paternal care to fight the battles of their country. It must have been a noble sight, and the cause thus supported could not fail."

We are sorry that no print of the original church, in which these scenes were enacted, is extant. But we are enabled through Mr. L. S. Walker, an honored officer of the present-day congregation, to give a view of the old communion cloth and service which Pastor Muhlenberg used and a print of the present church edifice, third in number, with a part of the old graveyard, where this military company was formed. The story of this exchange of spiritual for carnal warfare is beautifully told also in T. Buchanan Read's fine poem, entitled "The Revolutionary Rising":

"Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame.
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast at Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriotic arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

"Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood.
There Sunday found the rural folk
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught,
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

"How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garments' gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

"The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text a few short words of might—
'The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!'
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words of Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake
And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

"Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And lo! he met their wondrous eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

"A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, 'Cease, traitor! Cease!
God's temple is the house of peace,'
The other shouted, 'Nay, not so.
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time for fight and pray!'

"And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear it seemed the ear

- Of dusty death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace
 The great bell swung as ne'er before.
 It seemed as it would never cease
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, 'War! War! War!'—
 'Who dares?'—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 'Come out with me, in Freedom's Name
 For her to live! For her to die!
 A hundred hands flung up reply
 A hundred voices answered 'I' "

Very soon Col. Muhlenberg had raised what was known as the "German Regiment" and which under his command as the Eighth Virginia, gained a reputation for discipline and valiant service. The part which he took in the long Revolutionary conflict would alone furnish sufficient material for a long sketch. It is, however, within the limits of our present account merely to give the most general record of that portion of Mr. Muhlenberg's life upon which his greatest fame rests.

Having raised his regiment, Col. Muhlenberg at once marched to the relief of Suffolk and later under General Lee to North Carolina, thence to Charleston, S. C., where his regiment participated in the battle of Sullivan's Island and all the Southern campaigns, winning many a laurel for gallant conduct and brave fighting. The Colonel was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship, in 1777, in recognition of his services in this Southern Campaign.

Having now been raised to the rank of a superior officer he took charge of all the continental troops of the Virginia line then in that State. By order of Congress he was urged to hasten the recruiting of the several regiments and move northward to join the main army as speedily as possible. By May, 1777, he started his brigade for Morristown, N. J., then General Washington's headquarters. The campaign of this season was just opening, and General Muhlenberg's brigade did gallant service in the skirmishing at Middlebrook, the bloody field of Brandywine, and the various blows struck (alas! but futile) in defence of Philadelphia, the capital of the States. We must refer the reader to history and more minute descriptions of the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, etc., to see

the brave and creditable part played by General Muhlenberg and his excellent brigade during this year.

The General shared with the main army the indescribable privations endured in their encampment at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777-78. During encampment here he would occasionally visit his father's family, spending the night there, and several times narrowly escaped being captured by British scouts. He also spent a week in Virginia, during the month of February, giving attention there to pressing private business affairs.

The campaign of 1778 opened with the General beginning his march towards New York, in company with the main army. His former residence in New Jersey, and consequent knowledge of local geography served him and the army well. His brigade was under General Lee, and therefore moved as the vanguard of the main army. At the Delaware the order of march was changed, which left General Muhlenberg's brigade under the major-generalship of the Marquis de Lafayette. The only significant occurrence in this march was the hard-fought battle of Monmouth on June 28th, where, though Muhlenberg's brigade was somewhat swallowed up in the mass of the contending army, they yet won the praise of their opponents. As an English account says, referring to this division, "their second line preserved a better countenance, and resisted a fierce and eager attack with great obstinacy. * * They evinced a degree of recollection, as well as resolution, after having been routed, rarely found in taking up a third position, which they maintained." A critic of the battle, however, claims that "the Muhlenberg brigade never receded from the position in which it repulsed the enemy's repeated attacks."

From Monmouth the American forces proceeded to Brunswick and from thence to Paranno and from thence to White Plains, N. Y. After operations necessitated the breaking up of camp at White Plains, General Muhlenberg, with his Virginia brigade, was ordered to West Point, while his counsel on matters of winter quarters, movements of the army, and plans of attacking the enemy were often sought and respectfully treated by his Commander-in-Chief. During the winter of 1778-79, the army was scattered, and General Muhlenberg, having been stationed at Middlebrook with his division, where, despite the uncomfortable situation of spending the winter in huts, this portion of the army

generally had a gay time. Here they remained encamped until the middle of June, and the entire year of 1779 furnished little of interest in the life of Muhlenberg, save that his brigade and that of General Wayne's were detailed to strike a blow at the enemy at Stony Point, to which place they had forced their march in June, and in which exploit he acted his part well.

The opening of the next winter found General Muhlenberg in quarters with the main army, at Morristown. The enemy now made a southern expedition and early in the winter he was sent to Virginia to assume chief command of that State. Now, for the first time, he was put on his own resources, to act upon his own discretion, having previously always served in a subordinate capacity. By the enemy's capture of nearly all the Virginia line under Generals Woodford and Lincoln, he was obliged to raise, equip and discipline almost an entirely new army for the purpose of defending his State. The success with which this task was performed was evinced by the large and well-disciplined body of troops, who later, under Lafayette, joined the Commander-in-chief before the entrenchments of Yorktown. His selection for this, then critical and important duty, is the highest compliment paid General Muhlenberg's military ability and reliability that Congress and General Washington could have paid him. Thomas Jefferson, who was then Governor of Virginia, placed the whole resources of the State into the hand of his friend, now military commandant, and thus greatly aided him in his Herculean task at that critical period, when the Old Dominion was passing through most crucial tests of her loyalty. Voluntary enlistments proved ineffectual, and the State was constrained, at General Muhlenberg's request, to pass a conscription law, which measure alone saved the State and probably the cause of independence.

The fall of Charleston, in May, and consequent developments, proved it necessary for the main American Army to move southward and fight the battle of independence to a finish on a southern field. The conduct of General Muhlenberg in all this critical period, whether at the head of the recruiting department or in command of a raw army repelling the invasion of the enemy, or of making soldiers out of militia, or personally suppressing mutiny among the officers or other divisions of the army, are all alike creditable to the gallant patriot.

In the campaign against Cornwallis, ending with his final surrender at Yorktown, General Muhlenberg commanded a corps of the light infantry of the main army, whom Lafayette named "the flower of Washington's army," and remained unto the close of the war under the command of the gallant Marquis. He shared in all those skillful movements, which so baffled Lord Cornwallis in this, to him forlorn, campaign. In the entire campaign and final siege of Yorktown, responsible and distinguished duties were assigned to Muhlenberg, who acquitted himself gallantly and whose body of light infantry and French grenadiers, under the command of Lafayette, made the brilliant exploit of storming the enemy's flank redoubts, on the night of the 15th of October, 1781, and of taking them at the point of the bayonet, which so weakened and disheartened the enemy that Cornwallis surrendered a few days later (19th).

This practically ended the war, though many persons in high authority were of the opinion that another attempt would be made by Great Britain to reduce the colonies. Accordingly General Muhlenberg was directed to collect troops and discipline them as rapidly as possible. Winchester was appointed as the place of general rendezvous, and this enabled the general during that summer frequently to visit his family, which was but twenty miles away. Nor was this an idle post. He was ever busy keeping up a correspondence with his commander-in-chief, General Washington, now in headquarters at Newburgh, N. Y., until news arrived in March, 1783, that the preliminaries of peace had been signed by the commissioners at Paris, which ended this work of collecting recruits and of other military operations.

Muhlenberg was promoted to the rank of a Major-general by act of Congress passed September 30, 1783, an honor well merited by length and brilliancy of service. The army was formally disbanded, where General Washington's famous farewell address was delivered, and the officers and common soldiers returned to their pursuits of peace, having won for themselves and their successors the priceless treasure of liberty and independence.

Gen. Muhlenberg returned to his family in Woodstock, Va., and now found it necessary to recruit his health instead of the Virginia army. His former congregations wished him to return to his charge as pastor, but he declined, saying that "it would

never do to mount the parson after the soldier."

He therefore removed to Pennsylvania the following November and in consequence of losses sustained, set about to reimburse himself by secular business. He was at the point of engaging in mercantile business in Philadelphia, with his brother-in-law, when circumstances developed which made him abandon the project. Leaving his family at the Trappe, Pa., where his aged father was still living, he started out to see and locate the military bounty lands, received for his services during the war. These amounted to 13,000 acres, and intending to locate them upon the Ohio, west of Fort Pitt, in the territory of Ohio, he set out on horseback to attend to the same. Leaving the Trappe February 22, 1784, accompanied by Captain Paske, and traveling via Reading, Lebanon, Harris Ferry, Carlisle, Bedford and Pittsburg, his journey was most venturesome as evidenced by the very interesting journal preserved of the same. After a most hazardous trip of four months he returned in safety and gave to Congress a lengthy report of his visit and doings. A second trip was necessary to finally settle these land warrants. He also located lands for his friend General Steuben in this second visit. It was upon the tract here selected that his sons settled later, who afterwards became prominent in the politics of that new State. May they not have had their part in naming the southern metropolis of the State, after this settlement by the soldiery society of the Cincinnati?

The Society of the Cincinnati, which was an organization intended to keep alive among the officers of the Revolution the memory of their common experience and to secure some sense of justice at the hand of a favored country, for their sacrifices, enrolled the General as an active member, until violent attacks upon the same order made it expedient to withdraw.

General Muhlenberg's score of years given to civil life, following the establishment of peace and constitutional government are full of interest and fruitful in meritorious honors that crown his already conspicuous career. But we must confine the narration of these to the veriest summary.

In 1785 he was elected by the people of Pennsylvania as Vice-President of the State, under the then existing constitution, with Benjamin Franklin as President. He was annually elected to this office until 1788, the greater portion of which time the reins of the

State's government were in his hand in consequence of Dr. Franklin's absence from home on National business. It was at this time that the insurrection of Wyoming occurred, in consequence of the rival claims of the States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and it became his unpleasant duty to suppress the same. History has told how wisely this was done.

The question of the formation of a new national constitution also came up at this time, which was accomplished in a convention that met at Philadelphia and which, on the 17th of September, 1787, consummated its work. There was considerable opposition to its adoption by the States. It is due largely to the exertions of General Muhlenberg and his brother, Frederick, (speaker of the State Convention called to act upon this question), who controlled the German element then in the ascendancy, that the Keystone State was so speedy in its adoption, which greatly influenced the other States to do likewise. In 1788, eleven of the thirteen original States had adopted the instrument, and the provisions of the same became operative. Accordingly an election for the first United States Congress was ordered, which took place in December of the same year. Both the General and his brother, Frederick, were chosen as two out of eight representatives on the general ticket.

When this Congress met and organized in New York City in the spring of 1789—nearly a month after the time set (March 4th) on account of a lack of a quorum beforehand—Frederick A. Muhlenberg was chosen speaker, while the General served on several responsible committees in this first very important national assembly; and in the light of future events his position on all grave questions then agitating this body was safe and sound.

Just as General Muhlenberg contributed much, directly and indirectly, to the adoption of the National Constitution in 1787, so the adoption of the new State Constitution in 1790, which was long regarded "by good judges to be the best in the union, if not in the world," was in a great measure to be attributed to this strong friend of progress, the trusted champion of his German fellow-citizens.

In December, 1793, the third United States Congress assembled and General Muhlenberg was again a member, elected to represent the Montgomery district of Pennsylvania, and he served until March, 1795. He again served on many important commit-

tees, principally such as appertained to military affairs. He was also a Presidential elector from Pennsylvania in 1797, and was re-elected to the Fourth Congress.

When in 1798 the aggressions of France rendered the raising of an army necessary by our country, placed under command of General Washington, that great commander presented to the Secretary of War, the name of General Peter Muhlenberg, among others, as worthy of a place as general officer—even at a time when the administration was in the hands of the political opponents to the strong republican of Pennsylvania. He took active and prominent part in the political turmoil of those troublesome times, known in Pennsylvania as the “Reign of Terror,” resulting from political questions such as the contest between Jefferson and Burr, etc. When this question came into Congress for settlement Muhlenberg again stood firmly, during thirty-six ballots by his old friend, Thomas Jefferson, which course future events have justified as having been wise and patriotic.

On the 18th of February, 1801, his State Legislature elected him as a member of the United States Senate. He, however, served his country but a few months in this capacity, since on the 30th of June of the same year he was offered by President Jefferson the post of Supervisor of the Internal Revenue for Pennsylvania, which he accepted. About a year later (July, 1802) he was appointed Collector of the Port of Philadelphia which important and lucrative position he held until his death, which occurred at his home, near that city, on the 1st of October, 1807—the 61st anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Muhlenberg was highly honored in life and death. Two States had learned to love and trust him. Virginia’s long list of patriots in that period were his intimate friends, while Pennsylvania regarded him as one of her firstborn sons. His death was most of all lamented by his own German countrymen, who had looked upon him as their special leader. He is one of the two Pennsylvanians whom the National Government honored by statues in the Capital at Washington, D. C.

He had a family of four children, three sons and one daughter. Two of his sons survived him, and both attained to some distinction. Peter was a major in the army of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, while Francis took up residence in Ohio, and was

afterwards elected to that State's Legislature and member of the 20th Congress from Ohio. A grandson served with distinction as a surgeon and medical director in the late Civil War.

General Muhlenberg's remains are interred in the peaceful village graveyard at the Trappe, Pa., next the church, in which he was baptized, where they repose by the side of those of his honored father. His grave is marked by a simple stone containing the following epitaph:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
GENERAL PETER MUHLENBERG,¹
BORN OCT. 1. 1746. DIED OCT. 1, 1807.
HE WAS BRAVE IN THE FIELD,
FAITHFUL IN THE CABINET,
HONOURABLE IN ALL HIS TRANSACTIONS.
A SINCERE FRIEND,
AND
AN HONEST MAN.

We are indebted to Mr. H. M. M. Richards for the following genealogical table of General Muhlenberg's descendants.

- I. HENRY MYERS MUHLENBERG, born Oct. 9, 1775; died July 7, 1806; no issue.
- II. CHARLES FREDERICK MUHLENBERG, born Nov. 16, 1778; died May 31, 1795; no issue.
- III. HESTER MUHLENBERG, born April 1, 1785; died July 21, 1872; married April 10, 1810, Dr. Isaac Hiester, of Reading,—a distinguished practitioner and foremost citizen of his native county and adopted city. Their issue:
 1. *Anna Muhlenberg Hiester*, born Oct. 28, 1812; married John Pringle Jones, a lawyer of Philadelphia; Deputy Attorney General of Berks Co.; Judge of Third District.
 - (a) John Pringle Hiester Jones. Had one son (b) John P.
 2. *John Peter Muhlenberg Hiester*, born May 3, 1815; died March 10, 1834. No issue.
 3. *William Muhlenberg Hiester*, born May 15, 1818; died August 16, 1878; married Julia F. Roland. He was a lawyer at Reading bar, Pennsylvania State Senator and Speaker of Senate, 1852-55, and by Gov. Packer appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth, 1858-61.
 - (a) A son, born Feb. 20, 1853; died March 20, 1853.

(b) Isaac Hiester, born January 8, 1856; admitted to Reading bar, 1878. Single.

4. *Francis Muhlenberg Hiester*, born March 11, 1829; died April 9, 1864; married Ella V. Lauman. A noted physician of Reading, Pa., surgeon in army, 1861, and Medical director, Dept. of Ohio.

(a) George Lauman Hiester, Born May 29, 1857; died June 5, 1857.

(b) Anna Huhlenberg Hiester, born January 13, 1859; married Dr. H. Clinton McSherry; no issue.

(c) Edwardine Lauman Hiester, born October 28, 1863; married John A. Hoogewerff; (1) Have issue one son, Hiester.

IV. *PETER MUHLENBERG*, born March 20, 1787; died Aug. 21, 1844; married Sarah Coleman, of Reading, Pa. He was captain 6th U. S. Infantry 1811-14, and Major 31st Regt. U. S. Infantry, 1814-15. Died at Grand Ecore, La., where his regiment was stationed.

1. *Catharine Anna Muhlenberg*, born Nov. 19, 1827; died Nov. 5, 1894; married her cousin, Rev. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, D.D., LL. D.

(a) Ernest A. Muhlenberg, born May 9, 1850. Single.

(b) William F. Muhlenberg, born Nov. 18, 1852; married his cousin, Henrietta Augusta Muhlenberg. A graduate of University of Pennsylvania, and a practicing physician of Reading, Pa. Has three children, (1) Hiester Henry, (2) Frederick Augustus, (3) Augusta Elizabeth.

(c) Peter Henry Muhlenberg, born Nov. 20, 1854; died Sept. 14, 1857.

(d) Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, born Dec. 10, 1856; died Sept. 16, 1860.

(e) Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, born April 11, 1860.

(f) Francis Benjamin Muhlenberg, born August 8, 1864; married Margaret Orr. One child, Frances Edith.

2. *Mary Muhlenberg*, born Aug. 6, 1832; died Aug. 25, 1837.

3. *Elizabeth Muhlenberg*, born July 27, 1835. Single.

4. *Mary Ann Muhlenberg*, born May 4, 1838, died Nov. 29, 1840.

5. *Francis Peter Muhlenberg*, born June 22, 1840; married Margaret G. Van Reed. Private Co. G, 1st Penna. Vols. 1861. Brevet Major April, 1865. Resides Galesburg, Mich.

(a) Mary B. Muhlenberg, born July 25, 1865; died March, 1866.

(b) Catharine A. Muhlenberg, born Oct. 23, 1867; married Fred. W. Franklin. Have two children (1) Margaret M., (2) Francis M.

(c) Elizabeth C. Muhlenberg, born Oct. 19, 1870.

6. *Sarah Muhlenberg*, born April 29, 1843. Single.

V. *FRANCIS SWAINE MUHLENBERG*, born April 22, 1795; died 1832; married Mary Denny; no issue. Lawyer. Private Secretary of Governor Joseph Hiester, member Ohio Legislature, Member of 20th Congress from Ohio.

VI. *MARY ANNE MUHLENBERG*, born 1793; died 1805.

GERMANTOWN FRIENDS PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY, 1688.

FIRST PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY THE WORK OF PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.—The country is proud of its history from 1861-65. Though it marks the period of one of the bloodiest wars of history, it represents the culmination and favorable and final decision of the long growing opposition to human slavery. This conflict as it was first carried on in forum, later on the field of carnage, has given many a man imperishable fame for wisdom and power in debate and for valor and heroism in bloody conflict. The names of Pennsylvania-Germans are written upon the two-fold tablets of fame in this final settlement. But it is to the everlasting glory of our stock that the first protest against negro slavery was made by them. This public protest was written by that noble-spirited German Quaker of Germantown, Francis Daniel Pastorius, as early as 1688, and signed by him and a few of his fellow countrymen. Of him Whittier has sung and of him his race is proud. Through the kindness of Mr. Horace J. Smith, of local Germantown history fame, this magazine has been favored with a photographic copy or reprint of this historic document the contents of which are here appended:

THIS IS TO YE MONTHLY MEETING HELD AT RICHARD WORRELL'S.

These are the reasons why we are against the traffick of men-body, as followeth. Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner? viz., to be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many on sea, when they see a strange vessel,—being afraid it should be a Turk, and they should be taken, and sold for slaves into Turkey. Now what is this better done, as Turks doe? Yae, rather is it worse for them, which say they are Christians; for we hear that ye most part of such negers are brought hither against their will and consent, and that many of them are stolen. Now, tho they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves, as it is to have other white ones. There is a saying, that we shall doe to all men like as we will be done ourselves; making no difference of what generation, descent or colour they are. And those who steal or robb men, and those who buy or purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience, ^{weh} is right and reasonable; here ought to be likewise liberty of ye body, except of evil-doers, ^{weh} is an other case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, we stand against. In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience sake; and here there are those oppressed ^{weh} are of a black colour. And we who know that men must not committ adultery,—some do committ adultery, in others, separating wives from their husands and giving them to others; and some sell the children of these poor creatures to other men. Ah! doe consider well this thing, you who doe it, if you would be done at this manner? and if it is done according to Christianity? You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe, where they hear off, that ye Quakers doe here

handel men as they handel there ^{ye} cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause, or pleid for it? Truly we can not do so, except you shall inform us better hereof, viz., that Christians have liberty to practise these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse towards us, than if men should rob or steal us away, and sell us for slaves to strange countries; separating husbands from their wives and children. Being now this is not done in the manner we would be done at therefore we contradict and are against this traffic of men-body. And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal, must, likewise, avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of ^{ye} hands of ^{ye} robbers, and set free as well as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report, instead it hath now a bad one for this sake in other countries. Especially whereas ^{ye} Europeans are desirous to know in what manner ^{ye} Quakers doe rule in their province;—and most of them doe look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

If once these slaves (^{weh} they say are so wicked and stubborn men) should joint themselves,—fight for their freedom,—and handel their masters and mastrisses as they did handel them before; will these masters and mastrisses take the sword at hand and warr against these poor slaves, licke, we are able to believe, some will not refuse to doe; or have these negers not as much right to fight for their freedom, as you have to keep them slaves?

Now consider well this thing, if it is good or bad? And in case you find it to be good to handel these blacks at that manner, we desire and require you hereby lovingly, that you may in form us herein, which at this time never was done, viz., that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To the end we shall be satisfied in this point, and satisfie likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our natiif country, to whose it is a terror, or fairful thing that men should be handeled so in Pennsylvania.

This is from our meeting at Germantown, held ^{ye} 13 of the 2 month, 1688, to be delivered to the Monthly Meeting at Richard Worrel's.

Garret hendericks
derick up de graeff
Francis daniell Pastorius
Abraham up Den graef

At our Monthly Meeting at Dublin, ^{ye} 30—2 mo., 1688, we havin inspected ^{ye} matter, above mentioned, and considered of it, we find it so weighty that we think it not expedient for us to meddle with it here, but do rather commit it to ^{ye} consideration of ^{ye} Quarterly Meeting; ^{ye} tenor of it being nearly related to ^{ye} Truth.

On behalf of ^{ye} Monthly Meeting,

Signed, P. JO. HART.

This, above mentioned, was read in our Quarterly Meeting at Philadelphia, the 4 of ^{ye} 4th mo. '88, and was from thence recommended to the Yearly Meeting, and the above said Derick, and the other two mentioned therein, to present the same to to ^{ye} above said meeting, it being a thing of too great a weight for this meeting to determine.

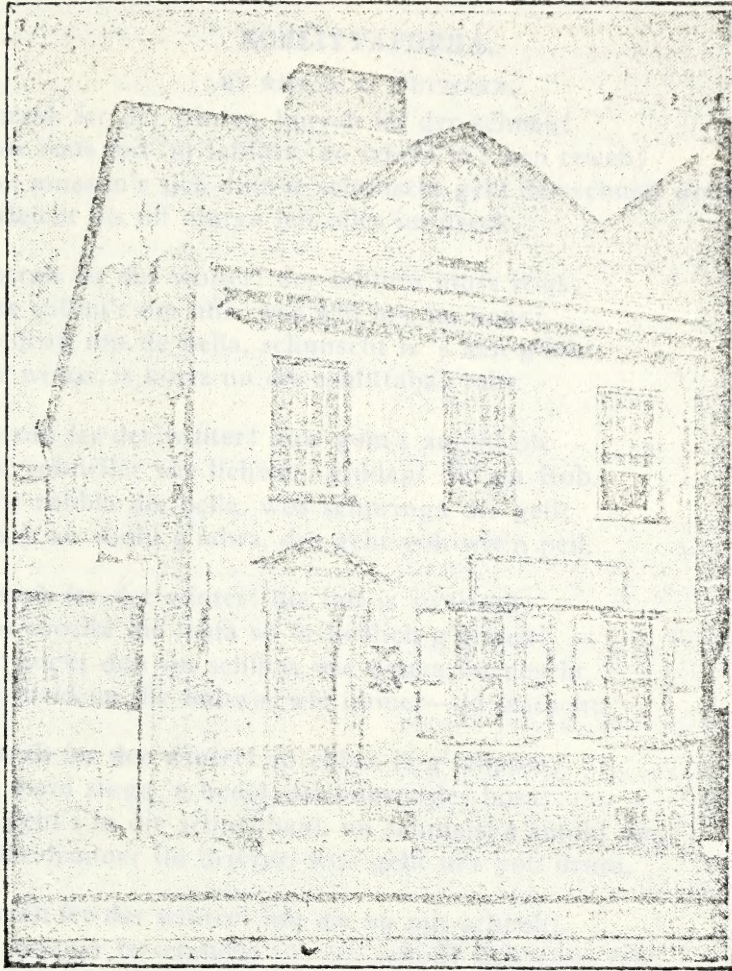
Signed by order of ^{ye} meeting,

ANTHONY MORRIS.

YEARLY MEETING MINUTE ON THE ABOVE PROTEST.

At a Yearly Meeting held at Burlington the 5th day of the 7th month, 1688.

A Paper being here presented by some German Friends Concerning the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of Buying and keeping Negroes, It was adjudged not to be so proper for this Meeting to give a Positive Judgment in the Case, It having so General a Relation to many other Parts and therefore at present they forbear It.



We are pleased to show our readers a cut of the house in which the above protest against slavery was written and signed by Pastorius. It was the house of Jonas Kunder and is now numbered 5109 Germantown Avenue. Our friend, Mr. Horace J. Smith, the enthusiastic antiquarian of Germantown, proposes to have this property bought and dedicate it to the Negro Race of America, by naming it their "Independence Hall" and devoting it to Museum and Library purposes. Surely such would be a noble service of this noble German pioneer's abode and historic site. Every German of public spirit and means should second the motion with a hearty hurrah and a liberal contribution.

Poetic Gems

SCHLITTAFORHA.

BY REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Hurrah fer der winter, hurrah fer der schnehl!
 Now rous mit 'm schlitta, un tzaehl m'r ken tzweh;
 Doh muss m'r sich dum'le schunscht geht der schnehl weck,
 Ferleicht bis uff morya leit olles im dreck.

Hurrah fer der winter! der schlitta muss rous;
 Was will m'r om uffa, was will m'r im hous?
 Un druff mit de bella, schunscht is 's ken g'fahr,
 Der winter is kortz un die schlittabah rahr.

Hurrah fer der winter! now geht's amohl ob.
 Wie schneller wie liehwer; giddap! Sal un Bob.
 Wos robbla die bella, wos schpringa die geil;
 Des is aw mohl g'fahra, des geht yoh wie'n peil.

Hurrah fer der winter! die luft is so frisch;
 Wos mocha die lehfa so 'n lieblich g'grisch!
 M'r huckt doh im schlitta wie douva im nescht,
 Die maid un die buhwa, wie immer—du waescht!

Hurrah fer der winter! so ebbes is g'schposs;
 Die maid singa 'n liedel, die buhwa der boss;
 Un geht's in die schnehlbank un schmeist's amohl um,
 Gehts drunner un drivrer, wos gebt m'r yoh drum.

Hurrah fer der winter! mit eis un mit schnehl;
 Im summer ferschmelst m'r un schofft sich gons reh;
 Die werscht sin now tzeitich, die eppel sin gehl,
 Doh geht m'r on's b'zucha, m'r drefft's yoh net fehl.

S'is immer tzu schoffa, yuscht s'hut ken so 'n eil,
 M'r duht's mit maschina un schuhnt noh die geil;
 Die ovet sin long un die dawga sin kortz,
 Doh nemmt m'r sich's gute bis de fuitzeha Martz.

Hurrah fer der winter! hurrah un hurrah!
 Now rous mit 'm cutter, un druff mit der frah;
 Un luss 's mohl klingla bis olla hund blofft,
 Der winter is doh un die arwet is g'schofft.

NEU JOHR'S SCHITZ IN ALTE ZEITE.

Am letzte Dag im alte Johr
 Sin die Bauere in der Store
 Mit Oier un mit Federvieh,
 Un lege sie uf'm Counter hie.

Der Storeman fillt ihr Pulverhorn
 Voll Schiesspulver, mit kleena
 Korn,
 Um recht das Neu Johr ahzu-
 schiesse,
 Un dabei ah ihre Nachbere griesse.

Kaum ware die dunkle Schatte
 g'falle,
 Dann hot mer Flinte heere knalle
 Hie un do, sie bei zu rufe,
 Ihre Freiwilligkeit zu prufe.

Sie hen die alte Muschkete g'lade
 Un sin dorch kneedief Schnee
 g'bate,
 Schtill un ruhig wie en Maus
 Noch'm neechste Bauerehaus.

Dort hen sie g'stanne im diefe
 Schnee,
 Mit kalte Fiess un shteife Beh;
 En mancher hot sei blohse Ohre
 Un noch dabei sei Fiess verfrore.

Der Captain hot sei Orders gewe,
 Dann war no grad en anner lewe
 Bei de Schitz in seller Nacht—
 Sie ware all jo uf der Wacht.

Sie erwarte all mit Shmerz zu
 schiesse,
 Doch wollte sie ken Blut vergiesse;
 Glei wie sell Wort is raus gekomme
 Hot mer die Flinte heere brumme.

Die Kugel-Bixe hen geknallt
 Dass iwer Berg un Dahl geschallt;
 Dann hen sie wieder frisch gelade—
 Schier so g'schwindt wie die Sol-
 date.

Der Captain hot en scheener
 Spruch
 Abgelese ohne Buch.
 Dann hen sie 'n sheenes Liedle
 g'sunge
 For die Alte un die Junge.

Wie die Hund hen Pulver
 g'schnuppt
 Sin sie unnig die Portch g'schluppt
 Un ware ruhig wie die Meise—
 Hen no Niemand wolle beise.

Dann heert mer glei der Schlissel
 drehe
 In der Dehr, un duht ah sehe
 Der Mann vom Haus mit Licht in
 Hand
 Die Dehr ufmache wo er stand.

Er lad sie alle freindlich ei
 Un nemmt sie in sei Zimmer nei—
 Sie ware froh hinei zu geh,
 Mit kalte Fiess un shteife Beh.

Do war Applejack un Cider
 Un guter Whisky mit G'kreuter;
 En Neu Johr Shtick, un guter Wei,
 Un siese Kuche noch dabei.

Dann hot mer's Neu Johr Shtick
 g'gesse;
 Der Applejack mit Glass gemesse,
 Do heert mer manche G'shpass er-
 zeele—
 En mancher Neu Johr Spruch aus-
 dehle.

Der Captain red' die Mommy ah,
 Un sagt zu seller gute Frah:
 "Ich wünsch dir en glickliches Neu
 Johr
 Von do bis naus an's Scheierdohr,
 En Kopp voll Lice, en—Bart voll
 Grind,
 Un alle Johr en kleenes Kind."

Zum Dady sagt derselbe Held,
 (Obschon ihm's net sehr gut ge-
 felt):
 "Draum nix beses in dein Schlof:
 Krieg dir Kieh un schlacht die
 Schof;
 Schmeiss der Hund zum Fenster
 naus,
 Un krieg en gute Magd in's Haus."

Die Mæd die kumme ah no nei
 Un kriege den Neu Johr Spruch
 dabei:
 "Halt euch vun de Buwe frei,
 Un nemmt se net in's Zimmer nei;
 Wolle sie euch karesiere,
 Macht sie pletzlich fort mashiere."

Zu de Buwe duht er sage
 Wann sie for en Sprichle frage:
 "Die Mæd sin wie die bese
 Schlange,
 Sie welle all die Buwe fange;
 Duht net oft zu ihne renne,

Un wann ihr duht, dahn losst's
Licht brenne."

'S Neu Johr Shtick war all ge-
gesse;
Der Wei war all mit Glass ge-
messe;
Dann sin sie zu der Dehr hinaus
Un eilte noch in neechste Haus.

Do war net alle Schritt en Haus

HERZENGRUESSE.

[Put into German by Rev. A. van
Andel.]

Ach wäre doch ein jeder Tag hie-
nieden
Ein Worklang von des Himmels
Hochgenuss.
Und jedes Wort, in Wahrheit und
im Frieden,
Im Einklang mit dem letsten
Scheidegruss,
Es kommt die Nacht, wenn sich
der Tag geneiget,
Dann führt ein Schritt und durch
die Dunkelheit,
Dorthin, wo sich das ew'ge Neu-
jahr zeigt,
Auf jenen Sel'gen Hö'n der Herr-
lichkeit.

Herzengrüsse, Segens Wünche
Unsern Lieben nah und fern;
Dankend für die treue führung
Im vergangen Jahr dem Herrn,
Möge Er auch ierner lenken
Freundlich unserm Pilgerlauf;
Stets uns Seinen Frieden schenken.
Und uns thun die Heimath auf.

—From the Wilkesbarre Record.

DER REICHE HERR IM DEICH.

BY DR. HENRY HARBAUGH.

Der Bauer Batdorf war gar reich,
Un schrecklich schtolz dabei;
Es war ken Land im ganze Deich
Wie's Batdorf's Bauerei.

Bei'm Batdorf war en deutscher
Knecht,

Der war net juscht so dumm;
Hot g'wisst was letz is, un was
recht.

Was grad is, un was krumm.

"Ich hab." sagt Batdorf zu sei'm
Knecht,

"Das beschte Land im Deich;

Wie now, sonst weer der Kuck-
kuck draus;

Wann sie hette zu oft gedrunke
Weere sie in der Schnee gesunke.

Sie weere verfirore wie en Gummer;
Noht hett manche Frah en kummer
Uf em Herz, wenn heimgebracht,
Verfirore in der Neu Johr's Nacht.

ONKEL JEFF.

A NEW YEAR GREETING.

[Original in English by unknown
writer.]

Oh to live so that any day with
meetness

Might be a prelude to the life on
high!

To make each spoken word, in
truth and sweetness,

Fit the last good-bye!

For the night cometh with its swift
resigning,

Its one step through the silence
safely trod,

And then the glad New Year for-
ever shining

Upon the hills of God.

Greetings new, yet old, we tender
To our loved ones far and near.
Joining them in heart to render
Thanks for all the dying year.
Trusting always Him who moldeth
All our future's unknown way.
Leaving all with Him who holdeth
Time and change beneath His sway.

THE RICH LORD OF THE VALE.

[Translated by H. A. S.]

Old Batdorf as a wealthy man
And haughty too was known.
No better land lay round him than
The farm he called his own.

A German servant Batdorf had:
A fellow rather bright,
Who could distinguish good and
bad
And knew the rule of right.

"I have." so Batdorf said one day,
"The best land far and nigh,
I am the richest man; now pray
Tell me the reason why."

Von dir ich nau mol wisse mecht,
Warum bin ich so reich?"

"O, ja," sagt Hans, "das wees Ich
wol."

"Loss here—wie?—warum?"

"Ich wees net, ob ich's saga soll—
Du schlegscht mich schteif un
krumm!"

"Dei Antwort is mir eweviel,
'S macht mich g'wiss net bees;
Ich bin die fett Maus in d'r Mieh!,
Die Katz am grosse' Kees!"

"'Raus mit d'r Farb', mei'
schmärtter Knecht,
Was macht mich Herr vum
Deich?
Ich doch dei' Meening wisse
mecht',
Warum bin ich so reich?"

"Well, wann ich muss, dann muss
ich, denk,
Ich dhu's gewiss net gern;
Du hoscht die Schuld, wann ich
dich krenk,
Mei' reicher Herr verzern!"

"Als Krischtus in der Wieschte
war,
Da kam der Satan na'h,
Un hot ihn dort versucht sogar,
Er soll ihn bete' a'."

"Un wann er's d'het, dann keem
ihm zu
D'r Reichdhum aller Welt!
D'r Heiland hot ihn abgedhu':
Wek, Satan, mit dei'm Geld!"

"Domols warscht du net weit
ewek—
Heerscht dem Propos'l zu.
Fallscht uf dei' Knie un rufscht
gans keck:
Herch, Satan, ich will's dhu!"

Darum sitscht du in fetter Weed,
Un bischt D'r Herr im Deich;
Wann m'r den Satan so anbet',
D'noh macht er Eem gern
reich."

"Ah yes," said Jack, "I know that
well."

"Let's hear then, if you do!"

"I doubt that it is safe to tell.
You'll beat me black and blue."

"Ha! do you think your answer
will

Offend me or displease?

I am the fat mouse in the mill,
The cat on the big cheese.

"Speak out then boldly, never fear;
Lord of the vale am I.

'Tis your opinion I would hear;
Now just you tell me why."

"If you command me, I obey,
Though much against my will.
'Tis your own fault, if what I say
Will suit my master ill.

"When Christ was in the desert
there,
The Evil One drew near,
And tempted Him to bow in
prayer
And him as God revere.

"The wealth of all the world should
be
For this His fair reward.
'O Satan, get away from me!"
Replied our blessed Lord.

"When thus his worship was de-
nied,
You happened near to be:
Down on your knees, you boldly
cried:
'List, Satan, I agree!"

"That's why you stalk so haught-
ily,
Lord of the vale: for they
Who Satan serve so willingly,
Are sure of handsome pay."

DER BEIK.

[By an anonymous author.]

Ich war am Samschdag in der
Stadt
For Bisness un Plessir,
Un dart haw ich zu schne krigt
En widderlich Gedier.

Es gucht wie 'n Monky uf re Stang
Mit runde Redder dra',
Es hot en Schnawelkeple uf,
Un Unnerhosse a'.

Des Dier reit uf de Strosse rum,
Gedresst—ei, 'sis en Schand!—
In Unnerhosse, Unnerhem,
Un Wade gfillt mit Sand.

Es gucht wie 'n alter Ränger-
täng.
Sei Gsicht war sterns verhitzt;
Sei Nas war rot, sei Buckel krumm,
Un greislich hot er gschwitzt.

Dann frog ich, eb's en Spinnrad
wär,
Wu der Babun do reit,
Un krig for Antwort: "'S is jo 'n
Beik,
Des wissen alle Leit!"

EINKEHR.

[Uhland.]

Bei einem Wirthe, wundermild
Da war ich jüngst zu Gaste;
Ein goldner Apfel war sein Schild
An einem langen Aste.

As war der gute Apfelbaum,
Bei dem ich eingekehret;
Mit süsser Kost und frischem
Schaum
Hat er mich wohl genähret.

Es kamen in sein grünes Haus
Viel leichtbeschwingte Gäste;
Sie sprangen frei und hielten
Schmaus
Und sangen auf das Beste.

Ich fand ein Bett zu süsser Ruh'
Auf weichen grünen Matten;
Der Wirth, er deckte selbst mich zu
Mit seinem kühlen Schatten.

Nun fragt ich nach der Schuldig-
keit,
Da schüttelt' er den Wipfel.
Gesegnet sei er alle Zeit,
Von der Wurzel bis zum Gipfel!

THE BIKE.

[Translation by H. A. S.]

On Saturday I went to town
For business and for fun,
And there I met the ugliest beast
I e'er set eyes upon.

It seemed a monkey seated on
A pole, with wheels thereto
Attached; a little pointed cap
He wore, and drawers—pooh!

Why, 'tis a burning shame the way
This "critter" rides about—
In undershirt and drawers clad,
His calves with sand filled out!

Just like an old orang-outang
He looked—his nose afire,
His face all flushed, his back all
bent.
Whew, how he did perspire!

"Is it a spinning-wheel that this
Baboon is riding so?"
I asked. The answer was: "Why,
that's
A bike, sir, don't you know?"

THE INN.

[Alfred Baskerville, 1854.]

I put up at an inn to dine,
Mine host was trusty, staunch;
A golden apple was his sign
Upon a bending branch.

It was a good old apple tree
In whose house I put up;
Delicious food he offered me,
With nectar filled my cup.

And shelter 'neath his green roof
sought
Full many a light-winged guest;
They feasted, danced, nor cared for
aught,
But sang and danced their best.

I found a bed for sweet repose,
The soft green grassy glade;
Mine host himself around me
throws
His curtains' cooling shade.

I asked him what I had to pay,
He shook his verdant crown.
May blessings till the latest day
Be o'er him showered down!
—From the Wilkesbarre Record.

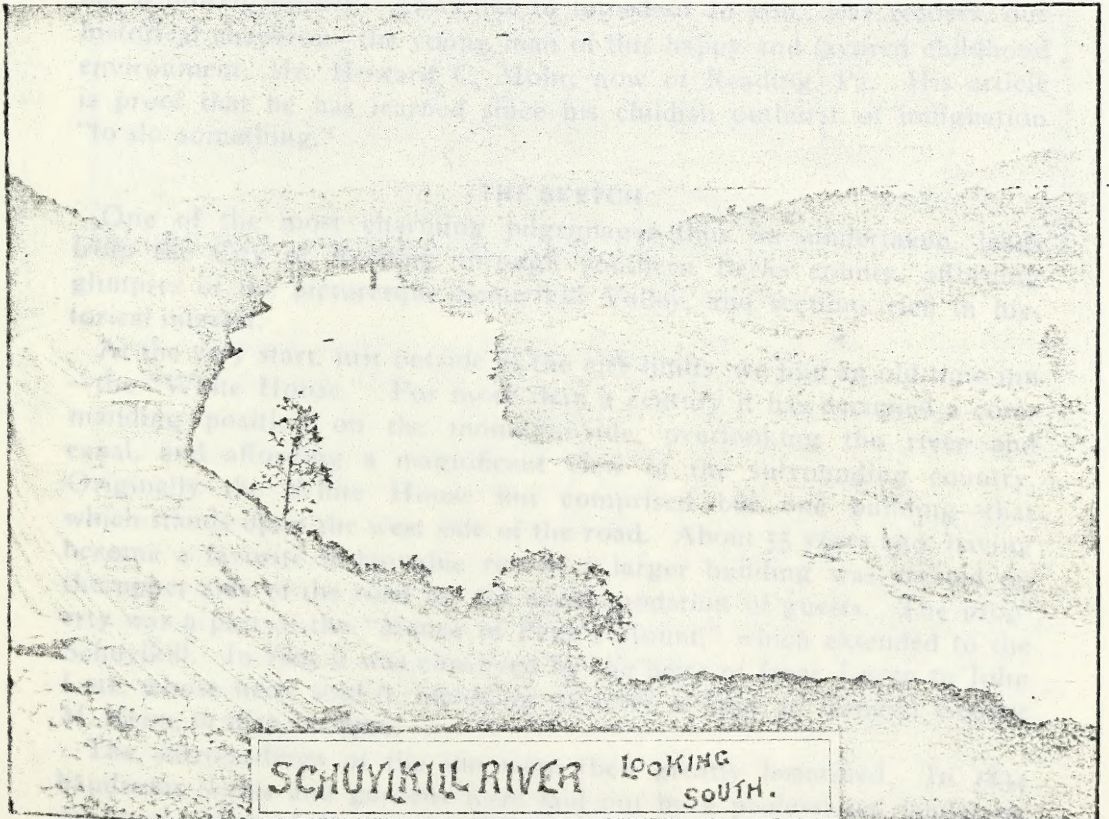
Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

DOWN THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY.

OUR CHAPERON

The editor has deliberately handed over his company of historic pilgrims—himself included—to a young friend of his, whom, of all other acquaintances, he has preferred to act as guide in this number's trip of our army of student excursionists. The pilgrimage leads from Reading to the southern border-line of Berks, and includes many by-paths, in which the young literary aspirant is tolerably familiar. We have felt, therefore, that our historical automobile was perfectly safe with his dexterous hand upon the lever and pilot's wheel.

But I must relate an incident by way of his introduction. As long ago as it takes for an infant to become a man, the editor was pastor of our guide's father's household. Their church was one of a large country parish, and it frequently became necessary to stop over-night before or after services. This home was a frequent stopping-place, and many are



the nappy memories, still lingering in the soul, of those sunny, bygone days. This particular household in question was an ideal one. It had comfort, intelligence, culture, Christian nurture and true love. It consisted then of parents and five healthy, wide-awake and growing young children, of which number our guide was the youngest of three brothers. There never was a lark's nest in the meadow grasses, or a turtle dove's in the forest thicket, where there abode more domestic order, harmony and mutual consideration than in this home. Yet there were childish pranks and teasings. And so it chanced one day that the elder brothers had by some trick exasperated the younger, who chased them through the house till he caught the one next to him in age, and now looked non-plussed as the moment of revenge had come. With a two-fold force struggling in his childish soul, he exclaimed as he held his tormentor captive: "Oh! I would just like to do something." The writer then knew that it was more an inner impulse—the result of early parental training—than the presence of the visiting preacher or the consciousness of physical weakness, that restrained him from exercising vengeance. As a result of that domestic nurture, the latent energies of all these children have been directed into useful and world-blessing activities, instead of gratifying personal feelings or revenge or other indulgences. They have all risen to bless the memory of a long since sainted father and to prove a strong tower of defence and arm of help to their ever devoted but widowed mother. Allow me to introduce to you, dear readers, our historical chaperon—the young man of this happy and favored childhood environment, Mr. Howard C. Mohr, now of Reading, Pa. His article is proof that he has learned since his childish outburst of indignation "to do something."

THE SKETCH

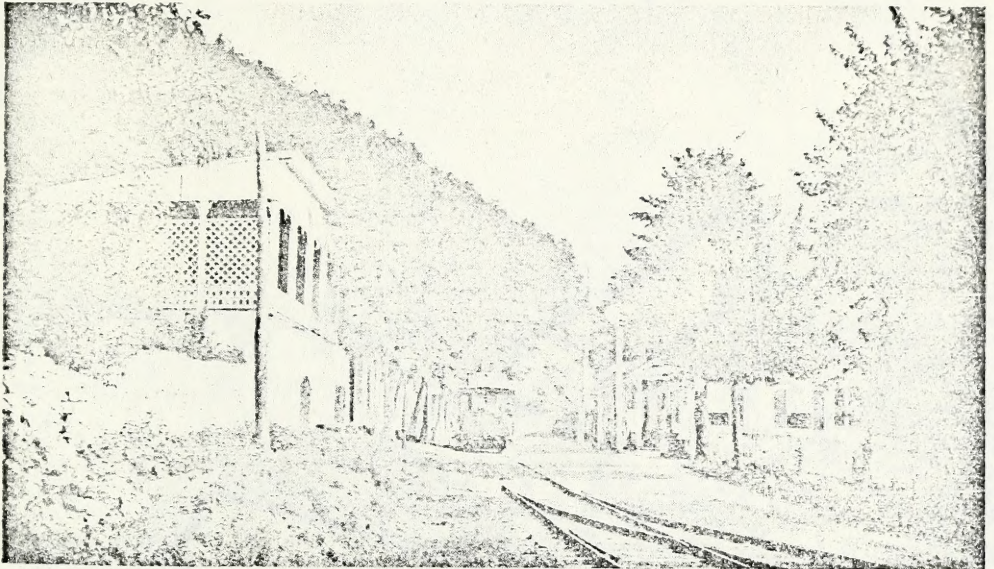
One of the most charming pilgrimages thus far undertaken, leads from the City of Reading through southern Berks county, affording glimpses of the picturesque Schuylkill Valley, and sections rich in historical interest.

At the very start, just outside of the city limits, we find an old-time inn—the "White House." For more than a century it has occupied a commanding position on the mountain-side, overlooking the river and canal, and affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Originally the White House inn comprised but one building—that which stands upon the west side of the road. About 55 years ago, having become a favorite fashionable resort, a larger building was erected on the upper side of the road for the accommodation of guests. The property was a part of the "Manor of Penn's Mount," which extended to the Schuylkill. In 1805 it was conveyed by the heirs of Isaac Levan to John Lotz, whose heirs sold it, including 32 acres of land, to General George M. Keim, in 1832, for \$500.

The surroundings of the inn were then greatly beautified. In 1834 handsome walks and gardens were laid out by a professional landscape gardener—Michael Hauser. Unfortunately, these have long been buried

by the cinder deposited near the inn from the nearby furnaces. General Keim disposed of the property in July, 1840, to Michael Spatz. The latter conducted the tavern until July, 1846, when he sold it to Martin B. Coleman for \$1,400. The new proprietor enjoyed large patronage, there being an increasing number of fashionable personages registered. Upon the death of the landlord, his heirs conveyed the property to Jacob Mishler, for many years proprietor of the Mishler House, now the Central, on Penn Square, Reading. He purchased the White House in September, 1850, for \$2,270. He it was who improved the inn by erecting the additional building on the opposite side of the street.

Among those who were charmed with the place was Theodore Lauber, of Philadelphia, a brother of Peter, who conducted the big restaurant at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, in 1876. Finally he prevailed



THE "WHITE HOUSE" ON NEVERSINK MT.

upon Landlord Mishler, in March, 1856, to sell him the inn for \$6,000. A short time after this, the additional building erected by Mr. Mishler was destroyed by fire. Lauber rebuilt it at once, and was amply repaid by having his hostelry continually crowded with guests from a distance. Upon his death, Herman Floto and Jacob Walter purchased the tavern from his widow, in May, 1864, for \$8,500. Jacob Remack conducted the resort for a season or two, when Herman Marsdorf took charge of it as landlord for three years. His receipts, it is said, ran as high as \$350 a day, and he was on the way to riches when he retired in 1868 to become proprietor of the Lafayette House in Reading, where he also opened a theatre for the production of variety entertainments. Floto & Walter sold the White House to Xervin Tuetui, a Hazleton brewer, but the place as an attraction for tourists and health and pleasure seekers had subsided, and in two years Tuetui threw up the bargain and sold out the stock to Fred. Mayer. The buildings and real estate were sold by

Floto & Walter to Isaac Eckert, and the place has been rented to various landlords since then. The inn is one of the stopping-places on the Never-sink Mountain Railroad, and under the management of Landlord Lawrence continues to be well patronized.

The grandeur of the scenery from this point was fully appreciated by Bayard Taylor, who gave this description:

"We presently emerged upon a slope, whence a glorious landscape opened upon my eyes. Never had I seen or imagined anything so beautiful. The stately old town lay below, stretched at full length on an inclined plane, rising from the Schuylkill to the base of the mountain;



the river, winding in abrupt curves, disclosed itself here and there through the landscape; hills of superb undulation rose and fell, in inter-linking lines, through the middle distance, Scull's Hill boldly detaching itself in front, and far in the north the Blue Ridge lifted its dim wall against the sky. The sinking sun turned the smoke of the town and the vapors of the river to golden dust, athwart which faintly gleamed the autumn coloring of distant woods. The noises of the scene were softened and mellowed, and above them all, clear, sweet, and faint, sounded the bugle of a boatman on the canal. It was not ignorant admiration on my part, for one familiar with the grandest aspects of Nature must still confess that few towns on this side of the Atlantic are so nobly environed."

We resume our journey and soon have traveled over the "White House road" to the valley beneath, which was at one time densely populated by the Schuylkill tribe of Indians, but is now dotted with beautiful farms. Many of the residents of this section have collections of tomahawks and rare specimens of Indian relics, ploughed up in the fields from year to year and found in the beds of springs and streams.

Jonas De Turk's farm, upon which Neversink Station is situated, was one of the sites of the numerous Indian villages. His fields along the Schuylkill are full of arrow-heads and relics, and his collection thus far consists of almost ten thousand pieces, twenty of which are axes. The



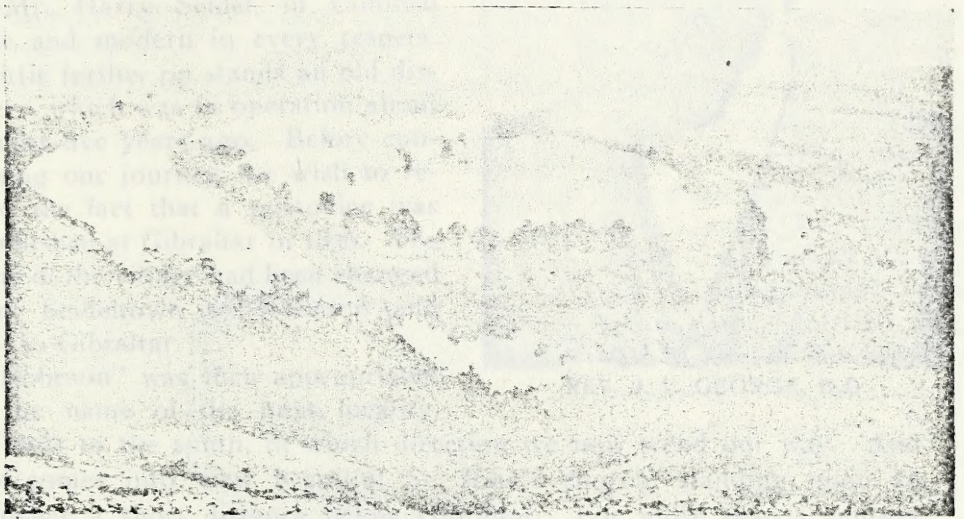
SCENE
ON NEVERSINK
MT.

late Ezra High, of Poplar Neck, also had a fine collection. Many of the choice relics found in this section are now in possession of Prof. Levi Mengle, of the Boys' High School faculty, Reading, who recently purchased the collection from ex-Congressman D. B. Brunner.

Shortly after passing the handsomely-appointed farm of the High estate, at Poplar Neck, we come to one of those quaint old covered bridges crossing the Schuylkill. At the "bridge house" we are told to help ourselves at the pump and have a refreshing drink of pure and sparkling water. A short distance beyond, at the roadside, stands a substantial school building of stone. What memories of other days and of Harbaugh's famous poem it calls up!

We arrive at Ridgewood without further incident, having now traveled a distance of about three miles. The scenery at this place is striking and the place so healthsome that for quite a number of years a sanatorium and summer resort was conducted on the hillside. Dr. Scholl, of Reading, was the proprietor up to a few years ago, when the property was purchased by the Polish Catholic congregation of the Berks capital and transformed into an orphans' home. As we glance up at the institution we are forcibly reminded of another Polish retreat upon a similar elevation, Chenstohova, which stoutly repelled the Swedish invaders who swarmed in Poland, the story of which is given in the admirable historical novel, "The Deluge," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

There are two railway stations at Ridgewood, as there are in the other villages along this road as far south as Birdsboro. They are the Schuylkill Valley Division of the Pennsylvania system and the Wilmington & Columbia Division of the Philadelphia & Reading system.

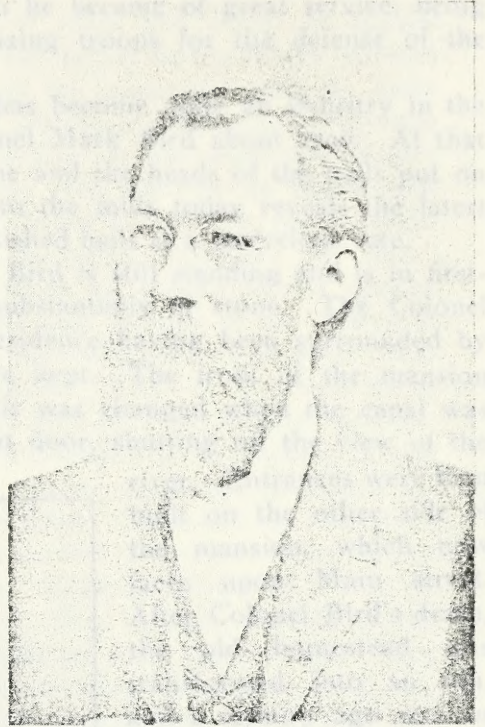


SCHUYLKILL VALLEY LOOKING SOUTH FROM NEVERSINK

We continue on, passing well-kept farms and appreciating the public highway's good condition, this being the well-known "Schuylkill road." It is a popular drive for many Reading folks as well as residents of southern Berks. It skirts both the river and the canal, and upon the latter we saw some of the remaining boats which still ply between Schuylkill Haven and Philadelphia, laden with coal. About a mile and one-half south of Ridgewood we come to a village named Seyfert's Station—so named because of the Seyfert iron-works located there. There are no ancient landmarks at this place, but a short distance further on we found an old grist mill, which for many generations was one of the busiest industries in this section. It is located on the Beidler property, and is one of the most picturesque scenes along this old road.

Gibraltar is reached next, being about a mile south of Seyfert's Station. This community was settled more than one hundred years ago,

and is today one of the prettiest hamlets in the county. Seideltown was the original name of the place, being so named after the owner of the iron-works located nearby, the forges being known as "Do Well." Among the most prominent residents still residing here are the Seidels, and one of the oldest buildings remaining is owned by this family. It is located but a short distance south of the railway station, and is greatly admired on account of its quaint architecture. It is painted white, and a pretty porch is built along the entire length of the front, making a most pleasing effect. Standing close by, making the comparison more effective, is the handsome new residence of Mr. Harry Seidel, of Colonial style and modern in every respect. A little further on stands an old distillery, which was in operation about seventy-five years ago. Before continuing our journey, we wish to record the fact that a postoffice was established at Gibraltar in 1836. The name of the village had been changed from Seideltown to Robeson and later to Gibraltar.



REV. J. V. GEORGE, D.D.

"Robeson" was then appropriated as the name of the next locality, one mile to the south, in which direction we now wend our way. And now comes into view beautiful St. John's church, standing upon an eminence a short distance below Gibraltar. For more than a century have the zealous Reformed and Lutheran congregations worshiped here, the present edifice having succeeded the original sanctuary in 1809. The present pastors are Rev. Z. H. Gable for the Lutherans, and Rev. J. V. George for the Reformed. Years ago these denominations allowed the use of their church at intervals to Baptist and Episcopal clergymen.

A little more than two miles further on we came to Birdsboro—a thriving, growing town, where the main industry for more than one hundred and fifty years has been manufacturing in iron. William Bird, in whose honor the place was named, established the works in 1740 upon a tract of land along the Hay Creek, where the present plant is likewise located. He not only engaged in the iron business, but also erected a grist mill and a saw mill. The Indians, who had villages in this vicinity, were astonished beyond measure, tradition informs us, when they saw the first windmills grind corn. They were at first of the opinion that not the wind, but spirits within, gave them their momentum. Some came a great distance and sat for hours close by to wonder at and admire the white man's novelty.

William Bird had the interests of the community at heart and devoted much of his time to public affairs. He was one of the foremost men in the county, and was a great friend and associate of the famous Conrad Weiser. After his death, his son, Colonel Mark Bird, succeeded him in his business enterprises and took a like interest in the welfare of the community. During the Revolution he became of great service, being one of the first to assist in organizing troops for the defense of the Colonies.

The manufacture of nails, which has become quite an industry in the town, was first established by Colonel Mark Bird about 1790. At that time the nails were cut by a machine and the heads of the nails put on with a hammer by hand. A visit to the mills today reveals the latest improved machinery, turning out finished nails at a marvelous rate.

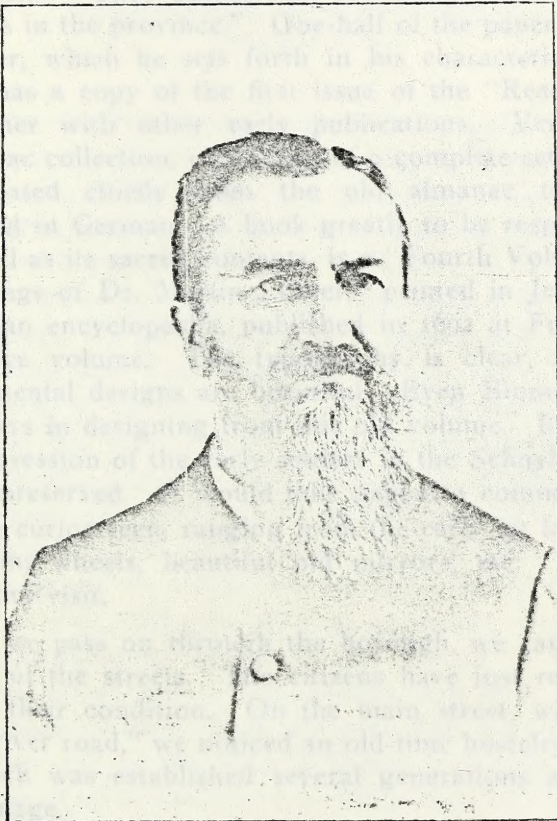
The Colonial mansion of Colonel Bird is still standing and is in first-class condition, being built most substantially of stone. The Colonel lived in fine style, his handsome residence having been surrounded by beautiful parks in which deer were kept. The front of the mansion originally faced the Schuylkill. This was changed when the canal was built, but a few paces from the front door, shutting off the view of the

river. Entrances were then built on the other side of the mansion, which now faces upon Main street. After Colonel Bird's death, the old homestead was transformed into an inn, and a century ago was an important stopping-place for travelers between Philadelphia and Reading. It is now occupied as a residence by Mr. James Henry and family.

In 1794 Colonel Bird relinquished his business enterprises. James Wilson, his brother-in-law, succeeding him. Wilson was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Two years later, John Louis Bird gained control, and at his death in 1799 was succeeded by Matthew Brooke, who afterward married his daughter. Matthew Brooke

was the father of the present

head of the Brooke Iron Company, Mr. George Brooke, who was assisted in making so great a success of the iron business by his brother, the late Edward Brooke.



REV. Z. H. GABLE

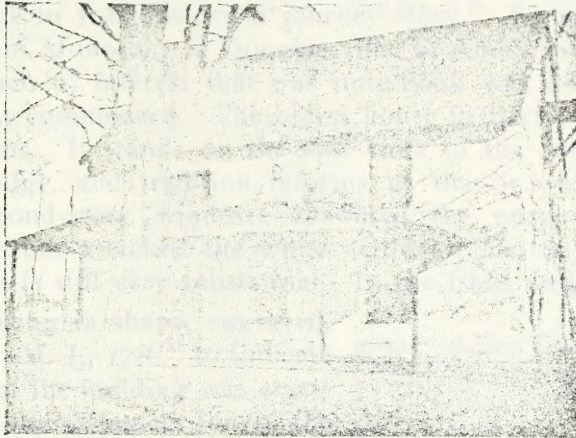
The community today includes many families whose ancestors were among the first settlers, some of the names being as follows: Lincoln, Mohr, Stanley, Lacey, Harrison, Hahn, Hart, Haas, Boone, Kerst, Kern, etc.

While in Birdsboro, we had the pleasure of visiting at the home of Dr. George Hetrich, whose collection of relics and curios of bygone days is one of the finest in the State. The genial doctor kindly allowed us to view his treasures, many of which are connected with the early history of this section. A large round platter, a Pennsylvania-German gift plate, is in excellent state of preservation. It was made at a pottery located in Exeter township, this county, and contains an ornamental design in the centre, with an inscription below in German, which reads: "This plate was made for Susannah Ruckman, February 18, 1802." There are three "grandfather" clocks, made by Joseph Fix, a famous clockmaker in Reading a century or more ago. Copies of the "German-town Zeitung" of 1764 and 1777 are in the collection and contain references to this section of the Commonwealth. There is a printed document, published in 1764 by a dozen or so men of Pennsylvania "protesting against the appointment of Benjamin Franklin to the agency of this province." They accuse him of "being obnoxious to His Majesty's interests in the province." One-half of the paper is reserved for Franklin's answer, which he sets forth in his characteristic manner. The doctor also has a copy of the first issue of the "Reading Advertiser," of 1796, together with other early publications. Very quaint, indeed, is the almanac collection, consisting of a complete set from 1799 to date. They originated chiefly from the old almanac town—Lancaster—and are printed in German. A book greatly to be respected for its extreme age, as well as its sacred contents, is a "Fourth Volume of All the Books and Writings of Dr. Martin Luther," printed in Jena, Germany, in 1606. A German encyclopædia, published in 1692 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, is a massive volume. The typography is clear, and the illustrations and ornamental designs are beautiful. Even Binner, of our day, could gain pointers in designing from this old volume. Both books were originally in possession of the early settlers in the Schuylkill Valley and were carefully preserved. It would take pages to comment upon the other interesting curios seen, ranging from the early fat lamps, or "fet amshels," to spinning-wheels, beautiful old mirrors, etc. We left highly delighted with our visit.

As we pass on through the borough, we cannot but notice the excellence of the streets. The citizens have just reason to pride themselves upon their condition. On the main street, which is a continuation of the "river road," we noticed an old-time hostelry—the Washington House—which was established several generations ago and still has a large patronage.

We resume our journey—expecting to return to Birdsboro when homeward bound—for the purpose of taking a side-trip or two to points of historic interest. Now we enter Union township, so named because of a union of two sections of territory (about 7,500 acres), originally

parts of Coventry township, Chester county, and of Robeson township, Berks county. Hans Monson was the first to acquire land in this section, the warrant being issued in 1684. Other settlers rapidly followed, and by the time the township was "erected" in 1753, the land was pretty



OLDEST HOUSE IN BERKS COUNTY,
Erected in 1716

well occupied. Monocacy, a small village known also as Mount Airy, is our first stopping-place. Here we were informed that this was at one time a thriving industrial locality, evidence of which may be seen by the ruins of the old Monocacy furnace. A "department store," better known as a "general store" in rural districts, was established here as early as 1812, William Long being the proprietor. The Six-Penny Creek is a very cheerful stream which we noticed while "seeing the sights."

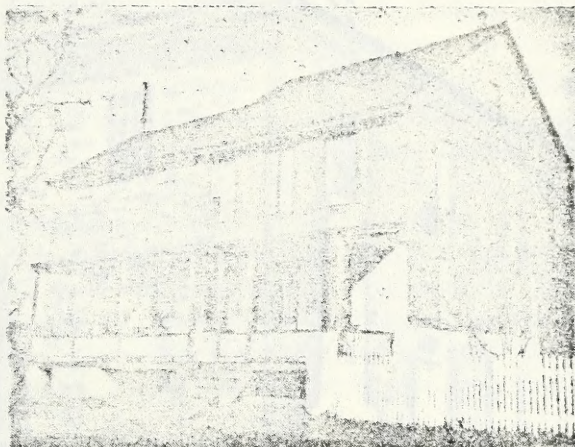
But this little village isn't really as quiet as it would seem to be, for suddenly we heard loud reports, the earth trembled—and so did we, a little—not knowing whether the Monocacy tribe of Indians had returned to take revenge upon the white land-grabbers, or whether a fleet of foreign men-of-war had sailed up the Schuylkill to capture the Berks County Dutch. While pondering over the situation, a farmer came our way, and to our query, "What's the trouble?" merely pointed to a building some distance away, and said, "The Fort." This astonished us still more and gave no relief to our unease, the booming of mighty guns continuing. Not knowing but that an enemy might have sighted us and might even now be training a gun in our direction, we concluded to hoist a flag of truce and advanced toward the fort with a 'kerchief bound to our old umbrel'. Suddenly the guns ceased to roar, the doors opened, and instead of brigands we found that the fort was occupied by a company of men of our own kind, who gave us welcome. We peered into the fort, and were astonished to see that it was "armed to the teeth" with cannon, not of the latest wire-wound pattern, it is true, but with great, massive implements of war. Then we were told the true situation: That to this fort are sent by the United States Government innumerable cannon which are of no further service. Here they are charged with dynamite and burst asunder into convenient shapes for the scrap pile, from whence they are again shipped to iron-works for recasting purposes. We never had any idea that there were so many cannon disposed of in this way; but at this fort we were informed that there are several similar plants in this country

that are continually busy charging for the last time great implements of warfare.

We turn away from this interesting place, no longer in doubt as to our safety, but wondering in a somewhat dreamy way how many centuries will pass away before *all* death-dealing war implements shall have been relegated to the scrap-pile.

But we imagine that we hear a protest from the editor: "No editorials; stick to your historical journey story." So we pass on. A mile or two from Monocacy is Douglassville, in Amity township. Here we found so much of interest that our note-book was filled with facts and another was commenced. The oldest house in Berks county is one of the attractions. It stands on the east bank of the Schuylkill River, close to the bridge, and tradition informs us that it was used as a fort; that the second-story windows answered the purpose of portholes when the Indians attacked the white settlers. The building was erected in 1716, but is still very substantial. In the front wall is built a soapstone tablet,

oblong in shape, engraved, "J. M. I., 1716," to indicate that the building was erected by Mounce Jones, the initial of the family name, "J," being given first; that for Mounce, the Christian name, next; and lastly "I," the initial for Ingabo, the name of Mr. Jones' wife. For many years the building was used as a ferry-house and tavern, for some time known as the "Lambs' Inn." Today it is used as a club-house by a number of Reading families, who



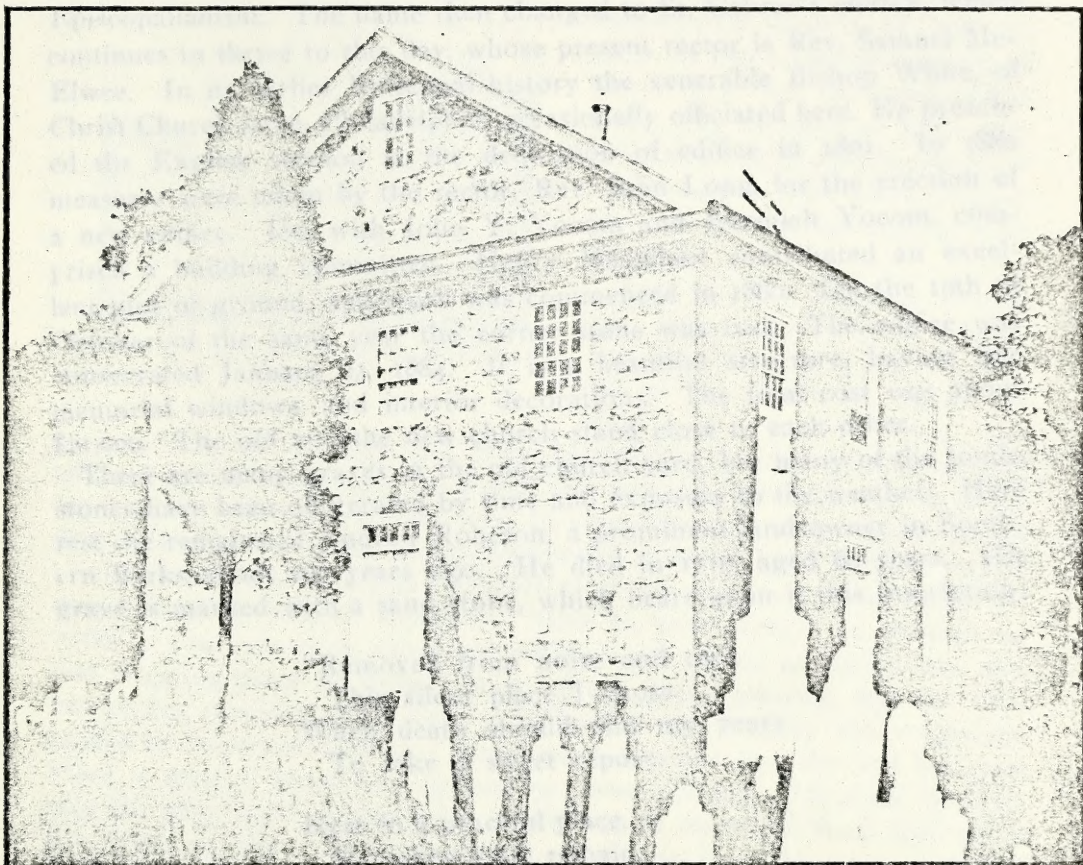
WHITE HORSE HOTEL

spend part of the summer in this locality on pleasant days. It is a part of the Douglass estate, which is managed by Mr. R. T. Leaf. There is another old building nearby, erected in 1765, which was for many years the mansion of George Douglass, Mr. Leaf's great-grandfather. In the attic there are large day-books and ledgers, showing charges for store goods sold, and credits, in pounds, shillings and pence, more than a century ago. These books were in use in a stone store building which still stands.

When the old "White Horse hotel" at this place was remodeled some years ago, in tearing out closets and the thick stone walls of a large fireplace, the muster-roll of Captain Weiser's company of Revolutionary soldiers, dated 1773, was found, and is still in possession of a resident of the village.

A postoffice was established here in 1829. The original name of the place was Molatton or Morlatton. It was settled by Swedes in 1701, but afterward Germans came in equally large numbers. The township, which is the oldest in the county, was erected in 1719, 'Squire Geo. Boone making

the survey. The early settlers were Lutherans, and they are credited with having built the first church within the boundaries of Berks county. It was known as Molatton church, and was built of logs. The exact date of its erection is not known, but the time was prior to 1720. It was rebuilt in 1736, the dimensions being 24x30 feet. Rev. Gabriel Falck was then pastor. According to Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg's account this pastor once had a hand to hand struggle with a Moravian emissary for the possession of this pulpit. In 1831 the building was destroyed by fire, but it was not at that time in use, a stone church building having been erected



ST. GABRIEL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

in 1801. The latter is still standing, but has also been abandoned for a much finer edifice.

The log church was often used as a place for holding conferences between the Indians and Government officials of the province. School was also held there for a time, one of the teachers being Francis R. Shunk, who afterward became Governor of Pennsylvania. Both his parents are buried here. The school room had the old fashioned arrangement: the desks were placed along the walls, the pupils sitting with their backs to the teacher, who had his desk planted in the centre of the

room. The cost of tuition was four cents a day, or \$2.50 for three months. Spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic comprised the studies. A large wood stove gave heat to the building. A stout switch also gave heat to unruly pupils.

Patriarch Muhlenberg preached here occasionally until August, 1761. From its organization until that time the congregation had been Lutheran in denomination, but shortly thereafter it became absorbed by the English speaking element and connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Alex. Murray being placed in charge. It was the transition period of many German and Swedish Lutheran congregations to English Episcopalianism. The name then changed to St. Gabriel's church, which continues to thrive to this day, whose present rector is Rev. Samuel McElwee. In its earlier Episcopal history the venerable Bishop White, of Christ Church fame, Philadelphia, occasionally officiated here. He preached the English sermon at the dedication of edifice in 1801. In 1880 measures were taken by the rector, Rev. John Long, for the erection of a new edifice. He, with John Y. Yocom and Jeremiah Yocom, comprised a building committee. Henry Messchert contributed an excellent plot of ground, and work was commenced in 1880. On the 19th of October of the same year the corner stone was laid. The edifice was consecrated January 23, 1884. It is a beautiful structure, having fine memorial windows, and interior decorations. The total cost was about \$21,000. The old and the new church stand close to each other.

There are many graves in the old church yard, but many of the tombstones have been obliterated by time and exposure to the weather. Here rest the remains of Andrew Robeson, a prominent land owner in Southern Berks about 200 years ago. He died in 1719, aged 66 years. His grave is marked with a sand stone, which bears upon it this inscription:

"Removed from noise and care
This silent place I chose;
When death should end my years
To take a sweet repose.

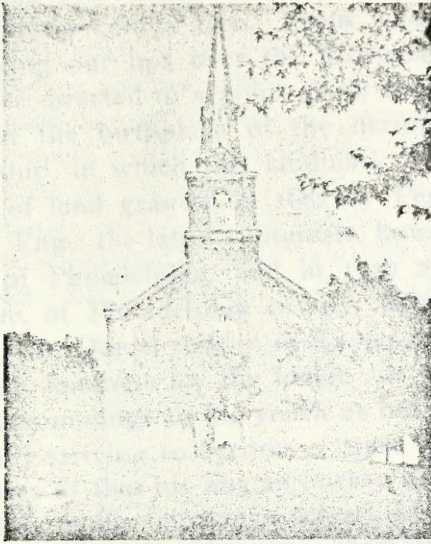
Here in a peaceful place,
My ashes must remain;
My Saviour shall me keep
And raise me up again."

Andrew Robeson was a man of large wealth and of high esteem. Robeson township, through which we traveled en route to Birdsboro, was named in his honor.

Before resuming our journey to the county line, a profitable side trip to Amityville is to be taken. It is only a matter of several miles and through beautiful country. As we approach our destination there is exposed to view St. Paul's church, an imposing edifice with a steeple 120 feet high. It may be seen for miles around, standing as it does in a most conspicuous position. St. Paul's is occupied by both Lutheran

and Reformed congregations and dates back to 1753, when a log house was erected for religious purposes, as well as for the opening of a school. In 1796 a new building was erected, at a cost of \$2,325. It was

consecrated in 1798. The timber was brought from Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, and the roof made of cedar shingles. The present edifice was built in 1872. The corner-stone was laid August 12 of that year, and the building was consecrated August 16 and 17, 1873. It has a seating capacity of 800 and a two thousand dollar bell. The services of both congregations were almost wholly in German until 1848, when English was introduced, alternately with German.



ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN AND REFORMED
CHURCH

Now we are ready to retrace our steps. Arriving at Douglassville, after an excellent dinner at the hotel, we again resume our travels upon the

trail, which, by the way, has been extensively traveled by Indian and white man for centuries. We would like nothing better than to sit down for a while under yonder oak tree, to enjoy the charming scenery to its utmost and probably jot down sentimental material for a historic novel,—with Pennsylvania-German characters as the incentive. But again remembering the editor's direction, "stick to your story," we attempt to make a new record in covering distance and arrive at Unionville, the last stopping place or rather the terminus of our journey, and the oldest hamlet visited on this trip. The land in this locality was originally owned by Abraham Brower. About 90 some years ago the first business place, a general store, was opened by John Brower. Abraham Brower was the proprietor of a foundry which was in operation from 1786 until his death in 1830. His son-in-law, Augustus Leopold, continued the business for some time, small castings being the product of the plant. John Brower had a factory where candle sticks, now highly cherished, were manufactured, as well as lamps and coffee mills. He had six men employed and was very prosperous, this industry continuing until about 1832. In 1828 a postoffice was established and was called Brower's, by which name it is still designated, although the name Unionville prevails also, the title being derived from the township in which it is situated—Union.

This was, years ago, a busy centre in boating interests. The Schuylkill Navigation Company after constructing the canal from Philadelphia to the coal regions, erected a boat yard here, and also had a farm close by, where the mules used on the canal were quartered in winter. Naturally business was brisk for the village, as the boatmen were large

buyers and free spenders. Today, however, instead of hundreds of boats navigating this water course, there are less than two dozen.

We face about and are off for Birdsboro, foregoing the pleasure of spending some time along the Mill Creek, a famous trout stream near the Chester county line. From Birdsboro we hurry on to Baumstown, smacking our lips over the prospects before us for historical dainties. We are directed to a point about one mile north of this place, and there behold the birthplace of the daring pioneer, Daniel Boone. Exeter township, in which this landmark is located, was originally a part of a tract of land granted in 1682 by Penn to John Millington, of Shrewsbury, Eng.; the latter's interests, however, became vested in Ralph Ashton, of Philadelphia, and in 1730 250 acres were acquired by 'Squire Boone, of Philadelphia county, father of our hero, Daniel. Until his 17th year, Daniel resided in Exeter township, in which time he developed a great fondness for the forest. It is said that he knew the county and its surroundings in his youth as but few older persons did and was continually striving to become a "sure shot" with his trusty rifle. Tradition informs us that his was an uneasy nature and that even as a boy he could scarcely endure sitting in school, but would rather be out hunting in the forests. His education was, therefore, not so extensive as his father's, evidence of which was found in one of his early works of art, cut, boy-fashion, into the bark of a tree:

D Boone
CiLLed
a bAr

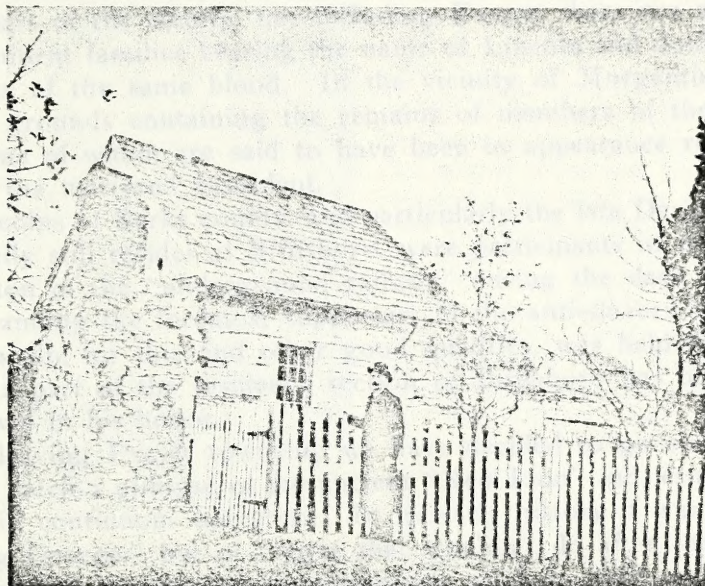
It is related that upon one occasion, when a mere boy, Daniel dug himself a cave on the banks of the Schuylkill, three miles from home, and lived in it a week before being discovered by his friends. Though they passed the place repeatedly in their search, his woodcraft had concealed all signs of human habitation so completely that they could not find it.

Squire Boone, and family, Daniel included, left the township in 1750 and migrated to North Carolina. In 1769 Daniel led a party into the unknown regions of West Virginia (now Kentucky), where he distinguished himself by his boldness, his wonderful experiences with the Indians, and his successful career as a pioneer. He was the most prominent character in the first steps of our civilization westward of the Alleghanies. Notwithstanding his busy career, Daniel and his family loved the old homestead in Exeter township and visited it in 1788. Our Berks county hero died in Missouri, September 26, 1820, aged nearly 87 years,

each year, after his having arrived at mature age being charged with exciting exploits and serviceable deeds for his country. His memory is highly cherished, especially by the now densely populated county of Berks, which claims him as a son from among the most notable personages in history.

Twenty-five years after his death, the State of Kentucky had the remains of Colonel Boone exhumed in Missouri and brought back to Frankford, where they were buried with appropriate services. Governor Morehead delivered a stirring and deserved eulogy upon the life and services of "the founder of the Commonwealth of Kentucky."

In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is a bas-relief of a white man in leggins, hunting shirt and coonskin cap of a pioneer. One dead Indian lies at his feet. He is sinking his knife into the heart of another.



BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL BOONE

"That," says the guide, "is an exploit of Daniel Boone, an incident in his life upon the frontier."

The Boones have been prominent through all the history of this section, and there are many prominent and respected families of that name living here still. Samuel G. Boone, a descendant of the great pioneer, resides in Reading, where he conducts a prosperous store. He it was who had taken the picture of the Boone homestead published herewith and was included in the photograph.

About a mile below Lorane (formerly named Exeter Station,) we enter upon new pleasures, being no less a place of interest than the birthplace and early home of the ancestors of President Abraham Lincoln. The immortal emancipator's great-grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln, was born here in 1736 and possessed sterling qualities as a citizen in public and private life. His was a prominent position in the

political history of Berks county, and he repeatedly served the people in a most able manner. In the Assembly, from 1783 to 1786, he was recognized as one of the foremost men of the period in the State. Three years later he was chosen by the county as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia and the public records show that for many similar important events he was chosen as the county's representative.

Mordecai, his father, settled in Exeter township in 1731, removing here from New Jersey, to which place he had migrated from Massachusetts in 1717. He immediately commenced improving the land. He erected a house for his own use and shortly afterward was the prime mover in the erection of a Quaker house of worship near where the Friends' meeting house in Exeter now stands. He died before the age of 65 and was buried in the church yard adjoining the Exeter meeting house. Other ancestors of President Lincoln are also buried here. In the southern part of the county, not including Exeter, there are also quite a few prominent families bearing the name of Lincoln and doubtless are descendants of the same blood. In the vicinity of Morgantown there are burial grounds containing the remains of members of the Lincoln family, some of whom are said to have been in appearance remarkably similar to the martyred President.

The Lincolns of Berks county, and particularly the late David Lincoln, whose family still resides at Birdsboro, were participants in the successful operation of the "underground railway" during the days of slavery and were among the foremost supporters of the anti-slavery movement. David Lincoln, for this and other good qualities, was held in high esteem and a part of the residence section of Birdsboro has been named Lincolntown in his honor.

Before leaving Exeter township we have decided to go south a little further to catch a glimpse of the ancient "Red Lion" inn, established in 1760 and in continuous operation. In its early history it was known as the "King George," but of course that wouldn't do after the colonists decided to shift for themselves without his guiding hand—or fist.

Now we have completed our mission and turn Readingward, knowing full well that a vast deal of historical material must still be left untouched upon in the by-paths upon which we could not at this time enter. Some time we would like to hunt out the most minute historical points of interest in this section, and with this feeling in our heart wave farewell to this beautiful valley and cry out cheerfully "Auf Wiedersehn!"

HOWARD C. MOHR.



Do OUR readers need buggies or wagons of any description, sewing machines, pianos, organs at about half price, engravings or cuts of any description, the use of an A. No. 1 health or rest resort, and get the very best for their money, then let them consult our advertising pages.



**With "Bobs"
and Kruger.**

By
F. W. Unger



The energy displayed in making this book a possibility, when one knows it, almost holds the mind of the reader captive with admiration, so that he forgets to think of the book itself. The author is a young Philadelphian, in the twenties, whose ancestry, on all lines, runs through the

best strains of Pennsylvania-German blood, but whose daring grit in writing up the unfortunate "unpleasantness" that still disgraces the English name in South Africa, was not excelled by any of John Bull's, or any Yankee correspondent on the field. Being on a trip of adventure in the Alaskan Klondyke at the outbreak of the war, he hastens back, equips himself for a new clime and climate, lying towards the opposite pole, across the length and width of an ocean, on another continent, to take up a new work altogether. He secures a position on the staff of the London "Daily Express"; is present with Lord Roberts' early operations; is then sent secretly to the Boer side, and fills the unique position of giving this English paper a graphic account of events as they now passed before him. His

book is a chatty narrative of personal experiences with both sides of this unfortunate war in the Dark Continent. It is given as an eye-witness only could give the narrative, but to help the graphic pen-sketches the author turned kodaker, and so has his text illumined with over 150 half-tones. As far as we know, there were no Berks county girls posing for these picture-groups of Boer ladies, as happened to another writer on the subject some time since. The book is well gotten out by Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; is 412 octavo pages in size, and sells for \$2.00.

**Life Beyond
the Grave.**

This book consists of fourteen very charming discourses by the Rev. Dr. H. S. Hoffman on the general subject of the immortality of the soul, the preaching of which were first called forth by the death of his own wife, to whose memory he dedicates the volume. The sermons are argumentative in style and convincing in their conclusions of the happy and blessed life beyond for all God's believing children. The realms of reason, nature and revelation are resorted to in the arguments produced, and the whole is bound to give every believer stronger assurances of this darling hope, new desire to attain this life, and great comfort of heart in the shadows of sore bereavements. Its voice is soothing and strengthening to the heart broken by grief. The Union Press, Philadelphia; octavo; 311 pp. \$1.00.

Lives of the Hunted.

By
Ernest Seton-Thompson.

The reputation of this author as a writer of animal stories is established beyond a quibble. He has long since placed his name on the very highest notch of excellency in this department of literature by his magazine articles and his former books, especially his "Wild Animals I Have Known," which latter has had an unprecedented sale. This last volume of his pen is going to add to his fame—if that were possible—as it has added to his usefulness. For it seems to be the mission of this intense lover of wild animal-life to defend the too often defenceless brutes and birds of the mountains and forests and the untamed plains. He is an illustrious apostle of the untamed world of animals—though it would seem all wildness was dissipated when he invades their native realms—as Anna Sewall is that of the horse. He has come so close to this kingdom of furs and feathers that he is familiar not only with their every track and call and habitat, but also with the very motive and feeling of the animal-soul. He interprets wild animal looks and actions, groans and calls, and hence can readily understand them and write their little episodes and epics. As Whittier says:

"Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear.
Of beast or bird, had meanings clear."

This volume of the "Doings of Five Quadrupeds and Three Birds,"—a mountain ram, a bear, a dog, or rat, a coyote, the cock-sparrow, the teal duck, and the chickadee—is history, i. e., a true account. Only such a close observer as this enthusiastic animal student and friend, could ever write such a history. It will doubtless make many friends for these dumb neighbors of man's, whose inhumanity has too long been their bitterest lot to bear. He touches the will not by an appeal to reason so much as to sympathy, and if ever the animals can rise in their sphere sufficiently to raise memorials to their benefactors, Mr. Seton-Thompson will have his monument, upon which erection ten thousand living creatures will contribute their quota, and at whose unveiling all the feathered songsters will render their finest melodies. The stories themselves are highly interesting. If my reader has a boy, for whom the evenings are dull and the up-town attractions have strong allurements, it is evident there is no copy of this book within his reach. The naïve illustrations on every page of the wide-margined book by the author's own hand are perhaps the most charming and instructive part of the whole volume, which is one of the finest the Scribners have ever gotten out. Large Octavo. 360 pp. \$1.75.

The Mohawk Valley.

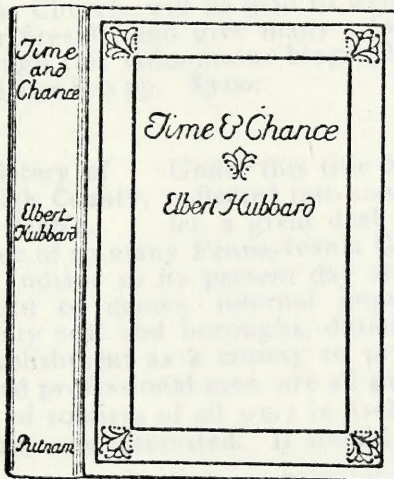
By W. Max Reid.

What this magazine in its "Historic Pilgrimage" articles is attempting to do, in a comprehensive sense, with all the valleys of Eastern Pennsylvania, where our German ancestors of a century and three-fourths ago took up their pioneer homes, this son of the famous and picturesque Mohawk region has done for that historic valley of upper New York in a minute and most artistic way. The legends and history of this region for two hundred years—from 1609 to 1780—is well and connectedly told. If the stirring scenes enacted here during the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars had been hitherto neglected by writers of history or fiction, this present chronicler has done its local history ample justice and narrated in a most engaging way the tragic events and heroic deeds here enacted. He has woven the oft-told tales of legend and history into one of the finest books on local history we have ever seen. Not a locality, from Schenectady to Rome, has been neglected—and each town has its romantic story of early wars and each "bit of woodland has its wealth of prehistoric legend." Of course many characters of national fame figure in the volume—the Indian, Frenchman, Englishman, Palatine and high-

bred American Yankee, all figure in it—as their stock gave coloring to the stream of history that flowed up and down the valley. Not the least of these are our own favorite Palatines, whose footprints are well traced in this work. Cooper's "Last of Mohicans" had at last its legitimate successor—fiction complemented and interpreted by fact.

Any one who knows the publications of the Knickerbocker Press, knows what success it has had in bringing out in the finest style its many volumes on history—as its Historic Mansions, Historic Towns, and its Historic Romance Series. But in this work on the Mohawk Valley it has exceeded every former effort. Its 450 large octavo pages have been embellished with seventy of the handsomest full page illustrations from photographs by J. Arthur Maney in half-tone and photogravure, which makes it a book of fine art as well as an interesting work on history. The work, neatly encased in a box, sells for \$3.50 net, or \$3.75 by mail. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Time and Chance.
By
Elbert Hubbard.



No one could have guessed that this Roycroft King, who, in his "Philistine" is wont to flay preachers, roast lawyers and fry editors, story-writers and the rest of thinkers and actors indiscriminately, could be

the author of a work so full of pathos and sound sense, as is contained in this narrative of John Brown, the hero of Osawatimie and Harper's Ferry. It is charming how he weaves into the plain linsey-woolsey robes of this rugged hero's life-story such a delicate and attractive lace-work of sentiment and incident. The chief character of the romance stands out like a bronze statue in a park, with every lineament clearly brought out, over which has been woven the drapery of a most delicate, gauze-like romance. It is a volume of life-pictures, snap-shotted by a clear-cut camera from the history of this wonderful man, covering the principal events of his checkered life from childhood till he met his unhappy fate. The pictures pass before

the reader, peopled with other folk in such a variety of poses and predicament that the final whole is like unrolling the long scroll of a vitascope before one's eye. It is a question whether John Brown's life was ever more fascinatingly told, and the book must take high rank among the many modern books of historical fiction. There may be hints on religion and love that are not orthodox, yet there is wisdom in the philosophizing that is the setting to every picture. To many the author is a mystery. He is hard to be taken. But whether he is or has been a knave, a hypocrite, a gambler or a corrupt politician—as one might infer from the correct likenesses here drawn of these—no one that reads this book will call him a fool, or doubt his deep and righteous love for the human kind. And as a delineator of character or a maker of pen-pictures, he certainly has mastered his art. For these traits alone, "David Harum" has been left in the shade. This volume is gotten out by the Putnam's, is a book of 432 12mo. pp., and sells at \$1.50.

The Life of Philip Schaff.
By David S. Schaff.

Through the kindness of the author, a copy of this work, published nearly five years ago, was furnished us at special terms with the understanding that our readers should be made acquainted with its existence

and contents. Since it came to hand, however, our time has been so persistently occupied with other duties that we find it impossible to give a discriminate critique of the book. It will be enough, however, to say that, wherever one chances to take hold of its pages, the current of the biographer's sketch, seizes one with such a tenacity of interest that it is found hard to break away. This life, which has cast one of the longest shadows on the plane of American religious history and the theological trend of the Christian Church in the last half-century, having its roots in Switzerland and the Universities of Germany, early transplanted to the hills of Pennsylvania, as professor in a literary and theological institute within the narrow confines of a then small denomination of German-Americans and their offspring, just awakening to a consciousness of their own mission, thence gradually rising to the more influential thought and moulding center, as professor in Union Theological Seminary of New York City, is well outlined in the 29 chapters of the book. From the earlier years to the last days this influentially gigantic life is depicted—as only an able and discriminating son, who is himself a theological professor, could do it. We feel confident from the cursory examination given it that it will always pass as the standard life of this familiar theological giant, whose name has been upon the lips of thousands of Penna.-Germans for a generation. Many, especially of the Reformed branches of the Church, will be glad to welcome this brother German-American to their fireside, and give many a long evening to him, now made possible through this voluminous biography, Charles Scribners Sons, New York. 526 large 8vo pp. \$3.00.

History of Lehigh County, Penn'a. Under this title Mr. James J. Hauser of Emaus, Pa., has collected into some ninety odd pages of an octavo pamphlet, a great deal of valuable history of this time-honored abode of so many Pennsylvania Germans. From the earliest treaties with the Indians to its present day statistics, the settlement, war history and record of names, internal improvements, education, soil, geography, county seat and boroughs, duties of officers and list of officers from its establishment as a county to present day, together with a list of most noted professional men, are all given. It is a very creditable work and its list of soldiers of all wars is itself worth the price of the book (50 cents) to any one interested. It should be much in demand.

History of St. John's Reformed Church, of Lebanon, Pa.

The recent pastor of this congregation, Rev. Henry H. Ranck, now of Reading, Pa., last year, upon the 40th anniversary of its establishment, in connection with the special festivities, gathered the material of its two-score years of historical life and now has brought it out in convenient book-form, beautifully printed and illustrated. It is a credit to the compiler and must be appreciated by every one in connection now or to be in the future. For sale by the congregation.

Babby Redstart. Crane & Co., publishers, of Topeka, Kansas, are publishing a series of good booklets under the title of "Twentieth Century Classics and School Readings," of which this number is a collection of brief Bird Stories, written by that authority on bird lore, the Rev. Dr. Leander S. Keyser, of Atchison, Kan. It ranks with the best of his well-known stories.

American History Leaflets.

Messrs. A. Lovell & Co., publishers, of New York, are bringing out in a bi-monthly series these Colonial and Constitutional historical leaflets at 60 cents a year, 10 cents a copy, now numbering 36, a sample copy of which has reached

..s. They are rudimentary and documentary history, dished up in fine and convenient form.

LITERARY NOTES

Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, has spent some time in the Far East investigating commercial and political conditions, studying international relations, appraising national resources, and conferring with the men who are establishing the Eastern policy of the European powers. The vast amount of information thus secured at first hand Senator Beveridge embodied in a series of noteworthy papers written for and recently published in "The Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia. Senator Beveridge is a trained writer and a trained observer and he has infused extraordinary interest into subjects that might make dull reading if less brilliantly handled.

To condense in a paragraph the announcement of "The Youth's Companion" for 1902 is not easy. Not only will nearly two hundred story-writers contribute to the paper, but many of the most eminent of living statesmen, jurists, men of science and of letters, scholars, sailors, soldiers and travelers, including three members of the President's Cabinet. And this is but a beginning of the long list. A complete announcement will be sent to any address free.

As an advertising medium, "The Philadelphia Record" is one of the best propositions in the country; it having been awarded the third silver sugar bowl by "Printer's Ink," for being the paper east of Chicago which gives advertisers the best service in proportion to the rate charged. "The Record" is the pioneer one cent newspaper of the United States, and has by far the largest circulation in Philadelphia.

The leading article in the January number of "Country Life in America" is on California, by the editor of the magazine, L. H. Bailey. There are fifty large photographs on many subjects, from garden making and fruit growing, pleasant homes, estates, and great ranches, to the natural beauties and curiosities of the Pacific Coast, without omitting the poppy-worts and Gila monsters. Among other articles are "The Country Life of California," by A. J. Wells; "The Story of a Great California Estate," by Charles Howard Shinn; "Plant Growing and Human Culture," by Prof. E. J. Wickson; and "The Bounty of California."

"The World's Work" has a "Looking Outward" number for its January issue. "The period of exclusiveness is past," taken from President McKinley's last and famous Buffalo speech, is its clue. It deals with American expansion as an interesting chapter of modern history. The magazine has a special cover in colors by Louis Rhead.

The Pennsylvania- German

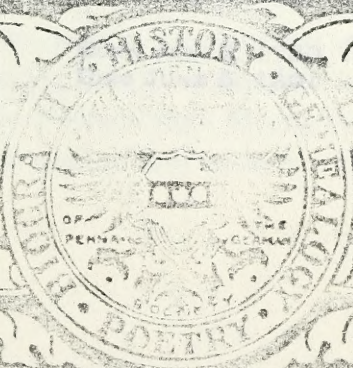
Vol. III.

APRIL, 1902.

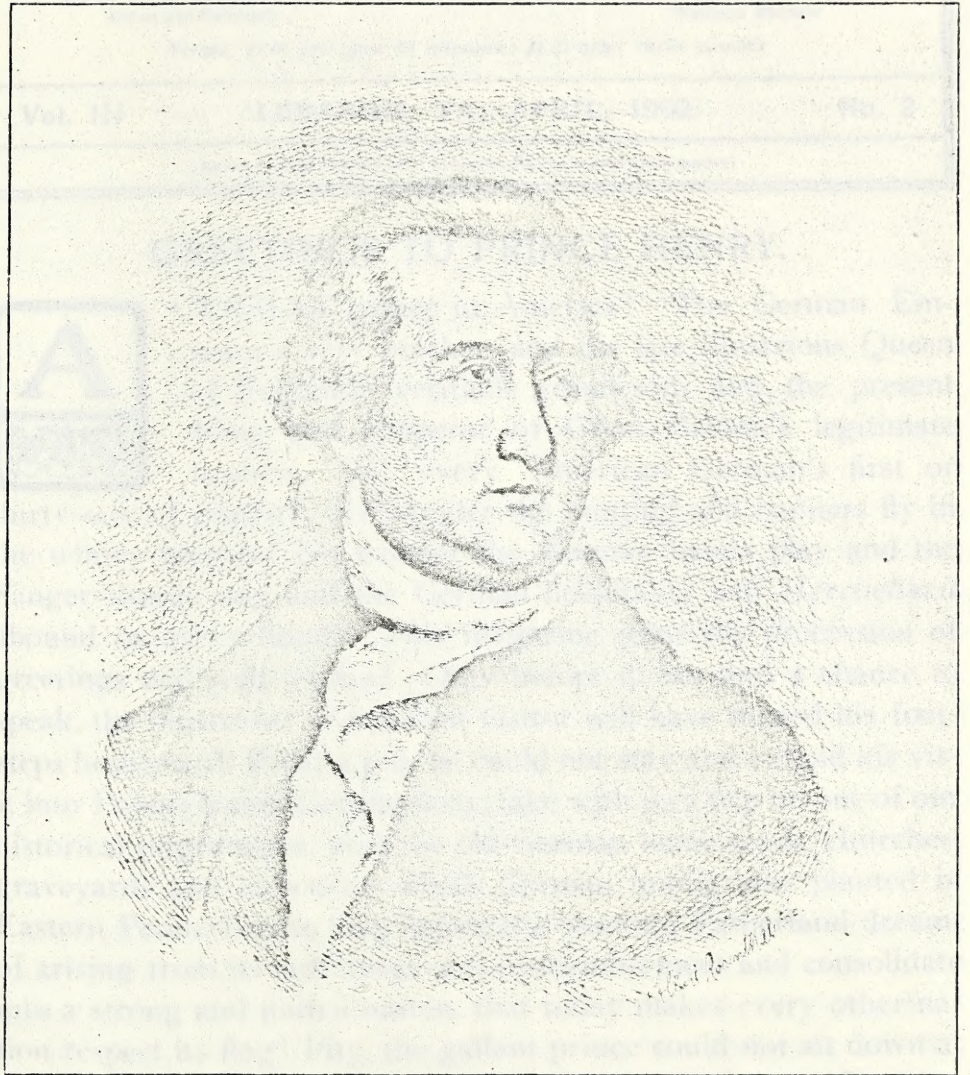
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THE
PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN



HON. FREDERICK AUGUSTUS C. MUHLENBERG

BORN JAN. 2, 1750
DIED JUNE 5, 1801

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
Editor and Publisher

EDWARD E. CROLL
Business Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.25 after three months

Vol. III

LEBANON, PA., APRIL, 1902

No. 2

[Entered at the Post-office at Lebanon, Pa., as second-class matter]

GREETINGS TO PRINCE HENRY.



GERMAN prince in America! The German Emperor's very brother, and the late illustrious Queen of England's veritable grand-son, and the present King and Emperor of Great Britain's legitimate nephew, and every American German's first or thirty-second cousin! No wonder the bunting and banners fly in the wintry breezes! No wonder the German bands play and the Snger-Bunds sing and the German hospitality and *Herzlichkeit* abound on every hand! This magazine joins the procession of greetings and well-wishes! Only before it can find a chance to speak, the illustrious and gallant visitor will have turned his footsteps homeward. What a pity he could not stay and extend his visit into Pennsylvania-Germandom; take with us a trip on one of our historical pilgrimages, visit the old German homesteads, churches, graveyards and industries which German immigrants planted in Eastern Pennsylvania, long before the bleeding Fatherland dreamt of arising from its sufferings and dismemberment and consolidate into a strong and united nation, that today makes every other nation respect its flag! Pity, the gallant prince could not sit down at one of the thousands of hospitable Pennsylvania-German firesides, eat the well-cooked viands from one of its well-laden boards, and chat with its happy inmates in the vernacular. But doubtless his near approach made every German bosom swell with happy pride, and, if the anonymous poet's imagination was not too wild as expressed in the following lines, written in anticipation of his visit and published in the Philadelphia Record—then there has been jubilation enough for visitor and visited. We append the lines:

VEN WILLIE'S BRUDER COMES.

Ven Willie's bruder comes—Ach Gott, vat fun!
Great jubel, and rejoicing vill be done,
Und ve die Deutsch vill haf all on der run,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

No odder volk vill den haf any show,
Und Dagoes, Irish, and Chinese may go
Avay vay back und sit down far below,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Den all der kleines Deutschen bands will play
"Die Wacht am Rhein" und "Feste Burg" all day,
Und ve shall haf chust allerdings our vay,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Ach Himmel, all der bier dot shall be drank
Vill be genug to fill a grown-up tank,
Und effry sausage mill vill bust its crank,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Du lieber Gott, chust picture up der crowd,
A-shoutin', "Hoch der Kaiser!" clear und loud,
Und Teddy standin' py der schiff so proud,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Und ven der schiff ist named der "Alice R."
Vill be great celebrations near und far,
Und saenger clubs vill all keep open bar,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Der schlechten dings Chorge Dewey said will not
Be thought of, but as hasty tommy-rot,
Und ole Von Diedrichs vill be clean forgot,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!

Ah, Gott sei Dank dot festival ist near,
Gut Heinrich H. will soon be mit us here,
Und ve vill drink dis country dry of beer,
Ven Willie's bruder comes!



We return thanks to the following kind friends who have assisted in securing views and cuts used in present issue viz.: J. F. Sachse, Mrs. H. M. Oakley, Rev. J. W. Early, D. N. Schaeffer, W. H. Smith, G. A. Schlechter, Prof. W. W. Deatrick, H. K. Deisher, Mrs. W. H. Egle and W. S. Ray, to all of whom we bow our profoundest appreciation.



Let this suffice to give notice to all in arrears for 1902, that *after April 10th* their subscription, if unpaid, will be \$1.25 instead of \$1.00, if paid before.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS CONRAD MUHLENBERG.

BY HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG RICHARDS.



OW that the people of Pennsylvania are beginning to better understand and appreciate what they owe to its early German immigrants, and their descendants, for the material prosperity surrounding us on all sides, it cannot be out of place to say that, among the sons of our Commonwealth, none stand higher, in worth and deeds, than the Patriarch Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and the families are few indeed which contain a longer list of illustrious descendants than can be counted among those who have sprung from his loins.

His third child, and second son, Frederick Augustus Conrad, was born at the Trappe, Montgomery county, the parental home, on January 2, 1750, in the early morning just after the first day of the new year had come to a close. The records of the old Augustus church, his father's charge, show that he was baptized on January 15th, when he was given his name in honor of his father's old friends, Dr. Friedrich Michael Ziegenhagen, Court Preacher at London, and Professor Gotthilf Augustus Francke, Director of the Halle Institution, and son of the elder Augustus Hermann Francke, through whose instrumentality Henry Melchior Muhlenberg was sent to America, both of whom appear as titulary sponsors while the babe's grandfather, Conrad Weiser, acted as the real sponsor and as proxy for the other two.

The lad grew up under the care of his parents, but the father fully realized how meagre were the opportunities for education in this country at the time, even in Philadelphia, to which place he removed, with his family, in the fall of 1761, in response to the urgent call of the German Lutheran congregation of that city. Accordingly, it was resolved that Frederick, with his two brothers, should be sent to Halle, and there prepared for their life work in the ministry which it was never doubted they would follow to the end.

On April 27, 1763, the three boys—and boys they were indeed, Peter, the eldest, being but sixteen years of age, while Henry, the youngest, was only ten—embarked on the packet ship, Captain Budden, at Philadelphia, for London, which they safely reached on the 15th of June, and were kindly greeted and cared for by Dr. Ziegenhagen. After a short sojourn there they resumed their journey for Halle, via Rotterdam, finally arriving at their destination on September 1st.

Too young, and not sufficiently advanced for the University itself, they first entered the preparatory department. However, with due diligence and under the fostering care of his godfather, Dr. Francke, Frederick, with his brother, Henry, made rapid progress, so much so that, in three years' time, they had perfected themselves in the German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew tongues, and, at the end of their course, extending over nearly seven years, they had become finished classical and theological scholars, with a fair knowledge of instrumental and vocal music. Indeed so thoroughly had they applied themselves to their studies that they nearly lost command of the English tongue, and, so late as 1772, we find Frederick expressing his regret to his father, in a letter, that he could not master the English language as fully as he desired.

The first sorrow which came to the young man occurred on the sixth anniversary of his arrival at Halle, and was occasioned by the death, on September 2, 1769, of the Director, Gotthilf August Francke. It was then that he, apparently in connection with his brother, Henry, gave expression to his feelings by the composition of a poem upon the decease of his friend, sponsor and benefactor, which was so well received by the faculty of the university that it was incorporated among the "*Trauer und Trost Schriften* in the *Denkmal der Schuldigen Hochachtung und Liebe* to the late G. A. Francke. This interesting poem, which is a veritable literary curiosity, has been unearthed and printed by Julius F. Sachse, Esq., in most creditable pamphlet form.

In 1770, the two brothers, accompanied by the Rev. John Christopher Kunze, who was soon to become their brother-in-law, returned to the land of their birth, and, on October 25th of the same year, Frederick was ordained to the ministry at the meeting of the

Ministerium held in Reading, after passing a highly creditable examination conducted in Latin by the Rev. J. L. Voigt.

The first spiritual work of the young pastor was done as the assistant of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Christopher Emanuel Schulze, who had married his sister, Eve Elizabeth, on September 23, 1766, and was serving the Tulpehocken charge. We, of this age of comfort and conveniences, can hardly realize what the godly men of that day were called upon to endure in the performance of their ordinary duties. Some faint idea of their sacrifices may be gained by a perusal of the account left by Frederick of his trip from Tulpehocken to Shamokin (Sunbury), in the summer of 1771, to visit a little flock of German Lutherans there located, who were without pastor or church. He tells of his lonely ride through the wilds of the Blue Mountains, and beyond, with his one companion, young Conrad Weiser, the son of his Uncle Frederick; how he passed Fort Henry, already in a dilapidated condition, surrounded by its many graves to remind him of the terrible events which occurred fifteen years before; of the beautiful view which stretched before him from the top of the ridge; of the steep and dangerous paths, in one instance a mere shelf of the mountain but eighteen inches wide; of the fording of rivers and streams, and of the apparently interminable wilderness filled with its insects and wolves; of the motley crowd who listened so intently to the sermon which he preached them, and how devoutly they sang; of the sixty who partook of the communion from the table which stood on the porch of the cabin and also served as his pulpit; and, finally, of the long journey back home again.

Shortly after his return from Shamokin he was joined in holy wedlock, on October 15, 1771, to Catharine Schafer, daughter of Frederick Schafer, a Philadelphia sugar refiner and member of the vestry of Zion's Lutheran church, whose acquaintance he made while in that city. She was born 1750, and died 1835, thus surviving him some thirty-four years.

Not only did young Muhlenberg assist his brother-in-law at the Tulpehocken charge but also at Schaefferstown, near Lebanon, and he seems to have preached to Salem congregation, of Lebanon, as early as 1771. When the trouble between that congregation and the Rev. John Caspar Stoeber culminated, at the end of 1772, he became its pastor and we find him recorded as such May 1, 1773.

In the summer of 1773 the congregation of Conococheague, in Maryland, invited Frederick, through the Lutheran Ministerium, to become their pastor, but the request was not granted. A call was accepted by him, however, from a German congregation in New York City, which had seceded from the old German Trinity church (southwest corner of Broadway and Rector street) and worshiped at the northwest corner of Frankford and William streets. Their church was known as Christ or Swamp church, and had been dedicated May 1, 1767. Here he served, with his usual faithfulness and activity, and had the honor of forming the New York Ministerium just as his father had the immortal honor of forming a regular ministry in Pennsylvania. Mention is made, in a letter by Frederick to his father, of this conference, which was appointed to meet in April, 1774. Dr. Kunze, his brother-in-law, when writing, December 13, 1800, to Dr. Knapp, of Halle, regarding his removal to New York in 1784, says, "I remained in connection with the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, though I reorganized the Ministerium (of New York) founded by F. A. Muhlenberg already in 1773." * * * from which it is supposed that Frederick Muhlenberg removed to New York early in 1773, and that the Conference of 1774 was a *second* meeting of the New York Ministerium. The Rev. Dr. Theodore E. Schmauk, of Lebanon, however, has produced records of Salem church showing that he must have served as its pastor during the greater part of 1773, and could not have left until the latter part of the year, or the beginning of the next. He undoubtedly became pastor at New York about the beginning of 1774, organized its Ministerium in April, as he himself states, and Dr. Kunze is in error.

Hardly had he begun to realize the possibilities of success which lay before him in his chosen field of work when the storm of war broke over him. At once he heartily and prominently espoused the cause of his country, while it so happened that his co-laborer, Rev. Bernard Michael Hausihl, pastor of Trinity church, became a pronounced Tory. The evil day of the latter came after the city was evacuated by the British, but, in the meantime it became necessary for Mr. Muhlenberg to seek a place of safety for himself and his family when it became apparent that the enemy contemplated seizing the place. Accordingly, in May, 1776, he

sent his wife to her parents, where their third child was born, where, after bidding his flock a reluctant farewell, he followed, on July 2nd, two days before the Declaration of Independence, carrying with him the prayer of his congregation that he would return to them when the storm had blown over.

From Philadelphia he removed to the home of his aged parents at the Trappe, where he arrived August 16, and where, on August 23, he preached a parting sermon to Capt. Richards' company, recruited in New Hanover, on the text, "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." (Nehemiah iv:14). During 1777 he again removed, to the neighboring New Hanover (also called Falkner's Swamp) where he took charge of the Lutheran church and also served the congregations of Oley, New Goshenhoppen, as well as that at Reading, until the latter church was occupied for hospital purposes.

It was a dark time for the infant Republic, and one full of anxiety to the subject of this sketch. With the defeat at Brandywine came the hostile occupation of Philadelphia, the wanton destruction of his father-in-law's property by the British, and the flight of Mr. Schafer, with his family, to the country. Frederick's small house was overrun with fugitives, containing at one time eleven persons, including himself and wife, three children, maid and nurse, his brother's wife and child, with his sister, Mrs. Swaine, and her husband.

The unsettled condition of the country, filled with military camps, made ministerial work of but little avail, and before Frederick Muhlenberg entered his thirtieth year, he sat himself down to seriously consider whether his life vocation should not be given a different turn, to prevent failure. Most likely the close proximity of his successful military brother, General Peter Muhlenberg, whose camp at Valley Forge he frequently visited, had much to do in shaping his decision. He was anxious to serve his country more actively. Then, too, his father-in-law, and other friends, gave him encouragement to seek public office. The decision was reached gradually, and the change did not come at once, but, despite his father's counsel and wishes, he finally made up his mind to abandon the ministry and to accept the candidacy offered

him as member to Congress. The Assembly of Pennsylvania had three vacancies to fill and elected, on March 2, 1779, Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Henry Wynkoop and J. McCleane. The term of the whole delegation expiring in the same year, in November he was again elected for the full term, and took his seat on the thirteenth of the same month.

From that time his successful and honorable career upward continued without intermission. As he had served his God faithfully in the past so he now served his country.

On March 31, 1779, it was resolved by Congress to print its journal more frequently, and to improve the records generally. Muhlenberg was added to the committee appointed to superintend the publication of the journal, which was probably his first public duty. Immediately upon resuming his seat, on November 13th, he was put on the Committee on the Treasury, showing the appreciation in which he must have been held by his colleagues. His appointment as chairman of the medical committee virtually made him Director-General of the military hospitals. It is to be regretted that space forbids the giving of even parts of his letters to his brother, Henry, which are filled with an interesting discussion of the events of the time and the doings of Congress.

While still a member of the National House of Representatives he was elected, October 10, 1780, a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and, at the opening session of the same, November 3, 1780, chosen as its Speaker. To this responsible position he was called by the two succeeding Assemblies, on November 9, 1781 and October 31, 1782. Before his last term had expired he was elected into the Board of Censors, which was a sort of grand jury to sit in judgment over all the matters pertaining to the government of the Commonwealth. Their sessions lasted from November 10, 1783 to September 25, 1784. As a proof of the esteem in which Muhlenberg was held we find that he was at once called upon to act as the presiding officer of the Board. Their work was to determine the expediency of calling a convention to change the Constitution of Pennsylvania, on equal representation, etc. The result of their long and wearisome sittings was merely a disagreement, followed by no action at all, much to the disgust and discouragement of their chairman.

By this time a longing seems to have come over Muhlenberg to

return to the quiet of his boyhood home and to get away from the turmoil of public service. He declined a re-election to the Assembly, he even declined, in 1783, a call sent him to return to the active ministry and serve the Lutheran congregation at Ebenezer, near Savannah, Georgia, whose pulpit had been vacated by the death of Rev. Christian Rabenhorst. He wanted to settle down, surrounded by those he loved, at the Trappe, where his leisure moments could be spent in caring for the farm, his garden and his store, in which business interest he embarked in 1781. On March 19, 1784, he was commissioned a Justice of the Peace for the district, serving until January 14, 1789. Upon the formation of Montgomery county, in the fall of 1784, the Assembly appointed him Register of Wills and Recorder of Deeds, September 21, 1784. He presided at the first court held in the county, on September 28, 1784.

Thus passed several years, for him quiet and uneventful. In the meantime, however, great changes were taking place in the political affairs of the nation. It had become necessary to replace the Articles of Confederation, no longer sufficient, by the Constitution, and this paper Congress was now presenting to the several States for ratification. When Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg was elected a delegate to the Convention which Pennsylvania called for this purpose, he knew he could not decline. The Convention met at Philadelphia, September 21, 1787, and its first business was the election of a presiding officer. Of sixty votes cast Muhlenberg received thirty, Judge McKean twenty-nine, and Mr. Gray one. The question whether one-half of the votes constituted a majority was waived by the adoption of a resolution to conduct Muhlenberg to the chair. Both he and his brother, Peter, then Vice President of Pennsylvania, exerted themselves earnestly in behalf of ratification. The Constitution having been accepted Pennsylvania became entitled to eight representatives. Among those elected by a goodly majority were the two brothers, Frederick on the so-called Anti-Federal ticket, and Peter on the Federal ticket.

There being no quorum present on March 4, 1789, the day set for the meeting of Congress in New York, it was not until April 1st that an organization was effected, when, such was the prestige of Muhlenberg's name, he was chosen as its presiding officer, and

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg became Speaker of the first House of Representatives of the United States. The fugitive had come back to his people of New York, not as their beloved pastor, but as the patriot justly honored by his nation.

He was also a member of the House of the Second, Third and Fourth Congresses, being again elected Speaker in the Third Congress, this time on the Anti-Federal or Democratic ticket (then called Republicans). In this term Muhlenberg strenuously opposed the excise tax of two cents per pound on sugar refined in the United States, but in vain.

In the Fourth Congress Jay's treaty occupied a prominent place. The Senate ratified it on June 24, 1795, and it received the President's approval. The resolution in the House, granting an appropriation for carrying out the provisions of the treaty, called forth an animated discussion and brought to the surface much opposition. The House, feeling that their rights, as the direct representatives of the people had been ignored, requested the President to furnish them with all correspondence bearing on the treaty, which he declined to do claiming that the House had nothing to do with the conclusion of treaties. This news was handed over to the Committee of the Whole, of which Muhlenberg was chairman. After a long and stormy debate the vote was taken April 29, 1796, on the resolution granting an appropriation. There being forty-nine votes for and as many against it, upon Muhlenberg devolved the deciding vote. Though not entirely satisfied with the paper he voted in favor of it, thus preventing what might have proven to be serious complications. The question then coming before the House itself was adopted by a vote of fifty-one against forty-eight.

With the adjournment of the Fourth Congress ended his active political life. In the autumn of the year 1799 he was appointed by Governor Mifflin, and continued by the recently elected governor, Thomas McKean, to the place of Collector-General of the Pennsylvania Land Office, made vacant by the removal of the incumbent for malfeasance. He removed to Lancaster, which, in 1799, had become the seat of the State government. Here he doubtless looked forward, with great happiness, to the companionship of his beloved brother, Henry, but, while yet in the prime of his life, death ended his earthly career of great usefulness on June

5, 1801. His remains lie buried in the graveyard of Trinity Lutheran church of Lancaster, Pa.

(The Muhlenberg burial plot is in Woodward Hill Cemetery, once the property of Trinity Lutheran church. Here in full view of the winding Conestoga, close by the resting place of President James Buchanan, in the shadow of the quaint steep-roofed chapel, rest the Muhlenberg brothers, Frederick Augustus and Henry Ernest, with whose dust has mingled that of other celebrated scions of this stock of later generations. The Rev. John W. Richards, of Lancaster, Pa., has kindly furnished us the following transcript of the epitaph, engraven on a large flat stone that covers the grave of the subject of this sketch.—Editor.):

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FREDERICK AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG

who was born on the

1ST OF JANUARY,

1750

and departed this life on the

5th DAY OF JUNE,

1801.

AGED 51 YEARS, 5 MONTHS

AND 5 DAYS.

Ruht Sonft, Schlaift wohl in eurer Grufft,
Bis euch einst Jesus wieder ruft.

The activity and worth of Frederick Muhlenberg was not only displayed in the halls of legislature, but in other walks of life.

He served the University of Pennsylvania as trustee from 1779 till 1786. The Rev. John Christian Hardwich (Hartwig) appointed him, by his will, trustee and president of a society for the propagation of the Gospel, to be founded according to the provisions of the will, a charge which his death prevented him from carrying out. The Hartwick Seminary of New York, theological and classical, the result of these provisions, exists to this day. The German Society of Pennsylvania, of which he became a member in 1778, elected him their President in 1789, and again in the years

following till 1797, when his removal from the city obliged him to decline a renomination.

No greater encomium on the work of Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, and his brother, Peter, can be pronounced, especially in exemplification of the power which they wielded, than by quoting the words of John Adams who querulously says: "These two Germans, who had been long in public affairs and in high offices, were the great leaders and oracles of the whole German interest in Pennsylvania and the neighboring States * * * The Muhlenbergs turned the whole body of the Germans, great numbers of the Irish, and many of the English, and in this manner introduced the total change that followed in both Houses of the Legislature, and in all the executive departments of the national government. Upon such slender threads did our elections then depend."

The children of Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, and his wife, Catharine Schafer, were:

1. Henry William Muhlenberg, b. 1772; d. 1805; m. July 30, 1795. Mary Catharine Sheaff.

Their oldest child was the Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D.

2. Mary Catharine Muhlenberg, b. May 29, 1774; d. Nov. 28, 1846; m. John Hiester (his second wife), the only son of Governor Joseph Hiester, b. July 28, 1774; d. March 7, 1849.

3. Elizabeth Muhlenberg, m. April 24, 1794, John Mifflin Irwin, son of Matthias Irwin and Esther Mifflin.

4. Margaret Muhlenberg, b. 1778; d. 1874; m. Nov. 27, 1794, Jacob Sperry, b. 1773, d. 1830.

5. Anne Catharine Muhlenberg, b. 1781; d. 1865; m. George Sheaff, b. 1779; d. 1851.

6. Frederick Muhlenberg, single.

7. John Peter David Muhlenberg, b. 1785; d. 1849; m. Rachel Evans, b. 1790; d. 1848.

I am indebted to Oswald Seidensticker for extracts used in this sketch.

Poetic Gems

FAHSNACHT.

BY REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Wos war's doch ols en luscht g'west
 Won's g'hehse hut die Fahsnacht kummt;
 M'r hut sich g'freht schun wocho long,
 G'piffa, g'sunga un g'jumpt.
 Die Mommy hut em lengscht g'drillt;
 "Now, buhwa, schofft 'n oyer bei,
 Won's Fahsnacht Kucha gevva soll,
 Doh missa lots fun oyer nei."

 Noh is m'r noch der scheier ob,
 Uff's schtroh un hoi, uff's welschkornlawb,
 Un g'sucht ebs aryets oyer het—
 M'r war gons tzu mit g'rehs un schtawb.
 Un wom'r noh ehns g'funna hut,
 Wos hut m'r g'scherret fer noch'm hous.
 "Doh, Mommy, is ehns, nemmt's noch meh?"
 "Yah, buhwa, schunscht gebt's sure nix drous."

 Sel war g'nunk, der schtaat war oll,
 M'r hut sich recht g'druvvelt noh;
 Hut's bissel draus g'goxt am schtoll
 Wos is m'r ob un war so froh.
 Was hut m'r net die hahna g'schprengt,
 Die hinkel wiescht ferschulta ols,
 Un g'fiedert bis sie krep hen g'hot,
 Gons nehwa drous, so schep om hols.

 Het's hinkelfieh so'n eifer g'hot
 Wie unserehns ols g'hotta hut,
 S'het oyer g'hot im ivverfluss
 Os wie bei'm Pharoh lous un grut.
 So geht's em evva heit ols noch,
 Won ebbes recht om hertz em leit,
 Doch is's wie's olt schprichwort sawgt:
 "En gutie soch nemmt immer tzeit."

 Won ols der dawg boll kumma is,
 Noh hut em yehders noch g'tzerret;
 "Ich wunner wer die Fahsnacht gebt,
 Wen's drefft der wert in's seifoss g'schperret."

M'r hut sich övver ols g'wehrt,
 Un's war em doch so holwer bong,
 M'r waer ferleicht der letscht im bett
 Noh misst m'r's hehra wocha long.

Wos hut m'r g'scherrt ier moryets rous,
 So doss m'r net die Fahsnacht waer;
 Der Mommy war mohl's ruhfa g'schpaart,
 So frieh war's bett schun long net lehr.
 Noh hut m'r ivver die g'locht
 Wuh nix g'duh hen wie g'tzerrt,
 "Doh kummt die Fahsnacht hinna noh,
 Now wert sie daich in's seifoss g'schperrt."

Won's brekfescht mohl ferivver war
 Un oll die arwet ous'm waig.
 Noh hut die Mommy s'bockboard gricht
 Un holt'n grohser womba daig
 Un legt'n druff un drickt'n rum
 Un rollt'n in so scheiva ous,
 Noh hut sie's redd'l hortich gricht
 Un schneit die schenscha kucha rous.

Bis olles noh recht gonga war
 Dert hinner'm uff'a uff der kischt,
 War's fett om kocha in der pon,—
 M'r hut sich's moul schun obg'wischt.
 Dert hut sie noh die kucha nei,
 Die sin dert g'schwumma wie die gens,
 Wos hen sie schehna bocka gricht,
 Gons dunkelbrau mit gehla krens!

Sie wara scheh, sie wara gute,
 Wos hut's em obbedit gemocht
 Sie yuscht tzu sehna uff'm disch—
 Der bouch der hut em recht g'locht,
 Of course, die Mommy hut's g'wisst
 Wie hungrich os so buhwa sin,
 Wos hut sie grohsa'schissla g'hot,
 Un kucha os wie hoischeck drin.

Geh weck mit denna "fancy cakes"
 Mit biss'l rohder tzucker druff,
 Mit "ruffe-tarts" un "bumblejacks"—
 So schtufft set oll der schonschteh nuff.
 Des schleckerweh'sa is nix waert,
 Doh is nix drin fun kraift un saft,
 Des bot mohl nix un helit net meh,
 Os won der benny schteht un blofft.

Wos buhwa war in sel'ra tzeit
 Is lengscht schun ovva nòus fun hehm,
 Sie hen sich schehna weiver grickt,—
 Wos nemmt's so grohsa picture frame!
 Doch won's amohl ou's bocka geht,
 Do tzieg ich doch die Mommy rous,
 Sie hut's net gons so fancy g'hot,
 S'war ovver'n gutie koch im hous.

Die frah is glei ols uvvadrous
 Won ich fun kocha ebbes sawg,—
 "S'waer'n dummie notion, sel waer oll,
 Die kocherei waer heittzudawg
 Yuscht grawd so gute wie sellamohls,
 Der druvvel waer yuscht mit 'm moul,
 Der gumma waer em biss'l hart—
 En hutchel waer ken olter goul."

S'mawg sei wie's will, sis net wie's war,
 Ihr olta kerls ihr wesst's tzu gute;
 So dings fergesst sich net so leicht,
 So ebbes drawgt m'r net im hute.
 Ach! wom'r olsamohl drah denkt,
 Wie's war in seina yunga yohr,
 M'r gaeht der beschta goul im schtoll
 For'n woch wie sellamohls, net wohr?

Gilbert, Pa.

DER ALT KERCHOF.

BY LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Es shteht en Städtle uf em Berg
 Mit Häuser weis wie Schnee;
 Un wann 's ah dick bevölkert is,
 Ke Mensche kann mer seh.

Die Häuser henn all grüne Höf
 Mit Schöne Blume drei;
 Ich wes net wer sie tende dut,
 Ke Mensche sinn dabei.

Die Häuser henn ah Nahme druif
 Fun lauter dodte Leut.
 Dal ware reich un gros geehrt
 Jetz' werre sie net beneidt.

'S Gras wachst ivver die Dächer naus,
 Doch n äht es Niemand ab;
 Un mancher Nahme is bedeckt
 Fun grünem Moos un Lab.

Die Feggel singe uf de Bäum,
Die Feldmaus baut im Gras,
Un ebmols shpringt ah hie un doh
A glener groher Haas.

Es ruht sich gut in seller Shtadt,
Der shlof is dief un lang;
Es weckt nix as die letsht Posaun
Un süsser Engelg'sang.

DER KERCHEGANG IN ALTER ZEIT.

BY DR. HENRY HARBAUGH.

Es dhut eem gans vun Herze leed,
Wann m'r an's Alte denkt;
Nau geht fascht alles iwerzweg,
In Land un Stadt, in Haus un
Kerch—
M'r fiehlt sich recht gekrenkt.

Denk juscht emol an's Kerche-
Geh'!
Wie war's in alter Zeit?
Darch Hitz un Kelt', darch
Schtaab un Schnee,
Is Alles gange, Gross un Klee',
Bei reich un arme Leit.

M'r is net jehtig nei' gerennt,
Gekleppert mit de Schuh;
Schee' is m'r gange, sacht un bleed
Im Schtuhl sich leis in Hut gebet—
Sell wert nau net gedhu!

In's Lied hot Alles ei'geschtimmt—
Sell Singe war en Freed!
Nau dhut fascht Niemand's Maul
meh uf—
Zum Singe gehn die Bordkerch nu
Paar Buwe un paar Mäd!

Mit Demuth hut m'r zugehorcht
Was ah der Parre sagt;
Nau sitzt m'r schtolz wie Dshury-
mann.
Gukt wie der Mann doch schwetze
kann!
Un wie er sich betragt!

Die alte Wohrhet hot m'r g'liebt,
Un selwer angewennt;

CHURCH-GOING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(Translated by H. A. S.)

Deep sorrow fills my heart, when I
Recall the times of old;
Now everything is upside down
At home, in church, country and
town;
'Tis mournful to behold.

Just think for once how they would
go
To church in days of yore:
Through heat and cold, through
dust and snow
They all would go, both high and
low,
Young, aged, rich and poor.

Not then with clattering haste and
din
They into church would run.
With modest mien they entered
there,
Then bowed awhile in silent prayer.
Say, where is that now done?

In singing all would take their part
And sing with spirit, too.
Now you don't sing; for don't you
see
The choir there on the gallery
Will do all that for you?

They listened to the preacher's
words
With true humility.
Now like a jurymen you sit
To judge the speaker's skill and
wit.
Admire his fluency.

They loved to hear and practiced,
too,
Old-fashioned Bible truth.

Nau denkt m'r, als m'r schläfrig
sitzt:
Wie doch der Mann die Sinder
schwitzt!
Er gebt's 'n juschtement!

Un wann m'r in der Sity wohnt,
Schliesst m'r sich an kee' Ort;
Wo juschet 'n grosser Schwetzer
brillt.
Do werd gewiss die Kerch gefüllt,
Un unser eens is dort!

Was Hutlerei! was Hutlerei!
Die Leit hen leichte Kepp;
'S is alles leer—kee' Soft, kee' Salz,
'N Brote ohne G'schmack un
Schmalz
'N schlappiges Geschlepp!

Now, as you dozing sit, you think:
"This fellow makes the sinners
shrink;
He shows them up in sooth!"

And if the city be your home,
You'll join the church nowhere.
But where some mighty speaker
roars,
The church is crowded: you of
course
Are regularly there.

What huddling, hashing, jumbling
this!
All things seem out of place—
An empty show, a worthless dross,
A roast with neither salt nor sauce,
A gait that's a disgrace!

ZEIT UN LEUTE ANNERE SICH.

VON DANIEL.

'Sis nimmi wie's for Alters war—
Ich mehn in Kerchesache;
Die Welt un Kerch sin bal so
gleich,
As wie mer sie kann mache.
Mer sicht so bal ken unnerschid,
Die Kerch- un Weltgesinnte,
Sie sin enanner bal so gleich.
So gleich as wie zwee Blinde.

Der allgemehne Kerchesin,
Gar arrig is verdarwe,
Es guckt zu Zeite traurig aus
Als wär er halb erstarwe.
Net dass es uns am Eifer fehlt,
Sell is net was ich mehne;
Der unbefleckte Gottesdienst,
Des Edle, Wahre, Scheene—
Der Kern des echte Christenthums,
Dart ist's wu mir's verhehle.
Shand bringets uf die Kerchesach,
Mer darf es net verhehle.

In's Kerchelewe schleicht sich ein
En Geist der viel verderwet.
Es is en falscher, frommer schein,
Den Mancher sich anwerwet.
Die Religion sie wert gebraucht
Als wie en Cloak, en Mantel.
Mer deckt damit sei unrecht zu,
Zu treuwe böser Hande'

Mer baut oft Kerche, ohne Geld.
Lehnt noch dazu, macht Schulde,
Noh laafe dann die Weibsleut
rum—

Mer sott es net gedulde—
In Stohr un Office gehn sie nei,
Die Mannsleut recht zu quäle.
Un schwätze glatt un zuckersüss—
Es Geld kann do net fehle.

En Dehl, die treuwe Kremerei,
Fun Haus zu Haus rumlaafe
Mit Nohdle, Strümp un anner
G'fres

Die Leute solles kaafe.
En Dehl die griege Tickets raus,
De Männer anzuhenke
Un froge ah iar anner Sach.
Des sollt mer ihne schenke.

Dann kumme Fäirs mit Candy-
ständs.

Die Mäd duhn sich ufдресse
Sell zieht das junge Volk dann an,
Do gebts was Guts zu esse—
Als Hocklebeere, Strawberry Cäke,
Oyster-fritters un noch meh,
Ah bissel karresirt dabei:
Wie wacht's die Kerchesach so
klee!

DIE GUTA ALTA ZEITA.

BY S. DELONG.

Mer hört so fiel die Mensche glaga
 Un öfters gar zu nonner sawga,
 Fon dem Wechsel in da Zeita.
 Sheer alles Neües sute sie net.
 Die alta Wayga wor'n "Korrect,"
 In da guta alta Zeita.

Loss uns now die Musick stimma,
 Un in Deüch des Liedle singa,
 Fon da guta alta Zeita.
 Un ich will eüch bringa Beweiss
 Das die alta Leit,—schwartz un
 weiss,
 Oit galabt hen wie die Heida.

Loss uns gah fuftzich Yore zurick,
 In's block Shufe-hous on der
 Creek,
 In da guta alta Zeita.
 Do sin Kinner, gross wie Rinner,
 Mit dem A, B, C Buch Primer,
 Des gebt shure mol grossa Leita.

Ich mehn ich sehn der Shulemester
 In seiner Weissheit (?), graad wie
 gester,
 Dort uf 'm hochha biffle Stuhl.
 Er dresht die Buwa uf der Bonk
 Yust 'a mol's dags—d'rum Gott sei
 dank,
 Des war sei "unfälbara" Rule.

Wos macht er grossa goo-goo
 Awga
 Mer muss still sei, darf aw nix
 sawga,
 Mer is yo in der hochha Shule.
 Der Psalter un des Testament.
 Das wor der Aufong un des End,
 Wer die net larnt der bleibt en
 Fool.

Mer larnt aw noch 'n bissel
 Schreiva,
 Rechelt bis zum long-divida,
 No is mer gons gagrauate.
 Die Maed die gane ons Flox
 brecha.
 Die Buwa gane ons Flegle dresha,
 Was wora des doch "College"
 zeita.

Der "Jugend Freund" un "Geist

der Zeit,"
 Die wern galasa bei da Leit
 In da guta alta Zeita.
 No gate mer in die "Spicken
 Shule,"
 Deüch oder Anglish war die Rule
 Wie mer best sich konn bareita.

Der Bauer hot sich hort gablog'd
 Un oit die krutza Peif aw
 g'schmok'd,
 Dort hinnich 'm Offa uf der
 Kisht.
 Speck, Zwivvel supp, un Sour-
 krout,
 Krumbiera kocht mer mit der
 Hout,
 Des wor gewanelich uf der Lisht.

Die Sens gadangled bie der Lutzer,
 Kinner uigazoga om Schlutzer,
 Des war der guta alta Wake.
 Die Früchte all fon Hond gesait,
 Un die Aern mit Sichel abgamaht,
 No sagt mer noch, "'S is up-to-
 Date."

Mer is aw gonga Schlitta faara,
 Die Maed un Buwa ab zu paara;
 Do hot mer grossa steifa Geil,
 Om Hals hen sie die grosse Bella;
 Furemon dut die Gashel knella.
 In fuftza Stunn geths fertza Mile.

Die Yunga sin borriüsich g'loffä,
 Der Epple Jack hen die Alte
 g'soffä.
 In da guta alta Zeita.
 For Duwack hen sie Stengle
 g'smoked,
 Won's g'stunka hot—ka Mench hot
 g'froked,
 Sie still, mei Mauga kan's net
 leida!

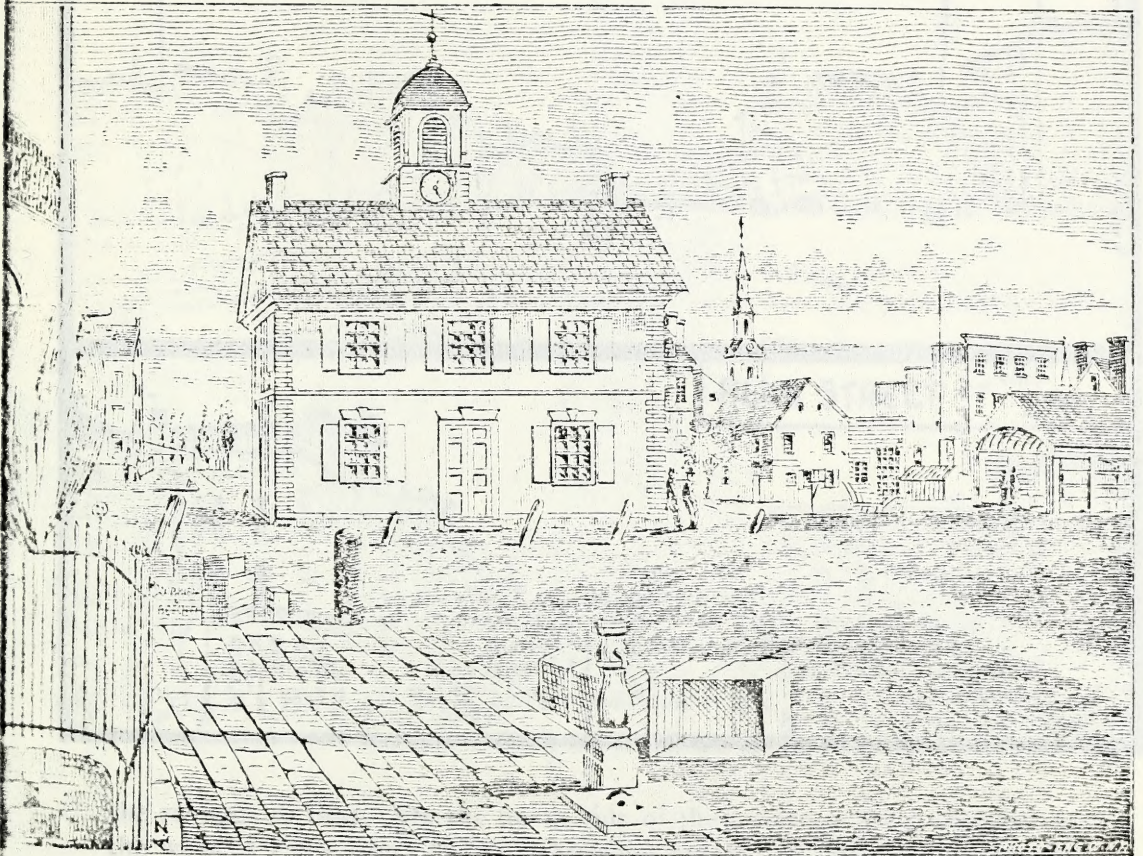
Doch, die guta alta Zeita
 Hen fer dehl Leit guta Seitä;
 'S mog sie sahna grad wer will!
 Ich hab gaguckt bei Nacht un
 Daag,
 Rum garubbered, so wahr ich saag,
 Ich sehn sie net darch meina
 Brill.

Historical Pilgrimages into ... Pennsylvania-Germandom

A TRIP OVER THE OLD EASTON ROAD.

By an Anonymous Chaperon.

We shall take a ride over the Easton Road in Berks county, starting at Penn Square, in the City of Reading, and ending at the village of



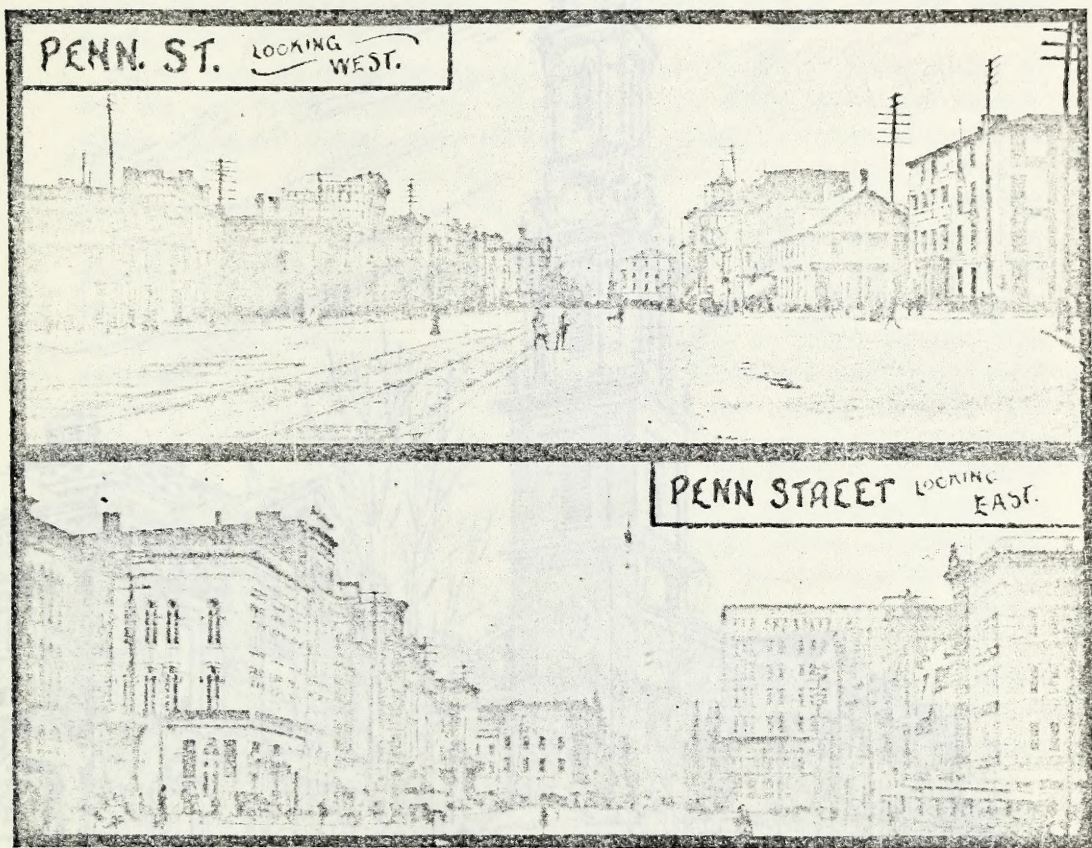
PROVINCIAL COURT HOUSE, READING.

Rothrocksville, which is near the county line between Berks and Lehigh. Before we start, however, it will be interesting to take a glance at Penn Square, and notice a few of the old places here. There are very few cities, which can boast of a square in the centre of the town, that is as large and beautiful as Penn Square. After Dr. E. E. Higbee, a former Super-

intendent of Public Instruction of our Commonwealth, had returned from his European trip some years ago, he walked up the Square, when suddenly he exclaimed that "they boast of the beautiful streets of Florence, yet none of them is as beautiful as this Square."

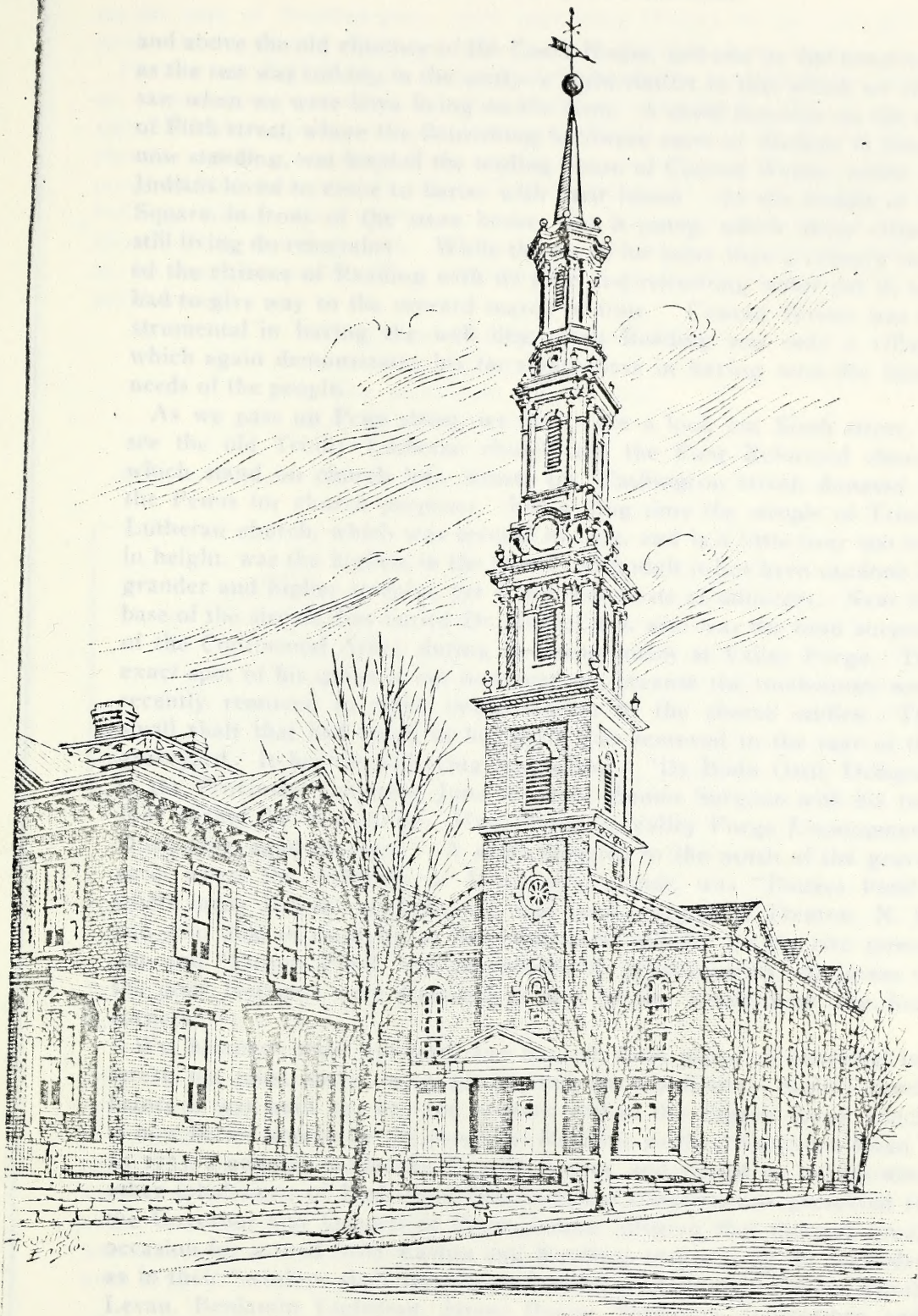
In the centre of the Square, stood the Court House for many years, and market houses to the east and west of it. The Court House stood there from 1762 to 1841, and the market houses from 1766 to 1871. The removal of these buildings left a large, wide opening between the building lines and makes the Square magnificent in its dimensions and appearance.

Not all the land-marks of colonial days, however, have given way to



the ravages of time. On the north side of the square, a short distance to the west of Fifth street stands a building erected in 1763, which was the principal hotel in Reading from the time of its erection until 1814, since when, it has been occupied by the Farmers' Bank. It is here that General Washington was entertained, when he was President of the United States, as he passed through Reading on his way towards Pittsburg to quell the whiskey insurrection.* It is said that he was greatly amused, as he was standing in front of the hotel, watching a host of swallows soaring around

* Federal Inn, now Farmers' Bank, is the second building on the right in upper view of Penn Square.



TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH, READING

and above the old chimney of the Court House, and one by one entering it as the sun was sinking in the west,—a sight similar to that which we often saw when we were boys living on the farm. A short distance on the east of Fifth street, where the flourishing hardware store of Stichter & Son is now standing, was located the trading house of Conrad Weiser, where the Indians loved to come to barter with their friend. In the middle of the Square, in front of the store house, was a pump, which many citizens still living do remember. While the pump for more than a century served the citizens of Reading with its pure and refreshing water yet it, too, had to give way to the onward march of time. Conrad Weiser was instrumental in having the well dug when Reading was only a village, which again demonstrates his far-sightedness in having seen the future needs of the people.

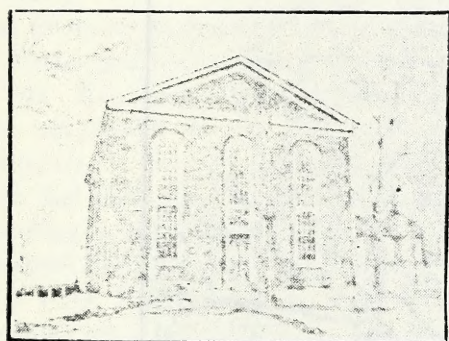
As we pass up Penn street, we must take a look out Sixth street, to see the old Trinity Lutheran church and the First Reformed church, which stand on church lots, situate on Washington street, donated by the Penns for church purposes. For a long time the steeple of Trinity Lutheran church, which was erected in 1833, and is a little over 200 feet in height, was the highest in the State. Although it has been outdone by grander and higher steeples, yet it still has hosts of admirers. Near the base of the steeple, lies buried Dr. Bodo Otto, who was the head surgeon of the Continental Army, during its encampment at Valley Forge. The exact spot of his grave is not now marked, because the tombstones were recently removed to make improvements to the church edifice. The small shaft that had stood at his grave was removed to the rear of the graveyard. It has the following inscription: "Dr Bodo Otto, Delegate to the Provincial Congress, June 18, 1776. Senior Surgeon with his two sons during the Revolution. Had charge of Valley Forge Encampment. Died, 1787, aged 79 years." A short distance to the north of the graveyard, where the Academy of Music now stands, was "Potters Field," where many Hessian soldiers, who had been captured at Trenton, N. J., and who died in captivity at Reading, were buried. As the city spread out, and "Potters Field" was annihilated by improvements, the bones of the poor Hessians were scattered as dust by the winds from the four corners.

We, however, must not tarry too long at these places of historical interest, but must hurry on to get beyond the city limits. Eighth street, before it was built up, was the western end of the Easton Road, which is now better known by the people of Reading, as the "Kutztown Road." In 1753, a petition headed by Conrad Weiser, and signed by twenty-nine other inhabitants of Berks and Northampton counties, was presented to the Governor and Council of Pennsylvania, alleging that there is great occasion for a road from Easton and Reading, and praying for an order as in their "wisdom shall seem meet," whereupon Francis Parvin, Jacob Levan, Benjamin Lightfoot, James Boone, Sebastian Zimmerman and Joseph Penrose, on the part of Berks, and William Parsons, Peter Trexler, John Trexler, Timothy Horsefield, John Everat and Ludowig Klutz,

on the part of Northampton, were appointed viewers to lay out said road. At this time Lehigh was still a part of Northampton county.

Passing out Eighth street, and before we reach the city limits, we can see Alsace church standing proudly on the first elevation. This is possibly the oldest consecutive congregation in Berks county. It is a Union church, and the exact time of its organization is unknown, but it is supposed to have been prior to 1740.* The present edifice is the third church building, having been erected in 1850. To the south and east of the church is the burial ground. No striking epitaphs are found here, such as, for example, was found on a tombstone in one of the Eastern States, which reads:

"This lawyer died; how brief is life!
And with a solemn face,
The undertaker gravely said,
'Lie still and try my case.'"



ALSACE UNION CHURCH.

A short distance beyond the church is Hyde Park, which has grown into a considerable village, and is now connected with Reading by a trolley road. It, no doubt, as well as the other suburbs, will soon be brought within the city limits of Reading and become a part of greater Reading. The next place of interest along our route is Temple Station which is five miles from the city. Long years ago, prior to the days of railroads, when stage coaches were running daily between Reading and Allentown, via Kutztown, the hotel at this place was named by the striking sobriquet of "Solomon's Temple," which it still maintains. But when the East Penn Railroad had been built, and the station was named, the word "Solomon" was dropped, and the village has been known since then, as Temple Station. Here we find the Temple furnace, which is one of the largest in Eastern Pennsylvania.

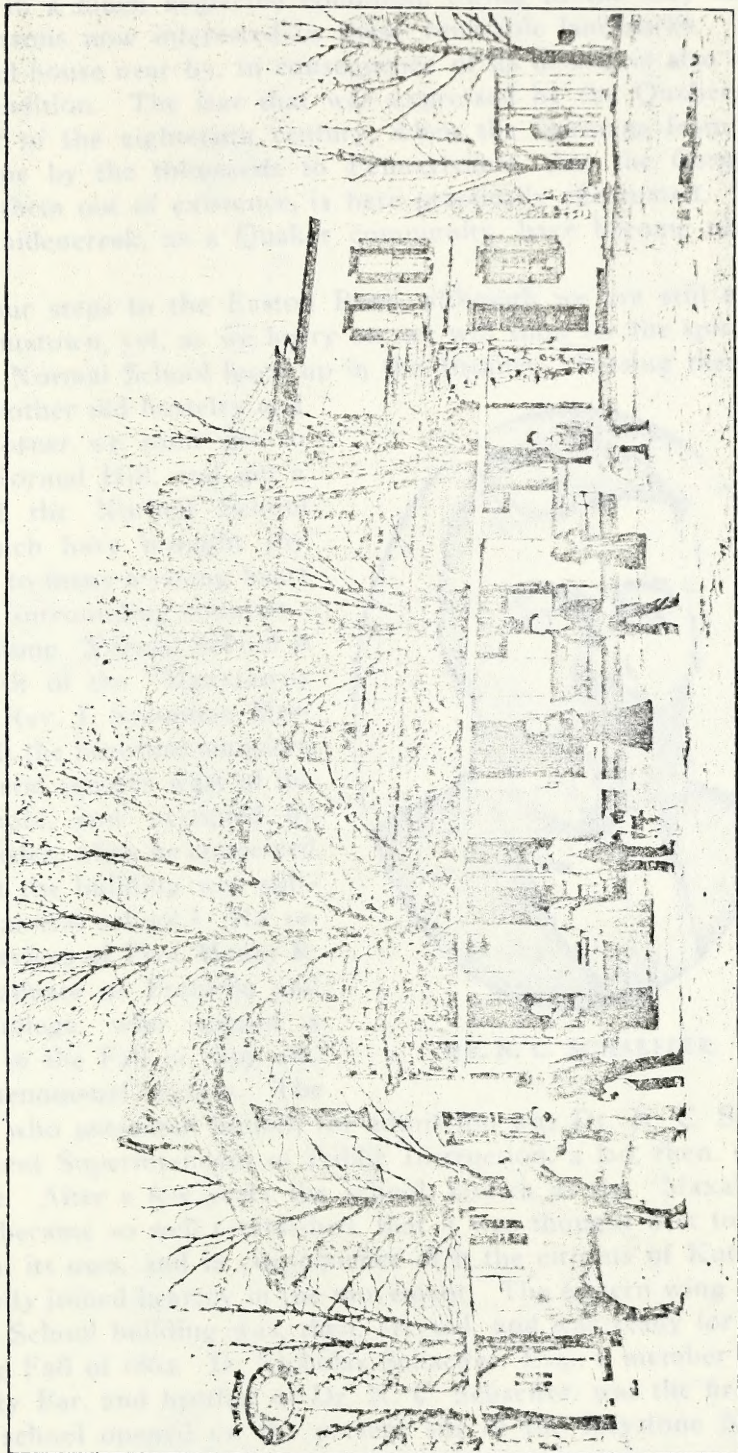
The Hali-Way House is our next stopping place. This is an old hostelry, being mid-way between Reading and Kutztown. On the corner opposite to the hotel stands a fine residence, where Franklin Seidel, Esq., ex-county commissioner of Berks county, resides, and where many of his friends are oft royally entertained. About three-quarters of a mile to the northwest of the hotel is the Maiden Creek Friends' Meeting House, which is a plain old stone building, erected in 1807. The congregation was organized as early as 1737, but the present property was not secured until 1759, when Benjamin Lightfoot granted a tract of about four acres,

*This section was settled by Alsatians and French Huguenots. Services may have first been conducted in French.

on which a meeting house was built. The building and the cemetery adjoining are the only ones left of the early settlement. A number of people, including the Friends' school, were near by. The dilapidated remains of the early part of the settlement, the Palatine camp by the river, could crowd upon the site of the Friends of Middlebrook, and the extinct.

Retracing our steps to the bridge, we go from Kingston to the Keystone Normal School, Kirkeville, another Master's Office, the foot of Mount full view of the buildings which are and glances at the of Herk and the

The Keystone the outgrowth of Seminary. A man had been standing at the Normal School. Col. T. D. the idea that able for a c entered the se Nick's, a gr Marshall school in p ing with phom first student who ter, the pres Sem years of age. A Seminary, a building of its own and its vicinity toward the Normal School, the policy in the fall of Herk county. Far and by dent when school open



TEMPLE HOTEL.

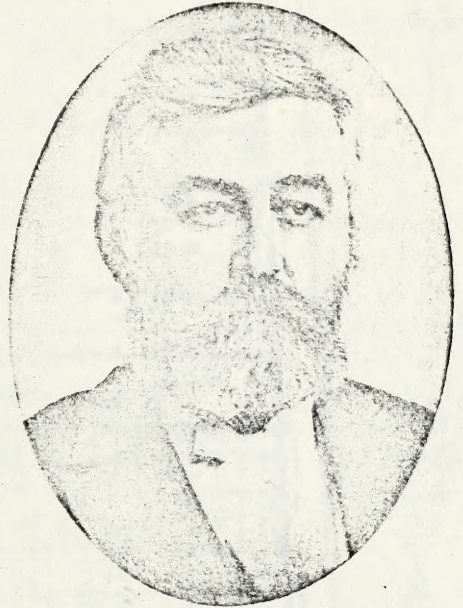
* What a congregation of carriages, around the first settlement, that left of Herk. My first Palatine, Sweden, French, Welsh, and English, and many others.

† In his memoirs, Harker, who was imprisoned during his Presidential Campaign in 1822.

on which a meeting house was built.* The building and the cemetery adjoining are in a much neglected condition, owing to the very small number of persons now interested in these venerable landmarks. The Friends' school-house near by, in consequence of its disuse, is also in a dilapidated condition. The fear that was expressed by the Quakers in the early part of the eighteenth century, when the Germans from the Palatinate came by the thousands to Pennsylvania, that the Germans would crowd them out of existence, is here practically effectuated. The Friends of Maidencreek, as a Quaker community, have become nearly extinct.

Retracing our steps to the Easton Road, although we are still eight miles from Kutztown, yet, as we hurry on, we will soon see the spire on the Keystone Normal School loom up in the distance. Passing through Kirbyville, another old hostelry and Moselem's Corner, we soon get to the foot of Normal Hill, and get a full view of the Normal School buildings which have brought joy and gladness to many a young heart of Berks and surrounding counties.

The Keystone Normal School is the outgrowth of the "Maxatawny Seminary." Rev. J. Sassaman Herman had built the beautiful mansion, standing several squares west of the Normal School, now occupied by Col. T. D. Fister, when he conceived the idea that the building was suitable for a classical school.† He secured the services of Prof. Henry R. Nicks, a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, who opened a school in it in the Fall of 1859, and met with phenomenal success. The



DR. N. C. SCHAEFFER.

first student who presented himself for admission was Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, the present Superintendent of Public Instruction, a lad, then, of ten years of age. After a few years the school, known as the "Maxatawny Seminary," became so well established, that it was thought best to erect a building of its own, and in consequence of it the citizens of Kutztown and its vicinity joined heartily in the movement. The eastern wing of the old Normal School building was, then, erected, and was ready for occupancy in the Fall of 1864. D. Nicholas Schaeffer, Esq., a member of the Berks county Bar, and brother of Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, was the first student when school opened on the present site of the Keystone Normal

* What a commingling of nationalities among the first settlers of this part of Berks! We find Palatines, Swedes, French, Welsh and English Quakers side by side.

† In this residence Horace Greely was entertained during his Presidential Campaign in 1872.

School. Students flocked to this
ing country, and the building
students were compelled for want
town. The authority of the
movement was inaugurated by
School. A subscription was
scribe for such. Solomon
for, was appointed a committee
his effort it is at least partly
vicinity raised to the neighborhood
Keystone State Normal School
1895, and the building was
Fall of 1895, when the school
risburg as a State Normal School
the first Principal of the school
of the public schools of Berks
duties of both offices. Pro-
pal. The division of these
success. Dr. [Name] dis-
signed and
Ermentrout
until 1891, when
filled the place until 1897
position. He retired as
the school was much en-
ones, and others were ad-
In 1893 he was appointed
G. B. Hancher was elected
for six years, since which
C. Rothert.

The institution is at present
ings are well adapted for
appliances, fixtures and
and students of all grades
best teachers who are capa-
deeds for work and study
work. It has prepared young
the hosts of teachers and
students in the pursuit of the
gincers and in other
the institution a well
in Eastern Pennsylvania
future of our country.

The people of Berks
to the time when the
that community had been
of the town, on the 1st

THE KEYSTONE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, KUTZTOWN, PA.

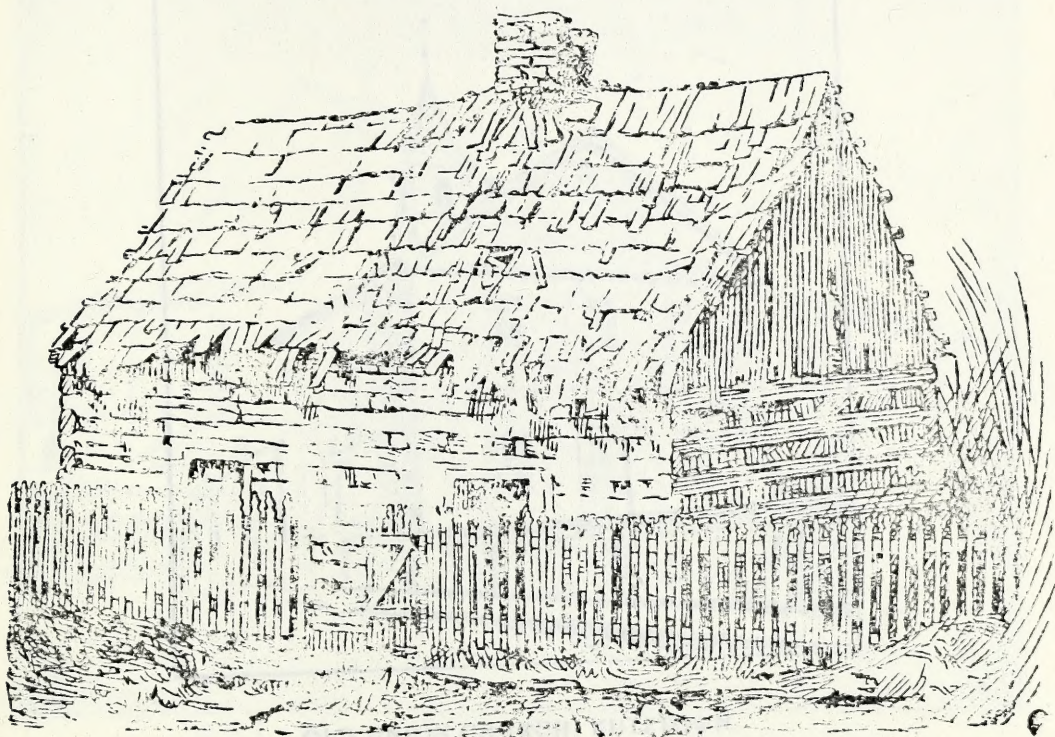
School. Students flocked to this school from all parts of the surrounding country, and the building soon became much overcrowded. Many students were compelled for want of room to find boarding places in the town. The authorities of the school were so much encouraged that a movement was inaugurated to enlarge the school into a State Normal School. A subscription list was opened, and people were invited to subscribe for stock. Solomon Christ, the grandfather of Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, was appointed a committee to circulate the subscription list, and to his effort it is at least partly due, that the people of Kutztown and its vicinity raised in the neighborhood of \$25,000, towards the erection of the Keystone State Normal School buildings. The corner-stone was laid in 1865, and the buildings were completed and ready for occupancy in the Fall of 1866, when the school was recognized by the authorities at Harrisburg as a State Normal School. Prof. John S. Ermentrout was elected the first Principal of the school, who was also at the time superintendent of the public schools of Berks county. Since he could not attend to the duties of both offices, Prof. Henry R. Nicks was elected Acting Principal. The division of the head management did, however, not prove a success. Dissatisfaction and discord soon arose, when Prof. Nicks resigned and took charge of Palatinate College, at Myerstown, Pa. Prof. Ermentrout, then, took full charge of the school and served as Principal until 1871, when he resigned. Prof. A. R. Horn succeeded him, who filled the place until 1877, when Dr. N. C. Schaeffer was elected to the position. He served as Principal for sixteen years, during which time the school was much enlarged. The old buildings were replaced by new ones, and others were added as the needs of the school required them. In 1893 he was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction, when Dr. G. B. Hancher was elected Principal of the school, who filled the place for six years, since which time the school has been in charge of Prof. A. C. Rothermel.

The institution is at present one of the largest in the State. The buildings are well adapted for the work, are equipped with the most modern appliances, fixtures and furniture, and accommodate at least one thousand students of all grades at one time. The Faculty is composed of the best teachers, who are capable of instilling great enthusiasm in the students for work and study. The institution has already done a great work. It has prepared young men for many stations in life. Apart from the hosts of teachers who have been trained for their work, we find her students in the pulpit, at the bar, practicing medicine, acting as civil engineers and in other leading and responsible positions. We prophesy for the institution a still nobler work, in preparing the sons of the Germans in Eastern Pennsylvania to take a front place in the great and prosperous future of our country.

The people of Kutztown have always been in favor of education. Prior to the time when the town was laid out by George Kutz, the people of that community had their church and school house. About a mile east of the town, on the Levan farm, now owned by the wife of Prof. Henry

R. Nicks, stood the church, then known as the "Tacony Church," and near it the school house. When the church was built, no one can definitely say; but it is more than likely that it was prior to 1740. A short distance to the north, on high ground, is the graveyard, where members of the congregation, who did not have their private burying ground on their farms, were buried. Who is buried here no one can tell, because there are no tombstones marking the graves. Their names can only be found in the Great Book on High.

At this church many of the immigrant Germans, who had settled in Maxatawny Valley, partook of the Lord's Supper before they were naturalized as citizens of Pennsylvania, as was then required by law. Under

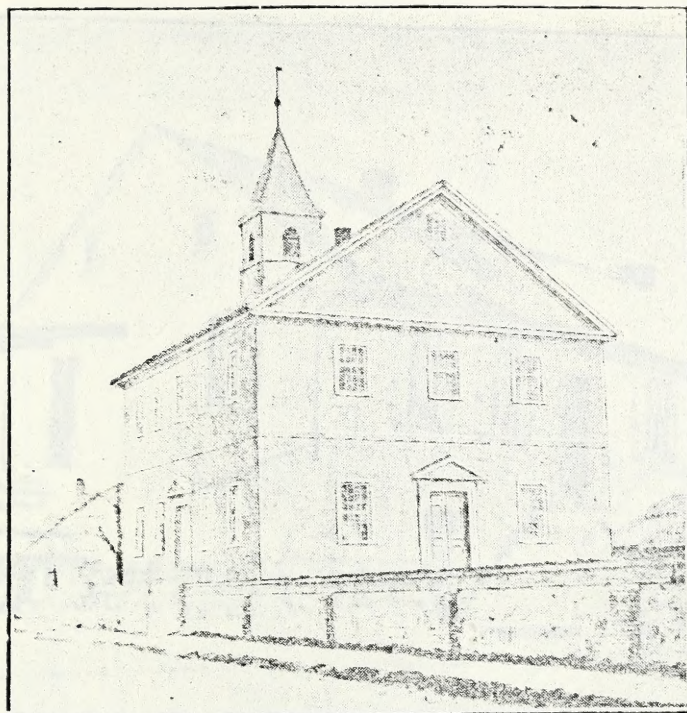


THE OLDEST HOUSE IN KUTZTOWN.

the law of Great Britain, foreign Protestants only could become citizens of the Colonies by naturalization. The oath to which they had to subscribe, provided, among other things, that they had taken "the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in some Protestant or Reformed congregation in this Province within three months," etc.

The school house stood about mid-way between the church and the graveyard. The grandfather of Prof. John J. Hottenstein and the great-grandfather of Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, on his mother's side, attended school here. The spot where the school house stood is still marked by an old tree, that stood in front of it, as well as the place where the church stood by a part of the foundation walls being still visible.

When George Kutz laid out the borough of Kutztown, he designated certain lots, located on the Northeast corner of Walnut and White Oak streets, as church lots. A new church edifice was erected on these lots, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1791. The building was put up with large pine logs that were floated down the Schuylkill River to Leesport, and from there hauled by teams to Kutztown. Mr. Baldy, an old blacksmith of Kutztown, after whom Baldy's Lane of the borough was named, went to the pine swamps at the head of the Schuylkill River, and felled the trees and hewed the logs which were brought down the river in rafts for the building. Thus did these northlands yield of their forest timbers for sacred purposes, as King Hiram of Tyre furnished Solomon



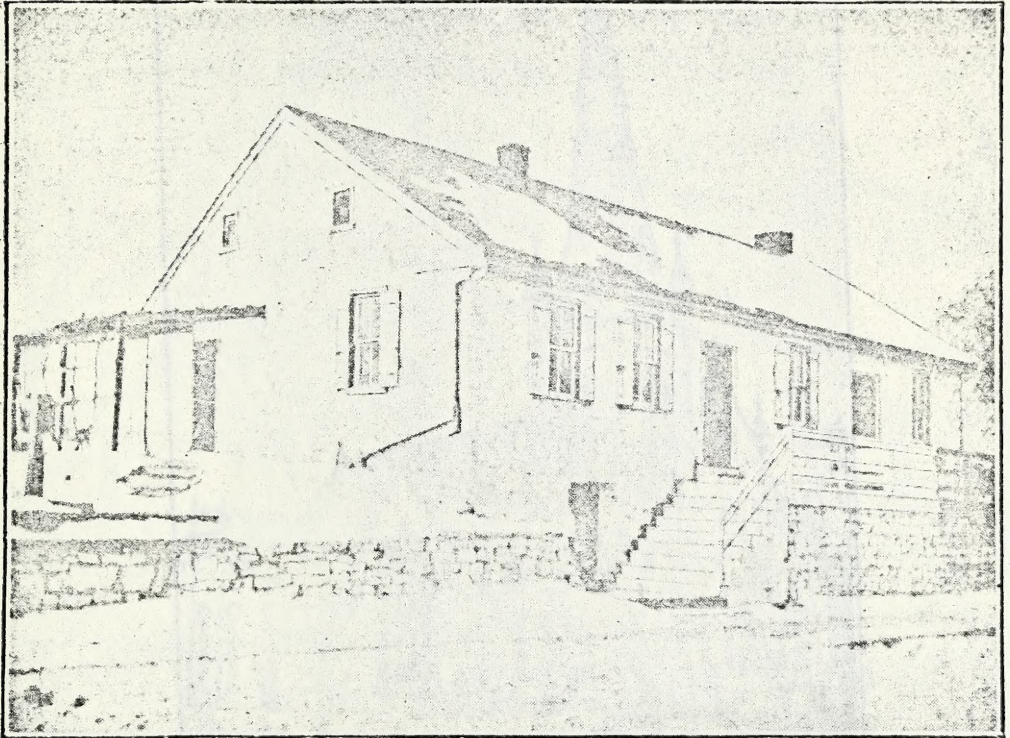
OLD UNION CHURCH, KUTZTOWN.

with the cedars of Lebanon for the great Temple at Jerusalem. The church on the Levan farm had been built of stone, and what could have induced those people to build the town church with logs, cannot be imagined. The log church was nicely weather-boarded and served the people of Kutztown and its vicinity for public worship until 1876, when the present large brick edifice was erected on the same spot.

After the church had been moved to Kutztown, a new school house was also erected, at the eastern end of the church lots. The building, although not now used as a school house, is still standing. It is a one-story stone building, which had a large school room and a dwelling part for the teacher. Prior to the adoption of the common school system,

this was the principal school in the community. Persons, who subsequently rose to positions of eminence and responsibility, taught here. Governor Ramsey, who was one of the Governors of the State of Minnesota, and subsequently Secretary of War of the United States, was one of the teachers. He is fond of relating a conversation he overheard between two women of Kutztown on a very warm day. One said, "Es is aver hase heit"; to which the other replied, "Ya, es ware aver net-so hase, wann es net fer die gross Hitz ware."

When the congregation resolved to rebuild the "Union Church," a portion of the Lutheran congregation withdrew and formed a new con-

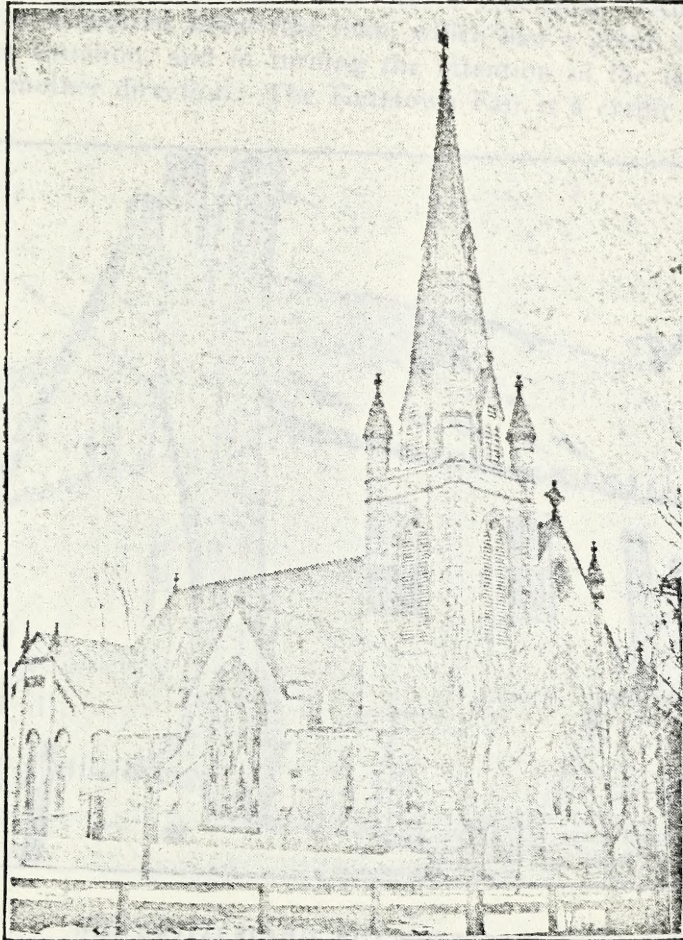


THE OLD ACADEMY OF KUTZTOWN.

gregation and erected a new church on Main street, known as Trinity Lutheran church. This is a most handsome edifice, both as to its exterior and interior. Chapel was built in 1874, main church in 1894. A few years later, a portion of the Reformed congregation also withdrew and formed a new congregation and erected a new church on White Oak street, known as St. Paul's Reformed church. These three churches are fine buildings and are a credit to the people of Kutztown. Besides the United Evangelicals erected a nice and substantial church on Main street.

Although Kutztown is well provided with churches, yet it is still better provided with hotels. It has five large and well-conducted hotels. The

"Black Horse," where Judge H. H. Schwartz spent his bachelorhood days, and which was owned by Jacob Fisher, who died at the age of 99 years, is still doing a thriving business. This is possibly the oldest hostelry of the town. For many years, Mr. Fisher was the proprietor, and afterwards, his son-in-law, Daniel Zimmerman. It is here that many political schemes in days gone by were concocted. When Mr. Fisher was in his prime, he was a leader in the community, and was a good and sub-



TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH, KUTZTOWN.

stantial supporter of men like Judge Strong, when he was a candidate for Congress and Judge of the Superior Court, Heister Clymer and others. Subsequently Judge Schwartz took his place as a political leader.

Prior to the Civil War, battalion day was a red-letter day for Kutztown. Everybody in the community would turn out on this day, and take an interest in the exercises. So long as every able-bodied man of the required age was compelled to drill once a year or pay his militia tax, the military drills were of considerable consequence. But when the

old militia system became obsolete, the battalions took the form of frolics more than anything else, and were kept up for some time simply for the benefit of the landlords, which brought together, in many cases, persons of questionable character, and sometimes resulted in fights and bloody noses. So what was originally inaugurated with patriotic motives and for the defense of government, was turned into a disreputable and demoralizing performance. The good people arose up against it, and in 1871, the Kutztown Battalion was forever squelched. An agricultural society was organized about this time, which had a great deal to do in killing the battalion, and in turning the attention of the landlords and others in another direction. The Kutztown Fair is a credit to the farm-



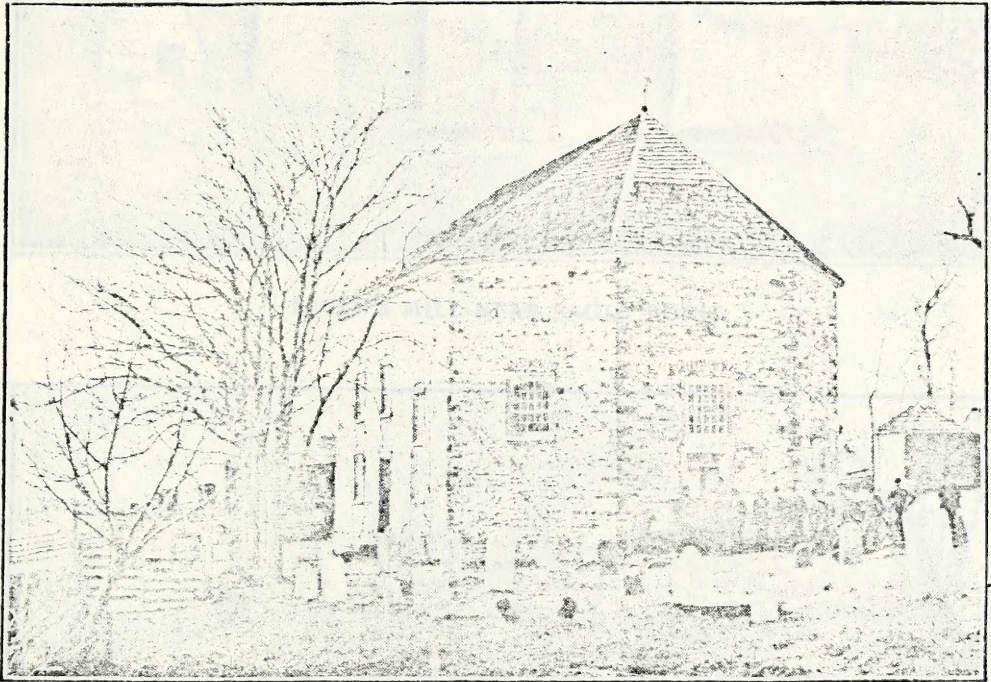
NOT SWITZERLAND, BUT KUTZTOWN, PA.

ing community, and everybody enjoys a day or two each year on the pleasant grounds viewing the fine stock, large pumpkins, apples, pears, etc., etc., and renewing old acquaintances, etc.

When we were at the foot of Normal Hill, we could have made a short detour to the north and have taken a view of Moselem's church. This is a Lutheran church, and is one of the oldest congregations in the county, dating as far back as 1737. The Penns donated one hundred and one acres for church purposes, on which a log church was built, completed in 1742. In 1761 a stone church was erected on the same spot, which was patterned after the Lutheran church at the Trappe, which is said to have been designed by Dr. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, and which

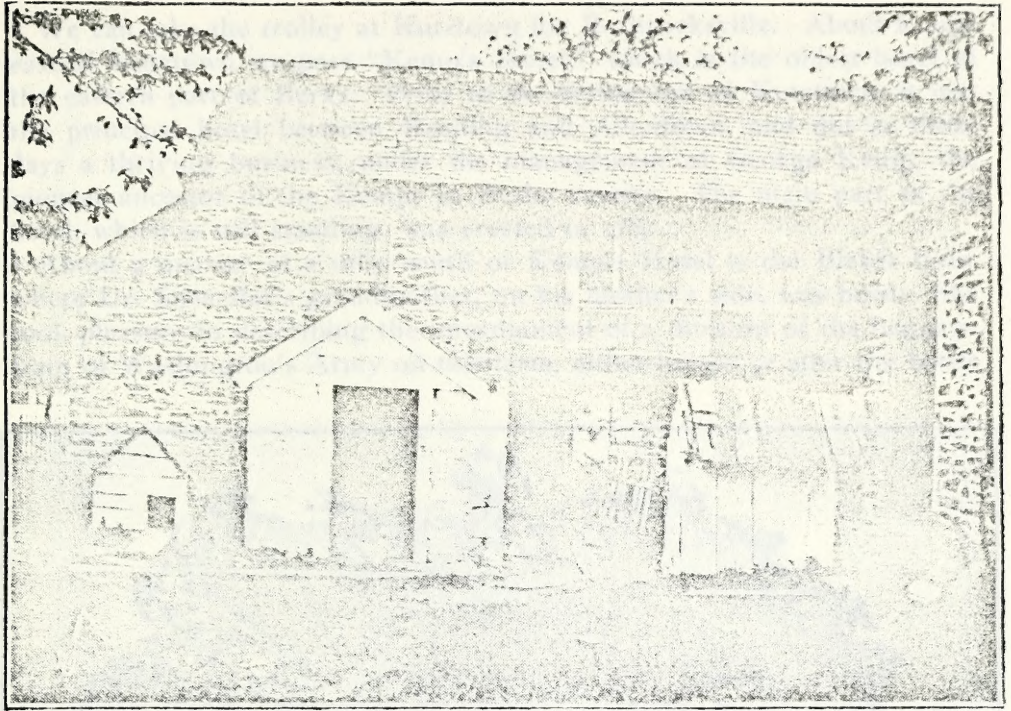
had an hexagonally shaped pulpit end. Nine years thereafter a pipe organ was secured, which was built at Lancaster by Tanneberger, and was formally dedicated by Pastor Schaum in 1770. This church served the people for public worship until 1894, when under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. S. W. Harkey, a large, fine brick church, with square tower, was erected. The pastors of this church have been Revs. Valentine Kraft, Tobias Wagner, 1745; J. H. Schaum, 1761; Daniel Lehman, 1778; John Knoske, 1811; Conrad Miller, 1822; Isaac Roeller, 1829; B. E. Kramlich, 1860; supplies, G. Spieker, 1867; W. A. C. Muehler, 1883; Dr. Harkey, 1891; E. P. H. Pfatteicher, 1902. Revs. Kraft and Lehman are buried here.

By following the flow of Sacony Creek northward for about three miles

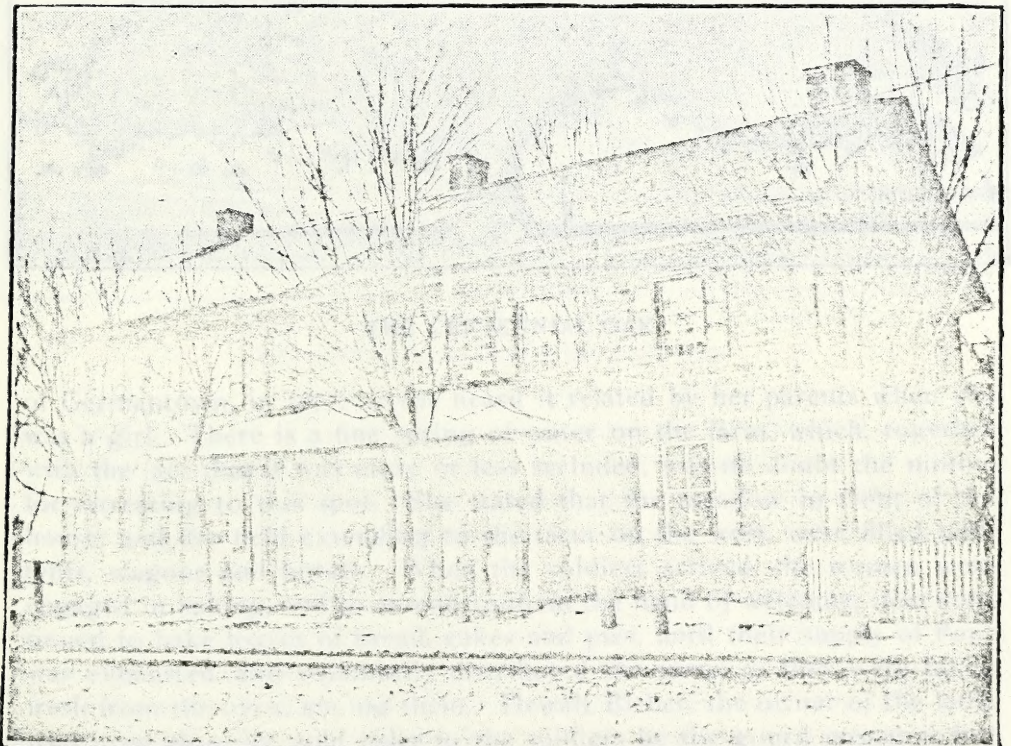


OLD MOSELEM LUTHERAN CHURCH.

we reach what is known as Eagle Point, near which place Jacob Levan, one of the four brother Huguenot refugees, settled in 1715. Here he soon erected his dwelling and stone mill property, still standing, and which was the first grist mill in the neighborhood of Kutztown. He had large land possessions, and was a very influential man of his community. When Count Zinzendorf visited America in 1742, he was entertained here, and preached to the settlers of these parts from the balcony of the mill porch, shown in picture. After serving his county as judge, from 1752-62, and taking active part in frontier defences against the Indians in French and Indian War, and leaving his country a brave and public-spirited progeny, whose descendants have intermingled with many prominent Berks county families and scattered to all parts of the country, he died in 1768. The old homestead is still in the hands of his descendants.



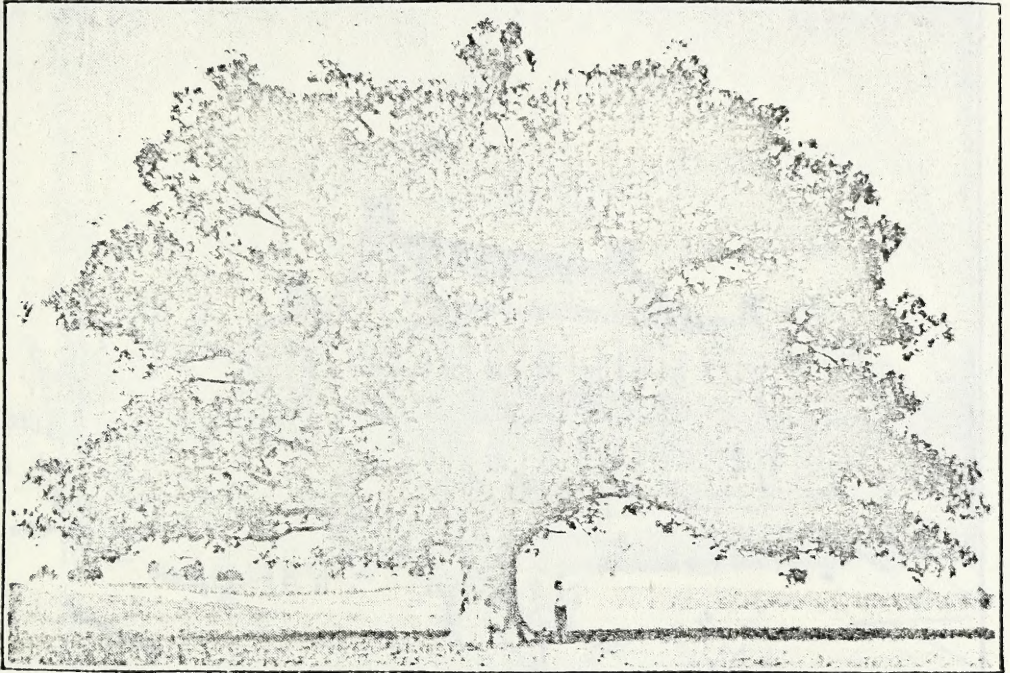
LEVAN'S MILL NEAR EAGLE POINT.



KEMP'S HOTEL, ERECTED 1745.

We can take the trolley at Kutztown for Rothrocksville. About a mile east of Kutztown we pass "Kemp's Hotel," which is the oldest hotel in the eastern part of Berks. Prior to the laying out of Kutztown, it was the principal hotel between Reading and Allentown, and did in those days a thriving business, under the management of George Kemp, the pioneer ancestor of the Kemps in Berks county. The main part of the hotel, which is still standing, was erected in 1787.

About a quarter of a mile south of Kemp's Hotel is the Bieber farm, where Dr. Schaeffer's grandmother, on his mother's side, was born. She took pleasure in describing the encampment of a division of the baggage train of Washington's Army on this farm, either before or after the battle

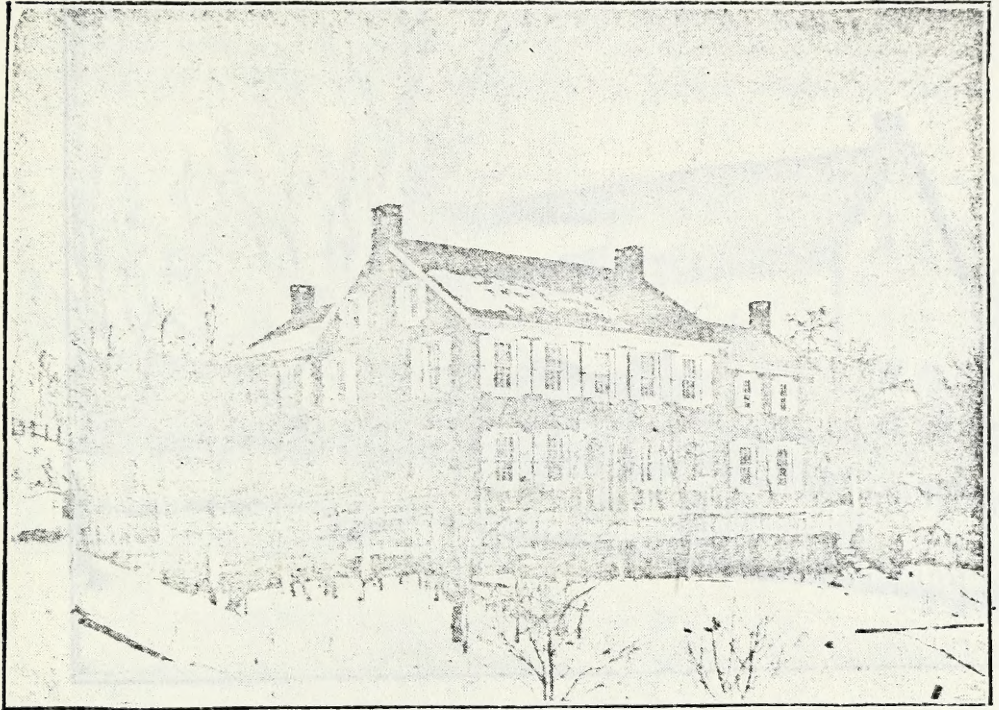


THE CENTENNIAL OAK.

of Germantown, in 1777, as she heard it related by her parents when she was a girl. There is a fine spring of water on the farm, which, together with the fact that it was more or less secluded, was no doubt the motive for retreating to this spot. She stated that the meadow in front of the house, and the field extending to the farm on the west, were filled with tents, wagons and horses. When the soldiers arrived, the women were engaged in baking, and to extend to them the hand of welcome, then continued to bake loaves of bread, cakes and pies, until their supply of flour was exhausted, and voluntarily distributed the same, as they were taken fresh from the oven, among them. Dewalt Bieber, the owner of the land, who lived close by, sold cider to the soldiers by the gourd measure; but after imbibing freely they demanded possession of the cask, which proved

too much for this sturdy Pennsylvania-German, whereupon he seized the most convenient weapon, a swine's yoke, and beat them off. This caused the officers to station guards around the house. The following morning Mr. Bieber's mare was found in the meadow stabbed to death, her colt standing by her side,—no doubt an act of revenge.

A short distance from the house stands a mammoth white-oak tree, known as the Centennial White-Oak of Pennsylvania, under which, it is said, the officers had their headquarters. The tree is several hundred years old, and it is believed to be sturdy enough to defy the storms of another hundred years. The trunk, near the ground, measures twenty-nine



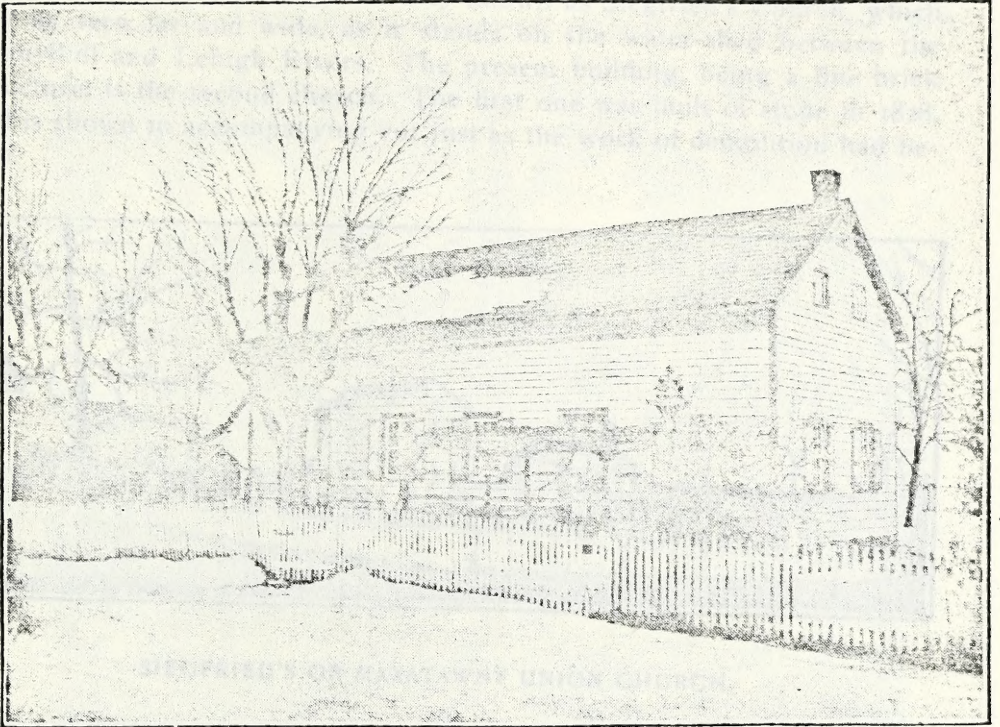
THE DAVID SCHAEFFER HOMESTEAD.

feet, four inches in circumference, and between the tenth and twentieth foot from the ground the tree sends out twenty limbs, most of which measure five to six feet in circumference, the largest measuring seven feet, three inches. The height of the tree is sixty-two feet, and the boughs spread ninety-eight feet

Nearby is the Schaeffer homestead, shown in accompanying illustration, where a celebrated quintette of sons were born and reared, headed by the able and popular Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, the sons of David and Esther Schaeffer, who are both hale and hearty, though they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary four years ago. While a farm is expected to raise stock and cereals, this typical German farm raised men besides. Such was their concern in this di-

rection that, in 1873-4, the parents had all five sons away at school at the same time, Nathan in the Universities of Germany, William at Lancaster Theological Seminary, Nicholas at Franklin and Marshall College, and Charles and James at the Keystone Normal. They now have the gratification to live and see one son adorning each of the four learned professions, with one left to run the old farm intelligently. Who will again dare lift his voice against the "dumb Dutch"?

About ten stone-throws away stood a little one and one-half story log house, now weather-boarded, on property belonging then to George

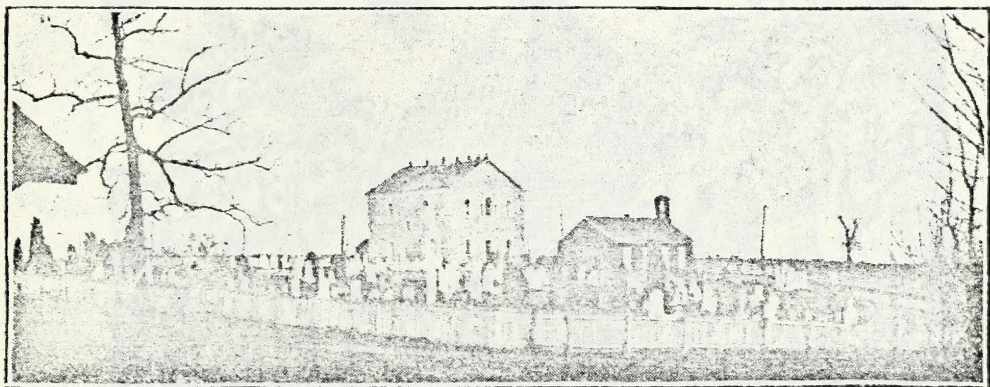


BIRTHPLACE OF THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Kemp, where, nearly fifty years ago the editor of this magazine was born; but who had scarcely become accustomed to his new Berks county surroundings, when, with his parents and older brothers and sister, five of whom, like himself, made their advent to life here, he took his flight to Lehigh county, where the father had bought a small farm, which became his permanent boyhood home.

About three-quarters of a mile east of Kemp's Hotel we come to the Hottenstein plantations. It is said that the pioneer Hottenstein had acquired a title to about four hundred and fifty acres of land in Maxatawny township, which is now divided into four farms, three of which are still in the possession of his descendants. Perhaps five hundred yards to the north of the public road, in the centre of the meadow, is a spring-house,

and not long ago stood an old chimney, which is the spot where the pioneer Hottenstein had first settled. The Indians loved to visit him, because he was kind and generous to them. He was stern with them, yet they respected his authority and were ready to defend him and his property. A mile further east we come to the village of Monterey, where is a post-office, hotel, general store and residences. This place was named during the Mexican War after the battle of the same had been won by the American Army. Passing on we get to Shofers, where is also a post-office, hotel, store and a creamery. On the eminence beyond stands Maxatawny or Zion's Church, commonly known as Siegfried's Church, which can be seen far and wide, as it stands on the water-shed between the Schuylkill and Lehigh Rivers. The present building, being a fine brick structure, is the second church. The first one was built of stone in 1828, and is shown in accompanying cut just as the work of demolition had begun.

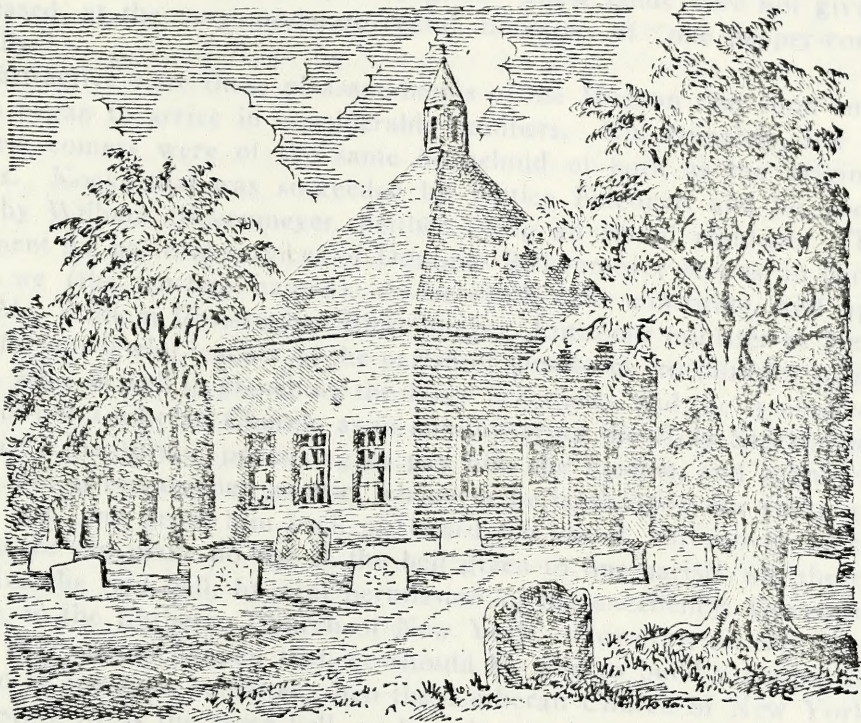


SIEGFRIED'S OR MAXATAWNY UNION CHURCH.

Looking to the north as we pass towards Rothrocksville, we can see the Herman parsonage, where Rev. Charles Herman lived, and since his death, his son, Rev. Alfred J. Herman. These two ministers have occupied the place for nearly, if not quite, a hundred years, preaching the Gospel to the numerous congregations which they served, baptized the children, confirmed and married the young and buried the dead. But as we are reflecting on the magnitude of their work, the trolley speeds us on to Rothrocksville, a village of several hundred inhabitants, which was named after Dr. Rothrock, who years ago practiced here his art of healing. As we go through the village we will pass the birthplace of Prof. George W. Richards, of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., tip our hat to his father, Dr. Milton S. Richards, pass the hotel, where all travelers are cordially received, and stop at the farm-house of William Kline, the son-in-law of Seth Grim, deceased, which was the homestead of one branch of the Grim family for many years, which brings us within calling distance of Lehigh county.

THE PALATINES' CHURCH AT NEWBURG, N. Y.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes (October 18th, 1685), was instrumental in sending to America some of the best blood of Europe. Near half a million of the most thrifty citizens of France left that country; and of these, many found a temporary refuge among their Protestant brethren of the Rhenish Palatinate. Hither the iron hand of Richelieu, and the remorseless fanaticism of the scarlet woman of Marly and the Trianon pursued them. There, too, the hospitable Palatines fell under the same terrible interdict. For conscience's sake, they opened wide their doors to the persecuted, and now found it was but to share the fate of the strangers. Homeless and forlorn, they were driven forth from



THE PALATINES' CHURCH.

their peaceful valleys, to wander for a while northward in Europe; then to England; and finally, some to seek a permanent asylum across the wild Atlantic.

Among these, by the bounty of Queen Anne, one little company of fifty, under the leadership of their good pastor, Joshua Kockerthal, sailed for the New World; and, after a temporary sojourn on "Governor's Island," in New York harbor, settled permanently at "Quasek Creek and Thanskamir," on the hill slope where now stands the thriving city of Newburgh-on-Hudson. They were good Lutherans, but there were black sheep in the flock, and trouble from this cause, as well as from lack of supplies, speedily arose. They appealed to the authorities in New

York. It speaks well for the brotherly love among Protestants of those days that speedy measures were taken for their relief, and that the committee charged with aiding them consisted of the Reverend Mr. Dubois, of the Reformed Dutch Church, and Rector Vesey (after whom Vesey street in New York is named) of the Episcopal Trinity parish. Dominie Kockerthal had sailed for England before this to procure tools and supplies. His return, in the spring of 1710, and the beneficence of the people of New York, gave the colonists new hope, and for a time they prospered. Of the lands granted by patent, 500 were for the support and maintenance of the Lutheran pastor, and were—and still are—known as the “glebe,” held in the name of trustees, and administered, till within very recent times, for the uses of religion. These lands were not given, but leased, at the very moderate rental, however, of “one pepper-corn, annually.”

So attractive were these pleasant banks of the Hudson that soon emigrants began to arrive in considerable numbers. Unfortunately, few of the new comers were of the same household of faith as the original settlers. Kockerthal was succeeded by Justice Falconer, and he, soon after, by William Birkenmeyer, neither being an actual resident. The agreement for pastoral services of Dominie Birkenmeyer recites, in part:

“As we (the trustees named), do herewith call, constitute, and appoint Mr. William Christopher Birkenmeyer, Lutheran minister at New York, for our lawful teacher of the parish of Quassaick, to minister to us twice a year, as well in preaching the Holy Scriptures, and the symbolical books of our Lutheran Church, as in administering the Holy Sacraments of Christ’s institution, promising to pay him the income, and acknowledging him as our teacher, as also, whenever he lands upon our shore, to receive him, and bring him back on board the vessel. Moreover, since hitherto we can make no use of the bell given to our parish, we, therefore, give the said bell, by oral permission of his excellency, Governor Burnett, to the Lutheran Church of New York. However, on this condition: If it should happen that we should be able to build a church of our own at any time hereafter, then the Lutheran Church of New York shall restore to us the same bell, such as it now is, or another of equal weight and value. Signed, sealed, etc., March 30th, 1727.”

Mr. Berkenmeyer served till 1731, receiving altogether for his services as pastor, “thirty cheeples of wheat.”

In the year 1733, Michael Christian Knoll became the minister of the Palatines; and it was during his administration (though the exact date cannot now be ascertained) that the glebe school-house and church—a view of which is here given—was erected, and remained standing in the midst of the ancient burying ground between Grand and Liberty streets, until a few years ago, when the devastating hand of “improvement” swept it away. But how little matters the preservation of the edifice when the worshipers are gone? Of how trifling importance the body of things compared to the inhabiting spirit. Poor Lutherans of the Palatine city. They have slept long in their narrow cells unvexed by the march, and tramping, and blare and clamor of events. The turf of their

quiet graveyard still heaves in many moldering heaps; and for them the things of earth have long been over. But in their day came stirring times in the Church's history. Of those immigrants who came to settle among them, some were Huguenots, professing the Calvinistic doctrines, but most were Church of England people. These latter grew strong in numbers, till at last, waxing bold, they took violent possession of the one church building of the neighborhood—the one of the diminished flock of Lutherans—elected trustees of the glebe of their own number, and so attempted to add spoliation to intolerance.

A record has been kept of some of the proceedings that followed. It states: "Our minister (the Lutheran) coming there (to Newburgh), did preach the 12th of July (1747), Sunday, the 19th; the church was full of people. Some justices of the peace, and some with swords and sticks, were there in the church, in presence of the English minister, Mr. Watkins, who was come there the first time the same Sunday. Our minister, after oral and public protest at the door of the church, went into a private house upon the glebe to do divine worship. In 1748, the 3d of July, our minister preached in the church, because the English minister was not to come that Sunday."

The last Lutheran service was held in October. After this several times, the few Palatines remaining, petitioned—but vainly—for redress of their grievances; and not long after, finding the locality—doctrinally at least—uncongenial, most of them moved away, some to Pennsylvania, and some to join their brethren at the Lutheran settlement of Rhinebeck, forty miles above on the river.

These all sold their land holdings. It is interesting to note the chain of title to one historic plot: Michael Weygand (one of the first Palatines) sold to William Burnett (the governor heretofore spoken of, and son of the famous Bishop Burnett, of the Court of William of Orange) his lands. Burnett sold to one William Brown; he to Alexander Colden; and Colden in turn to Colonel Jonathan Hasbrouck, who built (about 1750) the commodious stone residence, occupied for over a year, in 1782 and '83, by Washington as his headquarters. This building is now the property of the State, having been purchased from Colonel Hasbrouck.

The old church of the Palatines was roughly built of hewn boards, with a steeply pitched roof, surmounted by a small belfry, in which the bell, reclaimed from the Lutherans of New York, for many years summoned the inhabitants to divine service. There is a tradition of the vicinity that this bell was taken from the cupola secretly at night, at the time when the troubles were upon them, by some of the more ardent of the young Lutherans, and, having been buried in a swamp hard by, remained there upwards of forty years. In time, however, it was discovered, and restored to its proper place. In later years it did duty in the cupola of the Newburgh Academy, to be finally sold, and melted down for old metal.

HUGUENOT-DUNKARD-MENNONITE DISCIPLINE.

Found amongst the Swiss German manuscript papers of Rt. Rev. (Bishop) John Jacob Kauffmann, and transmitted by inter-marriage, through the de la Planchè family and now in the possession of his great-great-grandson, D. Heber Plank, M.D., Morgantown, Pa.

(Translated August 22d, 1900, by Miss L. E. Weber, Lebanon, Pa.)

Articles that were drawn up and approved by ministers and elders as informed by Schweitzern and The first three in the year 1676.

(1) All believing servants, as long as they can find employment among our own people, shall not go in service among people outside the fold, and all masters and mistresses shall treat them, in a Scriptural way, as believers in Christ divine.

(2) In reference to drinking and the use of tobacco (smoking) it is declared that the public drinking and use of tobacco is an offense, therefore it is not allowed. But if it should be necessary as a medicine, it shall be done at home, and shall be dealt with as circumstances require.

(3) It is also declared that ministers of the Word of God, owe it as their duty, to make diligent use of their talents, and as they can not at the same time attend to their temporal support, as in cases of absence of three or four days, or may be several weeks, they are obliged to consume their own means, be it known that in such instances, especially where their services have been requested and they have been at their own expense, it is in duty required to show them love in return.

Besides agreeing upon the above written articles, there were yet considered and adopted at an assemblage of many ministers and elders, at Obersültzen, the four following rules:

(1) That a minister of the Word of God, who has not been fully set apart to his office, or yet received the laying on of hands, shall refrain from baptizing and administering the Holy Communion, or officiating at a marriage, as also not pronounce sentence of excommunication upon sinners, or such as by their wicked life have deserved the same; except where there is no Presbyter or Bishop, then a minister may be requested and empowered by the congregation to act.

(2) If a dispute arises in a congregation, whether it be a quarrel, or a business dispute between brethren, the matter shall be settled by the elder and not be referred to the minister of the Word.

(3) If one goes to a funeral, whether it be among brethren or other people, he shall refrain from entering a church with them, but shall pass by it.

(4) Feasts held by worldly people at the baptism of young children, shall be avoided by members of the congregation.

Further:

At the Council of Ofstine, March, 1688, attended by many ministers and elders, the following resolutions were adopted:

(1) Ministers and Elders in their walk and conversation shall conduct themselves in accordance with the Gospel and the teachings of Christ and the Apostles, so that they may be an example for others to follow.

(2) Ministers of the Word of God shall diligently exhort and teach the people to know what is contrary to the doctrines of Christ and His Apostles, be it concerning the life and walk of the brethren and sisters, be it in reference to excessive eating and drinking, or living in pride.

(3) and (4) (This part of manuscript has become detached from the original manuscript by age, and is lost).

Form of prayer sent out among the brethren by Bishop John Jacob Kauffmann to offset the influence of the French, or Jesuits over the Huguenots, proclaimed, 1760, when King George III. ascended the throne:

"To him, our King George III., to give all just obedience, live in harmony, faithfulness, love, honor and taxes, benevolence, and to pray for him to God according to the Scriptures in the New Testament, Matt. 2: 21, Romans 13:1-7, Titus 3:1,2, I Peter 2:13-16, Timothy 1 and 2. I also hate and despise with all my heart treachery, rebellion and assassinations as might be made against our King and his government, be it by Pope, Protestant or others. I am also heartily disposed (as much as is granted to me by God and behooves me) to prevent such as much as possible. At the same time I wish and pray that God will give our King a wise and sensible heart and a willing mind to live cheerfully and faithfully in all commandments and laws of God. That he may manage right and justice, and that his throne might be well fortified with fairness, and be handed down, so that he may have eternity for his faithful service and have his reward from God. I am also assured wherewith our King, such a willing, obedient and faithful heart against God, should be found."

As assurance that the within form of prayer can not refer to the period of the Revolution or to any later period than that of the close of the French and Indian War, I herewith place the following indorsement upon it:

"We want to let you know that we have been obliged to flee from our home on account of the war, but the war has subsided again. The English have gained the upper hand. They have fought the French back and the Indians have again made peace, and so we are again back in our home. We have no want in temporal food. We have also had no want because of the war.

"Father, we have six sons. They are, God be thanked, healthy."

Translated by the translator of University of Pennsylvania, March 2, 1897.

BOOK



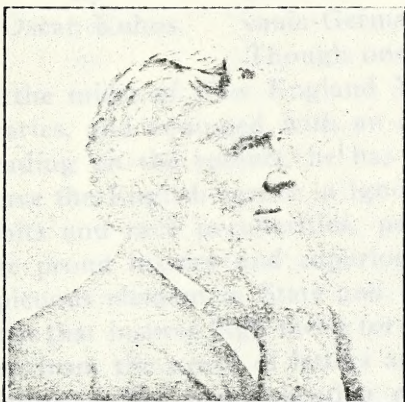
NOTICES

Poems.

By

Joel Swartz, D.D.

The author of this volume of poetry is also a Pennsylvania-German, only he went to Virginia to be born. But his name, faith, features and poetic genius at once proclaim him as a scion of this nature-loving stock. As a poet he has long taken high rank, and with Dr. T. Stork, also of Southern birth, contends for first place among us in this genius of clothing lofty thought in beautiful and rhythmic measure—



of course, in the adopted tongue of our country. This volume, coming so late in life, will prove the author's monument to perpetuate among his friends his rare literary gifts and genial, lovable spirit. Its many rare gems need not blush to go on dress-parade before all the world, alongside the best productions of either Whittier or Longfellow. In conception and expression the products are poetry. So much pleased was the writer with "My Birthday at Three Score and Ten

and Four," which first appeared elsewhere last summer, that he used it to illustrate a point in a sermon, preached as a supply, one Sunday in the author's old pulpit at Harrisburg, evidently with pleasing effect upon his hearers. Under various heads of Dedication and Introductory Greetings, Poems of Nature, Meditation and Reflection, Love at Home, Temperance, Musings for the Quiet Hour, the different effusions are classified. The whole will prove a valuable possession to any purchaser, being a well made book of 237 12mo. pp., and selling by the author at Devon, Pa., or publisher at \$1.25 full gilt, or \$1.00 in plain edges, with a reduction of 20 per cent. to ministers.—Henry T. Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

Swiss-Life in Town and Country. It was with intense interest that this latest published number of Putnam's "Our European Neighbours" series was perused. The reading of the eighteen chapters of this book, covering the history and character of this ancient and model republic of interior Europe, its people, government, educational methods, industries, struggle with nature, domestic and Church life, childhood and womanhood, military life, national fetes and festivals and its press and literature was almost like visiting the country. To a

clear and graphic style is added the product of that very helpful and attractive modern accomplice in book-making—the photographic camera. Twenty full-page illustrations are included and by their aid the author carries his readers up the giddy snow-capped mountain heights, through its mountain tunnels, into its villages or lets them look into the faces of its simple, yet intelligent, sincere and liberty and home-loving people. Whether one is a descendant of this excellent stock—as many of my readers are—or else contemplates a visit to this sky-scraping republic, or else seeks only general information, he ought to read this work by Alfred T. Story, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 12mo pp. 282, net \$1.20.

German and Swiss

**Settlements
of Pennsylvania.**

By
Oscar Kuhns.

It gives us great pleasure to call our readers' attention to a work like this. In it the author leads us upon a high observation-mount and makes us see the whole comprehensive subject of our Pennsylvania-German stock from the scholar's standpoint. Though one of us, he went into a university situated in the midst of New England Yankeedom, in close touch with large libraries, and equipped with an enthusiastic love for his stock and wide reading on the subject, he has produced a book that should no longer leave the English reader in ignorance of the origin, characteristics, noble traits and race peculiarities, patriotic, religious and inventive zeal and the proud history and superior civilization that characterizes this conspicuous element in State and National life. It is gotten out, too, by a firm that insures high merit for the book and should secure for it a hearing from the world of letters and a wide circulation among our English cousins. The Saxon brother need not blush at the introduction so favorably made. By him it will be admired as a handsome photograph of himself is prized by some rustic swain. Its chapters cover historic background, settlement, early trials on land and sea, manners and customs, language and literature, religion and life in peace and war, with an appendix on family names, a most valuable table on bibliography and an excellent index. Altogether, it is one of the truest and most scholarly volumes that has yet appeared on the subject of our race history and idiosyncrasies—a compendium of what the Pennsylvania-German Society itself is doing gradually on a more comprehensive scale. Whoever of this class takes up the work will likely be doomed to let other engagements drop, as the writer has done, until he has finished its reading from cover to cover. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 268 small, 800 pp. \$1.50.

**Thoughts for
Every-Day Living.**

This is a book of "Gems" of thought, gathered from the spoken and written words of the late Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock. Dr. Babcock died last year, when only in the early forties, yet he had moved two of our largest cities, Baltimore and New York, with his personality and the quality of his utterances. One who knew but his youth, or looked upon his boyish face, wondered how

it was possible to gain such a hold on large masses of men, or become so universally known and loved. Those who stately heard him preach, or came in personal contact with him, knew. And those who peruse this book of fragmentary writings in discourse, personal counsel, letter or poetic form, will understand. It is quality that gives value to thought, as brand gives richness to wine. A wild grape in bloom along a hedge-row, will make itself as surely known to a passerby, and more favorably, than a sounding gong or a brass horn. Dr. Babcock was a bundle of human life through whom the best of divine life coursed, as Nature's best takes its fragrant way in the violet, the lily, or the rose. No one can get a whiff of such life without being gladdened and refreshed; and no one can read this collection of Dr. Babcock's thoughts without being helped and bettered. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Small 12mo, 192 pp. \$1.00 net.

Little Journeys. There is something peculiarly fascinating about everything that comes from the Roycroft shop. The very Elbert Hubbard. label, string and wrapping paper in which your package is done up has value and, for a time at least, fails to go to the waste-basket. It is all so striking, so peculiar, so naive—and hence laid aside as a relic. But when the bundled treasure is opened, you will find yourself stroking the chamois' cover of the enclosed book with your hand or cheek like precocious babies of two years will stroke the fur of the afternoon caller's coat or muff. It's so pleasing to the touch and such a good way to make friends with a stranger. If anyone does not know what we are talking about, it is certain he has never bought a book from the East Aurora shop. And if he asks who the Roycrofters are, he confesses himself ignorant as to the most artistic bookmaking of our day, and has missed one of life's opportunities last year while visiting the Pan-American.

There came recently to our sanctum two copies of these handsome Roycroft products—the one, "Will o' the Mill," by Louis Stevenson, the other Mr. Hubbard's "Little Journey to the home of Robert Schumann," one of "Great Musicians" series. We cannot speak too highly of the art displayed in the make-up and of the literary style of the compositions.

Of course, any one who knows "Fra Elbertus," knows that he does not travel in an ox-cart or even on a railroad train when he visits his celebrities in Music, Literature, Art or Greatness and Goodness of other sort, but mounts Pegasus, and, if you accompany him in any one of his trips, you take your first ride in a flying machine, high up in ethereal thought realms. But why describe the impossible? Better take a trip. The Roycroft shop, East Aurora, New York. The former, printed on English-made Boxmoor paper, bound in limp chamois, silk-lined, hand-illuminated and ornament. Limited edition; price, \$2.00 per copy. The latter, same, except printed on Roycroft paper, \$1.00 a copy.



LITERARY NOTES



The high sentiments of our President in his address, "The New Citizen," printed in the *Youth's Companion*, are fittingly published in the Washington's Birthday Number. George Washington, by his pure life and wise conversation and ambition for the new country, fairly won his title of Father of his Country. Theodore Roosevelt, the best exponent of our twentieth century activity, has equally high ideals for the nation; and in his address and in his life he lays particular stress on the individual his stewardship, his usefulness in home and public life. Washington and Lincoln led our nation over its most difficult paths. It has been left in recent years for such men as Theodore Roosevelt to embody the highest ideals of private and public citizenship.

The March *Country Life in America* heralds the coming of spring, and, with added pages, offers a profusion of superb pictures relating to all sorts of wild and domestic life of the woods, the fields and of country places. The estate feature, this month, is the "New England Garden Home" of Mrs. Jack Gardner, showing the Italian and Japanese landscape architecture. Several really notable features are by experts in photography. Of these A. Radclyffe Dugmore contributes "The Life of the Trapper" with photographs of a one-armed trapper and his two St. Bernard dogs in the snowy Canadian woods; camera-shots of big game by A. G. Wallihan, illustrate an article on "The Passing of the Blacktail"; and a series of beautiful photographs of flying fish-hawks are the work of Alfred J. Meyer, whose camera was placed within a few feet of their almost inaccessible nesting sites.

The leading editorials in the March "World's Work," deal with the new international position of the United States—the changed attitude of European nations to the Republic. The visit of Prince Henry furnishes occasion in part for this and lends interest to an article about the Kaiser,— "The German Emperor as He Is"—by Wolf Von Schierbrand, and a short editorial article entitled *Anglophobia in Germany*. The leading illustrated features of the number are Prof. Robt. T. Hill's description of the great American desert, and an article by Arthur Goodrich on the typically American sculpture of Solon Borglum, the cowboy sculptor—a story tracing the development of the man and his art.

If sufficiently encouraged, Messrs. J. H. Beers & Co. will soon bring out a work on *Biographical Annals of Lebanon County, Pa.*, that should do full justice to living and past citizens, who here acted out their part as leaders of their kind.

The Pennsylvania- German

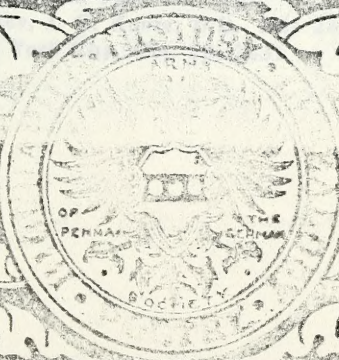
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MARGARETTA HENRIETTA KUNZE

SECOND DAUGHTER OF REV. DR. HENRY M. MUHLENBERG

Born at Trappe, Pa., Sept. 17, 1751

Married to Rev. J. C. Kunze, D.D., July 23, 1771

Died in New York City, Oct. 23, 1831

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

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REVOLUTIONARY HEROES HONORED.



ON May 1st there was unveiled at Ephrata a fine granite shaft, recently erected in memory of 150 or more heroes of the Revolution and wounded soldiers of the battle of Brandywine, who with others were taken hither for nursing by the German Convent Sisters of this place, and who died here and were here buried. Hitherto there was no marker of any kind, and but for the efforts of local patriots of this place, whose national and local pride stimulated their effort for fifty years, this neglect might have continued. At last success crowned their efforts—the State appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose, and now Mt. Zion, famous in the annals of the widely known Seventh Day German Baptist Capucians, is crowned with this memorial shaft, duly inscribed. The exercises consisted of addresses, poems and music, and were attended by Governor Stone and his staff, Lieutenant-Governor Gobin, and other distinguished officials of the State, and hosts of her patriotic citizens. The principal addresses were by Ex-Governor Pattison, Lieutenant-Governor General Gobin, General John E. Roller, of Virginia, and Colonel O'Neill. The weather was most auspicious, the country robed in Spring beauty and bloom, and the occasion will long be remembered as a memorable one by this typical Pennsylvania-German town of inland Pennsylvania. For an illustrated account of Ephrata and its celebrated Protestant monastic and convent life with illustrations, see Vol. I, No. 2 of this magazine.



HE Pennsylvania-German does not believe in self-praise. True to its characteristic bringing up, it believes in the proverb, which our forefathers found in Scripture, and conscientiously instilled into their descendants: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth." But such has been the laudation rolled in upon the little literary infant we have fondled and nursed into life, that we are constrained for the stripling's sake, and the clearing up of the hesitating reader's mind, who may chance to see this, but not yet a subscriber, to let a few extracts of letters received appear. We are glad its friends have found so much pleasure and profit. We wish we could get every one with a strain of our stock's blood in his veins to see a copy and judge for himself. This is what has recently been said by a few subscribers:

"Go on with the good work."—J. C. K.

"I am much pleased with the current number, as well as with all the predecessors."—F. W. B.

"Seldom has a magazine given me more genuine pleasure than the current number. All my Pennsylvania-German blood—one-half of all I have—coursed more rapidly through my veins and arteries when I read "'S Latwerk Koche fer Alters.'"—F. T. H.

"The last number is very fine. It is brighter and better now than at first."—J. A. S.

"The October number is very pretty and interesting. You are doing a good work in issuing such a magazine."—C. R. T.

"I thank you in advance for anticipated enjoyment."—R. C. N.

"God speed the work."—C. E. H.

"The October number of the Pennsylvania-German is an exceedingly interesting number and, its illustrations are very fine."—E. H.

"I like your magazine very much."—F. A. L.

"Hope I will be able to help you to some subscribers of your very interesting magazine."—C. S.

"The publication is more than holding its own."—O. H. M.

"I am much interested in the paper."—J. D. N.

"The magazine is very interesting, and my friends in Germany enjoy it also."—Mrs. G. M.

"I have only one objection to it—it comes too infrequently."—A. S.

"Had volumes one and two bound—and I never wish to part with it."—E. M. E.

"Reading your periodical gives me almost the pleasure of a short visit to that once home of my childhood days."—A. S. B.

"It is the best gotten up historical publication of the kind I ever saw."—W. J. R.

"It was much enjoyed. To say nothing of the poems, the Muhlenberg sketch and the trip down the Schuylkill were intensely interesting to me."—F. T. H.

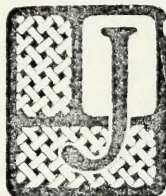
"Your Pennsylvania-German is a most excellent journal."—R. S.

"We do enjoy reading it so much!"—Mrs. G. E. R.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

REV. JOHN C. KUNZE, D.D.

BY HENRIETTA M. OAKLEY.



JOHANN CHRISTOPH KUNZE, scholar and divine, a pioneer in the Lutheran Church in this country, was born on the 5th of August, 1744, at Artem, near Mansfeld, Germany. His early education was at the High-schools and "Gymnasium" of Rosleben and Merseburg and continued at the University of Leipsic, where he remained about three years. Three more years were spent as a preceptor at the celebrated classical school at Klosterbergen, near Magdeberg. He was then appointed inspector of the Orphan House at Greitz.

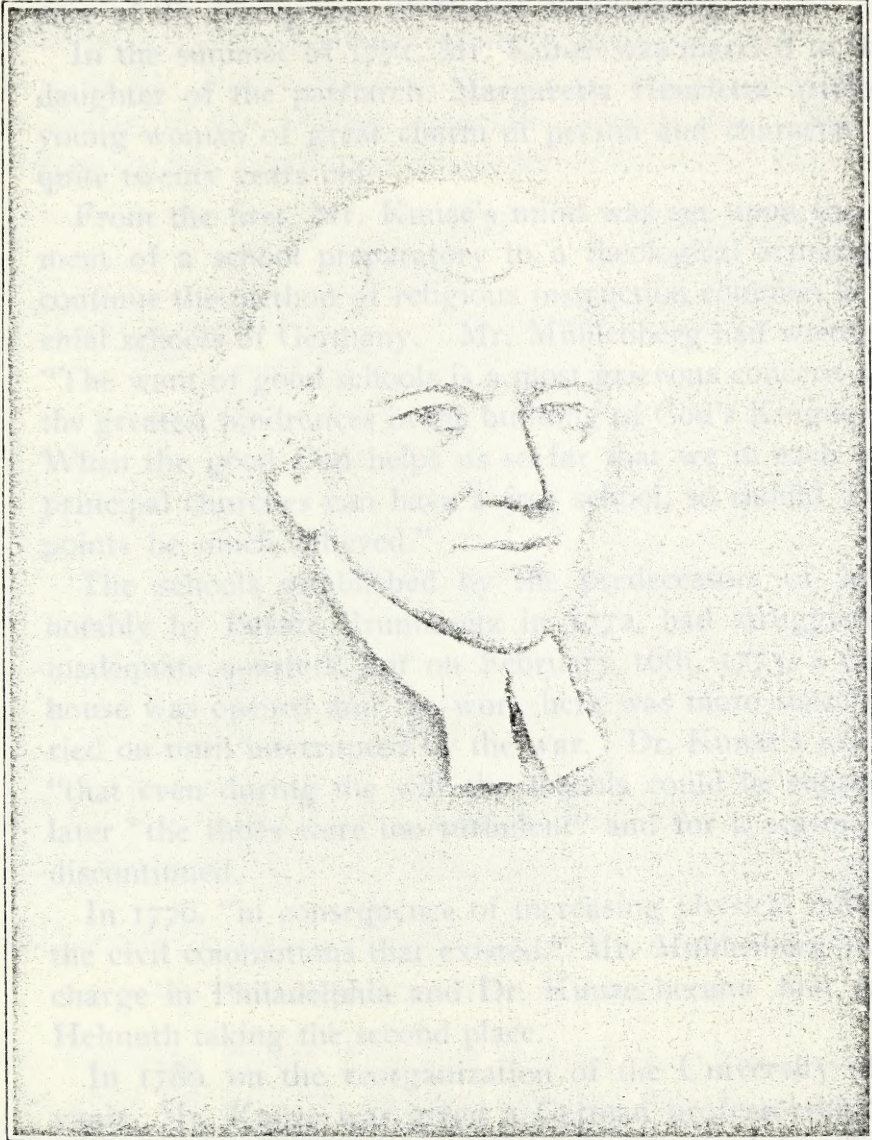
The influence of a devotedly pious mother had so impressed the mind of her son, that in early manhood he resolved to give himself to the sacred ministry. He pursued his theological studies while engaged in teaching, and was pronounced "a candidate of theology well grounded in knowledge and experience."

The faculty at Halle having received an application for help in their work in Pennsylvania, "immediately turned to young Kunze as well fitted to occupy that important field." He accepted the appointment, was examined before the consistory at Wernigerode, ordained, and on May 5th, 1770, with prayer and solemn service, set off to his distant mission. Like his predecessors, his course was first to London, where he remained some weeks under the care of the friendly court chaplain, Ziegenhagen.

On the 29th of July, 1770, Mr. Kunze, with two sons of "the faithful Patriarch Muhlenberg," embarked for his new home. After a perilous voyage in which "the mast was eight times broken, the sails often torn," they arrived in New York on the 23d of September of that year. A cordial welcome was extended to Mr. Kunze by Pastors Grimm and Gerock, of New York, and he was urged to remain and help the church in that city. This he declined to do, as he had accepted the appointment as third pastor of

the "great congregation of St. Michael and Zion's" in Philadelphia. While in New York, he preached for Pastor Gerock, Sunday evening, from Matthew 6: 26.

On the next day he proceeded on his journey. Mr. Kunze wrote



REV. JOHN C. KUNZE, D.D.

thus of his reception by Mr. Muhlenberg: "He received me as though he were my father and I his son. A thousand times may the Lord be praised that I have come to this His servant."

Mr. Kunze entered upon his labors in Philadelphia, October 8th,

1770. Mr. Shulze had removed to Tulpehocken, though still called second pastor; and the time of Mr. Muhlenberg was almost constantly occupied in his "oversight of all the churches," so the burden fell greatly on Mr. Kunze, who, however, had the assistance of the young sons of Father Muhlenberg.

In the summer of 1771, Mr. Kunze was married to the second daughter of the patriarch, Margaretta Henrietta Muhlenberg, a young woman of great charm of person and character, then not quite twenty years old.

From the first, Mr. Kunze's mind was set upon the establishment of a school preparatory to a theological seminary and to continue the method of religious instruction common in the parochial schools of Germany. Mr. Muhlenberg had written in 1747, "The want of good schools is a most grievous concern and one of the greatest hindrances in the building of God's Kingdom When the good God helps us so far that we in each one of our principal churches can have a free school, so should we in many points be much relieved."

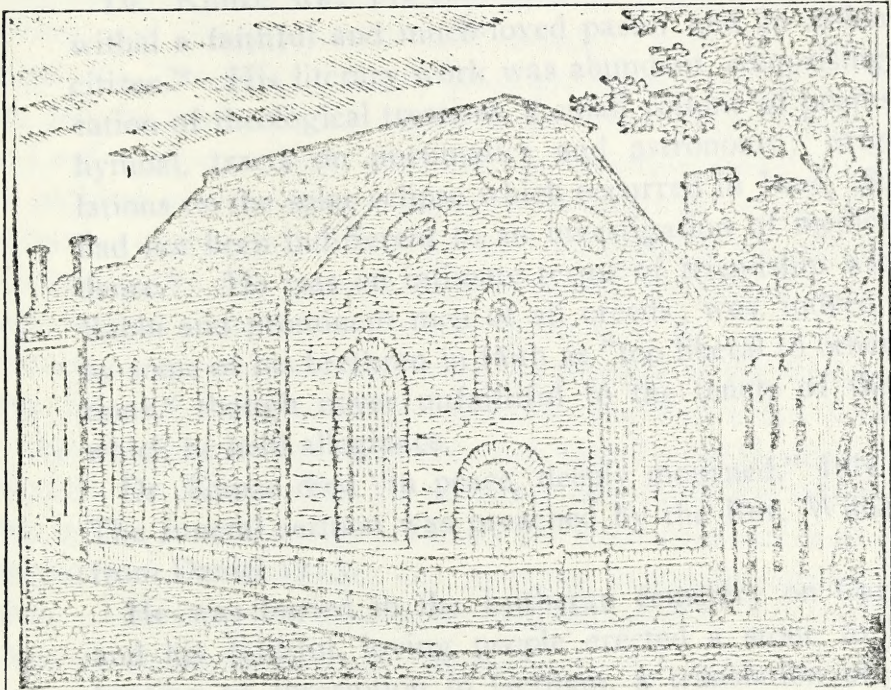
The schools established by the predecessors of Mr. Kunze, notably by Pastor Brunnholtz in 1772, had struggled along in inadequate quarters, but on February 16th, 1773, a new school-house was opened and the work here was more successfully carried on until interrupted by the war. Dr. Kunze's joy was great "that even during the war the schools could be supported," but later "the times were too turbulent" and for a season they were discontinued.

In 1776, "in consequence of increasing physical infirmities and the civil commotions that existed," Mr. Muhlenberg resigned his charge in Philadelphia and Dr. Kunze became first pastor, Mr. Helmuth taking the second place.

In 1780, on the reorganization of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Kunze was given a German professorship. He and Mr. Helmuth shared the work and the salary of the office. From this university Mr. Kunze received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. About this time he labored on the revision of the German hymn books and their translation into English. He succeeded in establishing a school for theological students, carried on chiefly by his own efforts, and, to eke out a living in those hard times, he also undertook the editorship of a German newspaper, in which

Mr. Helmuth assisted him. This was given up, however, so soon as the times improved. Mr. Kunze remained in the city during its occupancy by the British, though his coadjutors and many of his flock had been obliged to flee. His ministry in Philadelphia continued fourteen years, "during which he commanded great respect and exerted a wide and powerful influence."

In 1784 Dr. Kunze accepted an urgent call to New York to take charge of the German churches in that city. The first Lutheran church, Trinity, on the corner of Broadway and Rector



Old Lutheran Church in Frankfort Street. Erected in 1707.

THE "OLD SWAMP CHURCH," NEW YORK CITY.

street (opposite Trinity Episcopal church), had been destroyed in the great fire of 1776, and the scattered flock were about to unite with the congregation of Christ Church, the "old Swamp Church," which occupied "a very substantial stone building," erected in 1751, on the corner of Frankfort and William streets. This building stood until its removal became necessary for the erection of the Brooklyn bridge. Here Dr. Kunze worked faithfully for twenty-three years, till death called him hence.

During these years he was instrumental in establishing an inde-

pèndent Ministerium, of which he was Senior; was a trustee of Columbia College; professor of German and Oriental languages in that institution; was one of the originators of the Society for Useful Knowledge and of the New York German Society. He was appointed German Interpreter of the newly-formed American Congress in 1789; was a pioneer in the establishment of English services in the Lutheran Church, and was an instructor of remarkable ability. "Many of the pastors of the Lutheran Church owed their theological education to his love of the work."

Dr. Kunze was pre-eminently a scholar and teacher, "and withal a faithful and much-loved pastor and an ardently helpful citizen." His literary work was abundant, comprising the publication of theological treatises, a small volume of poems, a revised hymnal, tracts on pneumatics and astronomy; original calculations on the solar eclipse which occurred in June, 1806, and "he had not been indifferent to an investigation of medical jurisprudence." He was on intimate terms of friendship with a Jewish Rabbi and prominent men of all creeds; was, indeed, considered by some of his brethren in faith as "too liberal to other denominations," though never unfaithful to the tenets of the church to which he held allegiance.

Dr. Kunze died "in peace, deeply mourned," July 24th, 1807. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. William Rundell, from Daniel 12:3.

He was buried in the Lutheran cemetery on Carmine street, and his faithful, loving people erected a stone to his memory bearing an inscription in German, a translation of which is as follows:

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

"To the memory of their never-to-be-forgotten pastor, John Christopher Kunze, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages, Senior of Lutheran Clergy in the State of New York.

"This stone is dedicated by the people of his late charge in testimony of their veneration and love.

"He was born in the year 1744, and fell asleep July 24th, 1807, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"Here lies a servant of God who loved his Saviour, was faithful unto the grave, and gathered many souls.

"Think, therefore, to your solace, ye who mourn his death, we shall find him with Jesus."

Many years later the cemetery on Carmine street was taken by the city and orders given for the removal of all bodies interred there. The remains of Dr. Kunze were placed with those of his wife, who had died in 1832, in the Lorillard vault in the churchyard of old St. Mark's, on Stuyvesant avenue.

Of the works of Dr. Kunze something has already been said, but conveying no idea of the stupendous amount and the varied quality. The records are almost incredible. While in Philadelphia, chief pastor of an immense congregation, "the largest in America," two churches in fact, in each of which were held two services and Sunday-school each Sunday; with his parochial school; his "Seminary," where he single-handed prepared young men for the ministry; his duties at the University; instructions for Confirmation; a Bible class and innumerable parish duties, to say nothing of the German paper, no wonder he wrote, "Truly the burden of the work is very great," and again of the editorship, referring to the fifty pounds each it yielded to himself and Helmuth, he says, "which could not be taken away by the hard times, although we felt very anxious when we thought of the hard work. Time for study will be much curtailed, but this I can joyfully say that for the parish I work day and night." Of his coadjutor, Helmuth, he wrote: "We are satisfied each with the other and work in unity. What one preaches the other confirms, and thus working we are blessed in the harmony especially among our youth. This has prevented many disturbances."

And all these labors were carried on in the midst of the distractions of a great war and under many privations. In 1777 the great Zion church became a hospital. St. Michael's served as a garrison for the English troops, although the congregation could use it once on Sunday. "The bloody war is still raging and yet more fiercely the scarcity of money, a good dinner costing two dollars in paper money, half a dollar in silver." Mrs. Kunze wrote at the time, "It is hard to get bread and meat; we have forgotten how butter looks, but, thanks be to God, we have enough potatoes." A cord of wood cost sixty dollars, a hundredweight of flour twenty-one dollars, and a bushel of salt (a contraband article and very scarce), thirty-six dollars. But even in these hard times the Kunzes gave to the Continental soldiers clothes and food

as they were able, and were sometimes forced also to feed the enemy.

The spirit of Mrs. Kunze is illustrated in an anecdote preserved in the family. When the British occupied Philadelphia, houses of the "rebels" were examined to see what supplies could be utilized for the English army, chalk marks were made on the outer door to signify the number of men to be left at the house to demand a meal. On one such occasion, it is told, Mrs. Kunze boldly rubbed out the mark with her apron as soon as the officer had turned his back. Tradition does not give the result.

The Muhlenberg family was intensely patriotic. Colonel Peter Muhlenberg was very active in the American army, and his father was so radical that "the name was made very suspicious among the Hessian and English officers in Philadelphia, who threatened bitterly with prison, torture and death if they catch the old fellow." The patriarch and his son were forced to leave the city, "the mild Kunze, although his son-in-law, waited patiently, yet he had much to suffer."

Upon coming to New York, Dr. Kunze found traces of the ravages of war. One church and one parsonage were burned. The remaining parsonage had been taken for the teachers of the school. The congregation was "four times smaller than in Philadelphia, but very liberal." They gave their new pastor, "besides other things, three hundred pounds in money and eighty pounds for house rent and wood." Dr. Kunze resided for several years at 24 Chatham Row, and later at 100 Chatham street, where he died. He had also a "country home" in what is now Christopher street. This street was named for him. The same property is now occupied by St. John's Lutheran church, parsonage and school. The town house was illustrious as the abode, while Congress was in session, of Frederic Augustus Muhlenberg, first Speaker of the House, and other notable Congressmen who boarded with the Kunzes. It was a familiar resort of Baron Stuben, an intimate friend of the family, and other notable men of the time. Dr. Kunze's great learning attracted men of letters to him. It was said of him, "Of all the missionaries sent out from Halle, he was one of the most gifted and the most scholarly." One who knew him well wrote, "The various acquirements of this gentleman, and particularly his Oriental learning, have

long rendered him an ornament to the American Republic of letters." He was called the best Hebrew scholar of his time. "In Church affairs his eye encompassed a large range, and, with a wide intellect he combined an energetic will." As a teacher he was remarkably exact, with well-defined ideas upon every subject which came up. "His mind was eminently lucid in its operations and his ample stores of knowledge always at his command." Dr. Kunze was not a great orator. He was in his preaching distinguished rather for richness and comprehensiveness of thought than for a highly attractive manner." He preached without gesture, but with a fearlessness and earnestness which carried conviction. His sermons were unwritten and very lengthy. Though unwilling himself to preach in English, he had the foresight to perceive the growing necessity for the use of that language, and it is said that Dr. Kunze first moved to give the Lutherans in America a religious literature of their own in the English language. "Wrangle alone preceded him by publishing Luther's Small Catechism in English." He read always with pen in hand, and voluminous notes of his reading on various subjects are still preserved.

In character he was mild, gentle, amiable and benevolent, with a childlike simplicity, charitable to the poor, kind to all, of active piety, honorable and upright, "one whom no one could ever reproach for unfair dealings or crooked ways," and had withal an earnest, inflexible spirit in the discharge of his duties, resolute in resisting the unbelief of his times. It was one of his characteristics that he was inclined to be credulous and was, therefore, easily imposed upon. He would leave the most obtruse calculations, or interesting research, to hear and sympathize with the tribulations of his people, no matter how trivial. He was even accused of giving "too much heed to their idle gossip," but was amply repaid by their devoted love. This devotion was forcefully demonstrated when he left Philadelphia "amidst many tears, and accompanied by many for a great distance, he left the sphere of activity which had been so blessed to him." He "never meddled with politics, but was greatly interested in every effort to aid the cause of intellectual improvement."

Dr. Kunze "was deservedly recognized as among the very first of scholars and cherished by the learned and liberal of every

denomination of Christians as an example of the refined influence which elevated pursuits stamp on human character." He left a library containing works in many languages, and pamphlets of inestimable value. He had also a valuable collection of coins, which, after his death, was presented to the New York Historical Society.

Sprague's Annals gives the following amusing story of Dr. Kunze's efforts to enlighten his fellow men through the daily press:

"Dr. Kunze held a newspaper controversy on the Gregorian period of the century 1800. It is well known that the dissension enlisted much feeling among the astronomers, both abroad and at home. Dr. Kunze addressed a communication on the vexed question to the editor of the New York Gazette. He had adverted to the Gregorian style in his letter and had inadvertently referred to Pope Gregory. The Gazette printed it Tom Gregory. The doctor requested an erratum, and the editor then got it Tom Gregory the Pope. The learned divine, with a heavy heart, in a final interview with the editor, begged him to make no further improvements, as he dreaded the loss of all the reputation his years of devotion to the subject had secured him."

Dr. Kunze wrote, on July 27th, 1790, "New York has many attractions for me. There is harmony in the congregation and, notwithstanding the fact that the young people join the English, there is much affection shown me. I have with me the Speaker and two other Congressmen, and this helps along in the house. . . I have always had difficulty in making ends meet in America, except during the few last years in Philadelphia, where the professorship helped along. I confess I spend too much money in books."

A letter to a daughter, August 18th, 1806, shows how tender a father he was. After entering into her girlish interests and feelings, giving her the home news, he closes with this loving appeal: "If you will be confident and open-hearted to a father who loves you so tenderly, as to relate a little the state of your mind, whether content and easy, whether impressed with some sensation of the love to your Lord Jesus Christ, whether you pray to Him, whether you feel His love to you, your letter shall create joy and comfort to my soul. I wish my children may all live in Him, who died

for them, and whom their father felt he loved when he was as young as they are now.

"I am, with all the tenderness a parental heart is susceptible of,

"Your loving father,

"JOHN C. KUNZE."

Following are the Kunze descendants :

- I. MARIA.
- II. M. CATHARINE.
- III. CATHARINE ELIZA, married May 21, 1801, Caspar Meier.
 1. Amelia Henrietta (Meier).
 2. Margaretta Henrietta, m. Laurentius H. von Post.
 - a. Hermann Casper.
 - b. Eliza Catharine, from whom descended the Schwabs.
 - c. Henrietta Margaretta, married another Schwab.
 - d. Amelia Elizabeth, from whom descended the Schraders.
 - e. Emily Maria, from whom descended the Paules.
 3. Emily Maria (Meier), m. Albert Smith, with a large descent.
 4. John Frederick Meier.
 5. Elizabeth Lucie Meier.
 6. Charles Henry Meier.
 7. Eliza Catharine Meier.
 8. Mary Kunigunde Meier, married James Punnett, of Baltimore, with a considerable descent.
- IV. ANNA MARIA CATHARINE.
- V. HANNAH CHRISTIANA.
- VI. CHARLES HENRY.
- VII. JOHANNA BEATTA.
- VIII. MARIA MAGDALENA.
- IX. CATHARINE FREDERICA (Kunze), m. Daniel Oakley.
 1. Margaretta Sara, from whom descended the Waites and Mathews, and Perkins and Morleys.
 2. John Wilmot, with a numerous descent, including Oakleys, one authoress of foregoing sketch, and Walkers.
 3. Patience.
 4. Wilmot.
 5. Mary Kunze, from whom descended Taylors and Farnsworths, of Boston.
 6. Charles Henry.
 7. Henrietta Meier, from whom descended the Coursons and Robersons.
 8. Daniel Lorillard.
 9. Catharine Frederica, married Rev. Dr. A. Bulkley, of Rutherford, N. J. A numerous descent.
- X. ANNA MARGARET A, m. Jacob Lorillard.
 1. Anna Catharine, from whom descended the Cammanns.
 2. Margaretta Henrietta, from whom descended the Wards.

DER FIERT JULY.

REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Pop, pop'ra-pop, pop-pop!
Now geht's mohl widder ob;
Der fiert July
Kummt widder bei,
Doh krocht's noch olla ecka nous,
Der griss'l geht em schier gor ous.

Des yung Amerika
Is aw net faul fer drah;
Won's yuscht recht knollt
Un houst un schollt,
Des is yoh wos's hovva will—
S'mocht aryer schier os Bunker Hill.

Pop, pop'ra-pop, sizz,—bumm!
Now rous mit peif un drumm,
Won's geht fer's lond
Doh waer's'n schond
Won's gor ken patriota gaebt—
Des is'n sign die Union laebt.

So'n dawg gebt's kenner meh
Uff der'a seit 'm seeh;
Un drivva net,
Un won's aw deht
Don waer's doch yuscht so'n jubilee
Wuh yehders geht un nemmt'n
schprie.

For hunnert dreisich yohr
Doh war des lond in g'fohr,
Mit sock un pock,
Un schip un hock
Em Koenich George sei norr tzu sei,
Tzu lehwa yuscht uff welschkorn
brei.

Er hut g'mehrt die leit
Die waera hinner tzeit—
A' biss'l dumm
Un schep un krumm,
Doh kennt'r mocha was'r wut,—
Der schroubschock dreha, un er hut.

S'war olles hoch g'toxt,
Er hut die leit mohl g'floxt
Uff tzucker, tay,
Un schunscht noch meh,
Wie glass, bobbier, m'lossich, rum,
Un ruck un hem, un hohr om korn.

Er hut yuscht noch g'locht
Un dumma schtraich g'mocht;—
"Des Insehaschtuft
Griekt's ohr g'eufft
Won's net boll biss'l manners lernt,
Un won's der George noch meh fer-
tzernt."

Sel war g'nunk, des lond
Schpout paar mohl in die hond,
Noh geht's mohl ob,
So'n acht yohr job,
Der George ruhft noh fer's gom-
perfoss,
Uff sellie news fum Yorktown
g'schposs.

Boll gons Amerika
Is glei noch sell'm drah
Un mocht uns noh
Wie's kon, so, so,
Un griekt sich aw so'n schaidabrief,
Mit blei un pulver, uhna schrief.

Sie hen so noh g'mocht,
Fiel larma un fiel yocht;
Yuscht doh kummt's nei,
Der fiert July
Den hut m'r yuscht bei'm Unele
Sam,
Un s'is aw ken so'n patent sham.

Pop, pop'ra-pop, pop-pop!
Now schies die crackers ob;
S'waer'n sind un schond
Won's fodderlond
Den dawg net gute in ehra holt
Bis dos die Union tzomma folt.
Gilbert, Pa.

DER "GIGERECEE."

BY GEO. MAYS, M.D.

We uft im meim schloß,
Kumt en schdim ous'm hof,
Un saugt zu mier, "Schteh uf, 'sis
morge frie
"Duh fouler kerl, hersht net der
gigeregee"?
Ich winsh er deht ufhehre,
Mich net so feel schtehere.

Er hut en schdim de schold,
Weit dorch's thal un wold.
Der henker maug schlofe wen der
hahne kreht
Un sel lerne uf de behm un im hof
augeht.
Ich glaub os der schuft,
Schbeerd de morgeluft.

Monch mohl in der nocht
Hut er mich woekrich g'mocht
Un uft gons ferschterht in der mit
fon'm traum,
Dos ich denke mus, der kerl hut
g'wiss ken shaum,
Won er het wehr er schdil
Weil ich nuch schlofe will.

Er kumt immer do hehr,
Os won er koenich wehr,
Mit dem kup in der heh un sei
schwons in 'm zwerl
Wos'n wunneriulles g'schtold hut
seller kerl,
Sei brusht schiept er nous
Gons mechtich dort drous.

Ken wunner is er schpri,
Un immer schtuls debei,
Wen er seht we er uf dem banner
schteht
Oder wehs we sei bild uf'm fahne
weht.
Sis net yader mon
Der sel erriche kon.

Ich wehs er is gros
Uf'm misht-houfe blos.
Umriugt mit ol seine weiver un
kinner.
Ken wunner dos er kreht we der
shinner.
Won er dort he kumt
Findt er kens os'n schtumpt.

Morget's in oller frie
Kreht der gigeregee.
Brouchst net long worte don
wersht au gleich hehre
En onre gons naichst der duht de
luft schtehere,
Mit'm gig-er-e-gee!
Dos wekt mensh un fie.

Seller weg gehts fort
Dorch der gons ort.
We weiter we leiser, bis endlich
werts ol,
Uf ehmoht kumt z'rick dem
ershte sei schol,
So loud un so klohr
Dos es klingelt im ohr.

Mit ol seinner lerm,
Krotst er fleisich for werm.
Is immer wochsom dos nix duht
bosseere,
Zu seim broot den er net mecht
ferleere,
Un won er eppes findt
Don rooft er si g'schwindt.

Der kerl is en fechter,
Un g'wiss au ken schlechter,
Er hut en zorn we'n ries, un gebt
net gern uf
Kon ous holte we'n gowl' ferluss
dich druf
Wen er fechte duht
Don schprints au gleich bluht.

Sei schbuhre sin g'scherft
Un won er si werft.
Don fliege de fetre hoch in der
luft
Un moncher winsht er wehr kleer
fon dem schuft.
Ich saug der er hut
Feel schponk for so'n krut.

Guck yusht ehmoht he,
We seller gigeregee
Mit ol seine weiver im hof duht
schopottseere
So shlick os'n Mormon kon ehr
sich eischmeere
Sis you gons drivver nous
Mit sellem hahne dort drous.

Si sauge'sis lets
 Un gons gege's gesetts,
 Os en mon so feel weiver uf eh-
 mohl nemt
 Ich glaub ovver net dos der hahne
 sich schemt
 Well's gebt you feel menner'
 De lehwe net shenner.

Graud nuch seiner notuhr.
 Leb't seller hahne sure.
 Ovver der mon wo dem hahne
 noch mocht

Is ferhoftich en naar un bleibt im-
 mer ferocht
 Der hahne hut recht
 Seller mon is blos schlecht.

Der gigeregee.
 Is'n notwen-diches fie
 Truz ol seiner lerm un grosi
 wertschoft
 Weil er de leit so feel naarung bei
 schoit'
 Drum wehs ich os'r kreht
 So long os de welt schteht.

MY ALDTY GEIK.

(Composed by E. M. E. Revised by Dr. E. G.)

De aldt geik leit dart uf'm Shonk,
 Mit lieb gook ich se aw;
 Se's immer ready—saesht du net?—
 Der bowga naeva draw!
 Was macht's as ich so froehlich
 bin?
 My hertz, was macht's so froh?
 E'n yades mohl as ich se seh,
 Do is m'r's immer so!

Ferbrucha do, de farrb do ob.
 Se glitzert nimmy may;
 Gacrackt, fergrotzt, fiel uigapatcht,
 Se shpielt yo duch so shay!
 Aens froagt, "War mul de Geik im
 fire?"
 Un on'ra shpott' un lacha;
 Un maena ev'n se waer net fit
 For fire mit aw tzu macha!

De oldt Geik nem ich yetz fum
 Shonk,
 Mus shpiela—yusht ae shtick,—
 Ich shtup, un haeb se uf my'm
 gnee,
 Un denk on tzeita tz'rick.
 De hertzlich, shay, fergong'na tzeit,
 So full blesseer un g'shpass,—
 Nay, net all g'shpass, nuch sonsht
 was aw,—
 Yetz warra my awga nass!

My lieby Geik! du hiltzig's Weib!
 Won du yusht shprecha kensht!
 So daetsht fertzaela, long un fiel—
 Wass d' waesht, un feelsht, un
 denksht!
 Fun monch'a as du froh g'macht
 husht
 De sin yetz in der ruh;

Der Saeliga ruh—un nuch paur
 dawg,
 So komma mir aw datzu!

Alls dich hob ich kae bes'rer
 freund,
 My'm hartz dusht du net weh;
 Du bisht net shtreitich, bisht net
 koldt,
 Warsht aw net base—fershteh?
 Holsht aw kae shpite, batreegsht
 mich ner
 Ons aerbshoft oder gelt,—
 Ich kom tzu dir! my zuflucht in
 'Ra druvvelsoma weldt!

Do waer's m'r duch markwaertig
 schlecht,
 My Geik, waer's net for dich;
 Du lachsht mit mir, du heilsht mit
 mir,
 Feelsht olfordt grawd we ich!
 Gahorsom, willich, shpielsht so
 garn—

Waesht wohl tzu wem das d'
 kaersht—
 Bisht immer my, du lie sht yo mich
 Duch olfordt 's tetsht un's aersht.

Wardt's widder raegrich, koldt un
 weesht

Das nemand nous gae mawg,
 So suit's mich grawd, ich nem my
 Geik

Un shpiel der gonsa dawg!
 Was will ich may? Fergneegt bin
 ich,

My Geik is my blesseer;
 Kae longes g'sicht, kae schwaeres
 hertz,
 Kae Einsomkeit by mir.

Mit nota weg—shpiel ous 'm kup—
 Mit foos uf butta shtumpa;
 En dontz-shtick now, en oldter jig,
 Was macht's de yunga chumpa!
 Gleich des tzu saena—lus se gae,
 Ihr tzeit kommt aw yetz glei;
 Mir waura aw mul grawd we se
 Full laeva, wusslich, frei!

Ach! waer kae moosic in der weldt
 Do misst m'r drourich sei!
 M'r maent der mon wo moosic
 hasst
 Waer dum un schlecht dabei!
 Hob sechtzig yohr fum laeva g'hot,
 Un waes fun wass ich shwetz;
 Der mensch wo gaur kae moosic
 gleicht—
 Geb acht!—'s is ebbes letz!

BUSCH UN SCHEDTEL.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

Dheel Buschleit hen keen Luscht de-
 heem,
 Sie hänkere' nooch der Schtadt;
 Vor mei' Dheel, ich hab immer noch
 Kee Noschen so gehatt.

'S mag gut genung im Schedtel
 sei—
 Geb mir das griene Land;
 Do is net alles Haus un Dach,
 Net alles Schtroos un Wand.

Was hot m'r in der Schtadt vor
 Freed?
 'Sis nix as Lärm un Jacht,
 M'r hot kee' Ruh de ganse Dag,
 Kee Schloof die ganse Nacht.

Die Buwe guke matt un bleech;
 Die Mäd sin weiss un diinn;
 Sie hen wol scheene Kleeder a',
 'Sis awer nix rechts drin.

Die Schtadtleit sin zu zimberlich;
 Sie rege schier nix a';
 Sie brauche net ihr weisse Hent,
 Aus Forcht, 's kummt eppes dra'.

Mir is zu wenig Grienens do,
 Kee' Blumme un kee' Beem;
 Wann ich 'n Schtund im Schedtel
 bin
 Dann will ich widder heem.

Der shenshta blotz dar is dahame,
 Dahame wo moosic iss;
 Des haebt uns uf, des is der waeg
 Tzu herrlichkeit gawiss.
 Wass won m'r het feel londt un
 gelt
 Un doch kae freed dabei,
 Do gaebt ich net my oldty Geik
 For 'n grossy bowerei.

'S waerd dunk'l, 's fire, des is sheer
 ous—
 De uhr—shun holwer acht!
 So shpote? Do mus ich yetz in 's
 nesht—
 My Geik, ich sawg "goot nacht!"
 Ich laeg dich widder uf der shonk
 Bis ich dich widder will;
 Dart shloaf, my shatz, my lieby
 Geik,
 "Goot nacht!" 'S is alles shtill!

BACKWOODS AND TOWN.

(Translated by H. A. S.)

Some backwoods folk can't stay at
 home,
 They hanker for the town;
 But I for one have ever yet
 Kept all such notions down.

The town is good enough for some;
 The country green for me.
 Not streets and houses, walls and
 roofs
 All round me there I see.

What pleasure can one have in town?
 Why, it distracts me quite.
 The racket will not let you rest
 All day, nor sleep all night.

The town boys all look weak and
 pale;
 The girls are pale and thin.
 Their duds indeed are very fine,
 But no'ing right's therein.

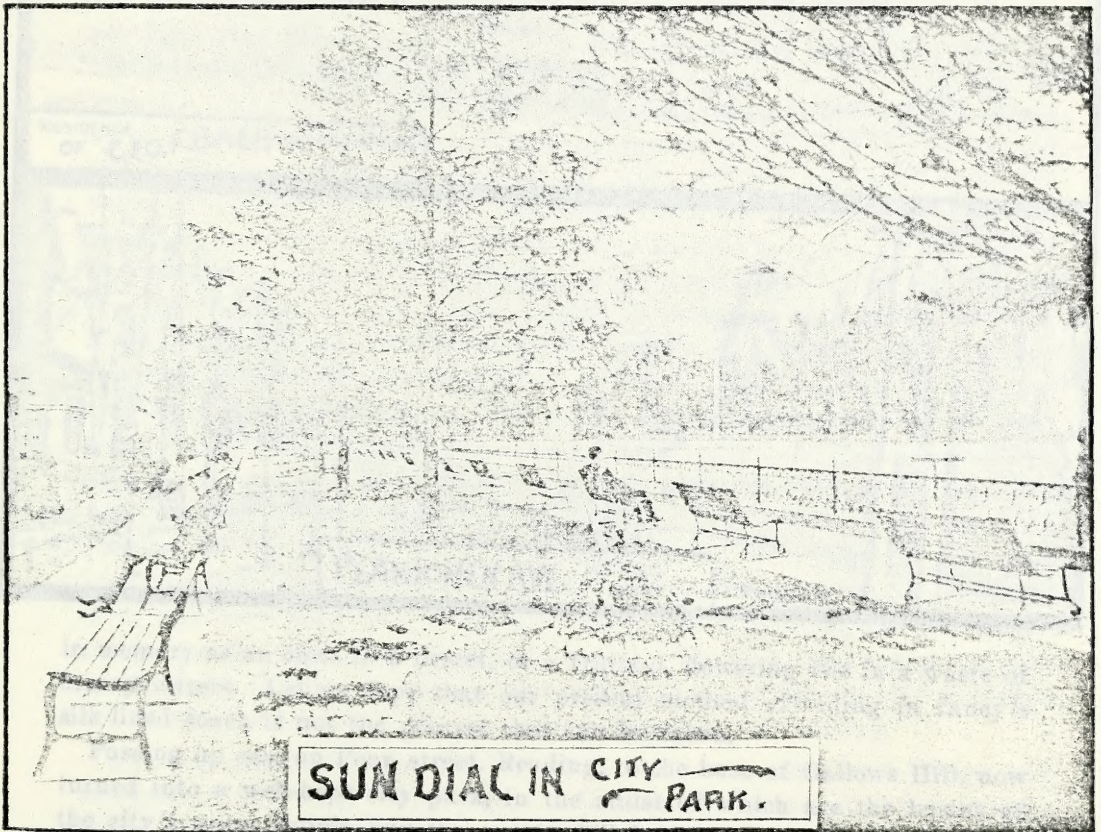
Those town folks are too delicate,
 They scarely touch a thing;
 They dare not use their lily hands
 For fear of roughening.

There is too little green for me;
 No flowers, no trees I see.
 To spend an hour in town I find
 Just long enough for me.

Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

OVER THE OLEY PIKE TO BOYERTOWN AND BACK.

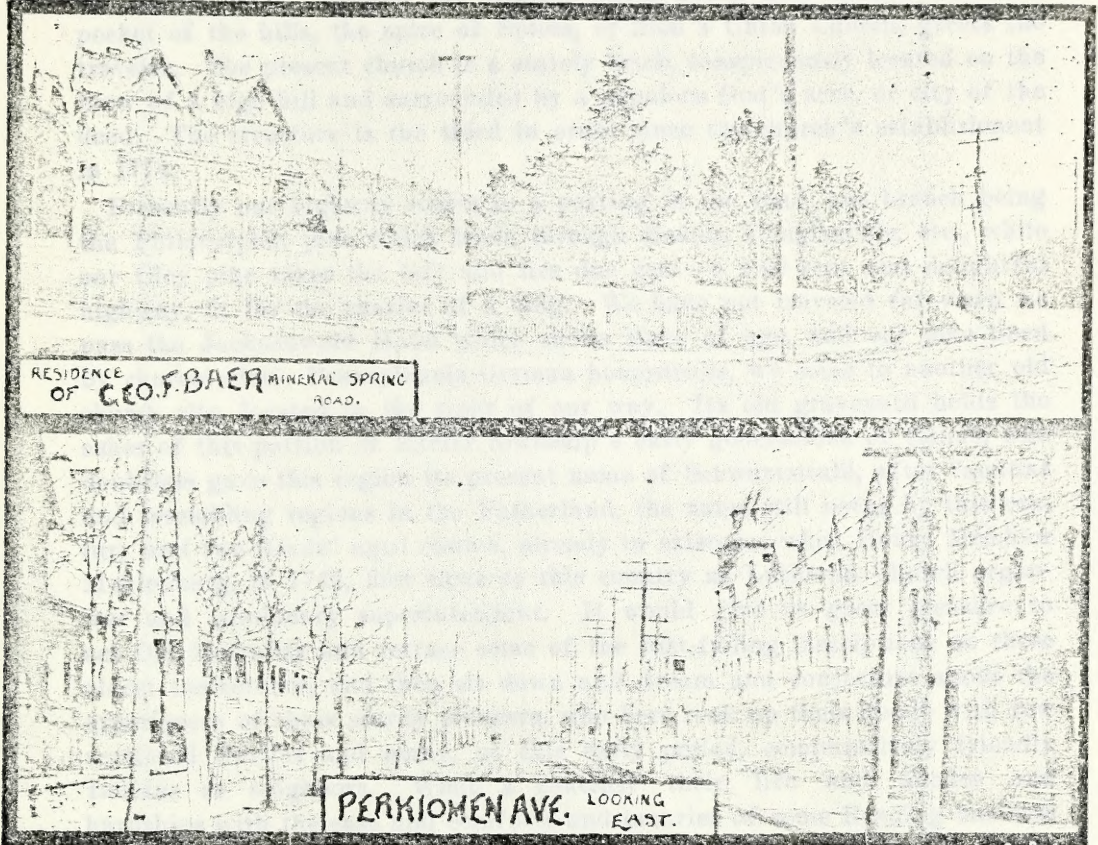
Our historic automobile is, in one respect at least, like the frog in the well, which lost by night in gliding back what it had gained by day towards getting out. Although our last trip brought us fully twenty-five miles to the northeast of Reading, some freshet or other power has again swept us back to old Berks' proud capital. So we start today on another trip from this populous center, which has been fed from every section of the county



for a hundred and fifty years until today it is not far from the 100,000 mark—the best municipal specimen of Pennsylvania-German grit and push that can anywhere be found. And a more prosperous and progressive city than Reading it would be hard to find among any people.

Our trip is to extend over the Oley Pike to Boyertown and back by a different route, giving us possibly forty miles of interesting travel, through very historic sections.

Although a newly opened trolley line would cheerfully convey our party to this border borough in the direction of the rising sun from Reading, we prefer the old way of travel, which will take a man wherever our thrifty forefathers cut open a highway for carriage, bicycle, high-top boots or Pegasian chariot. If any one is fortunate enough to have a nephew with a high-bred and high-priced nag to carry him over this trip, as the writer had when he made the initial trip of exploration, just as Nature was putting on its summer vestures, he will enjoy it all the more. Such a day will then lie



in memory as an oasis in a desert, or a fruitful, flowering isle in a waste of dreary waters. Let us hope that our present method of riding in fancy's silk-lined coach is not the poorest that can be taken.

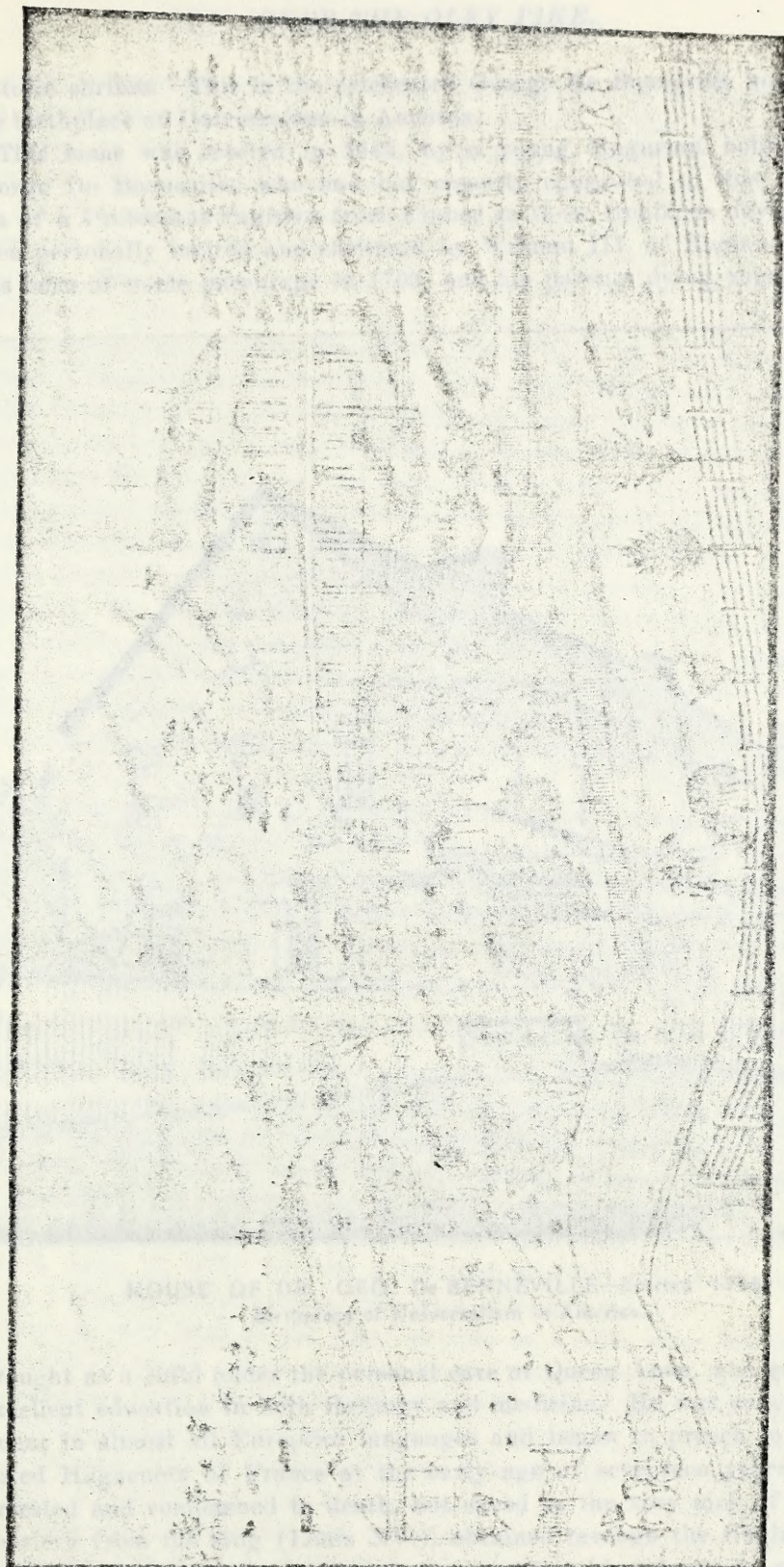
Passing up east on Penn street, Reading, to the base of Gallows Hill, now turned into a well-kept city park, in the midst of which are the basins of the city's water supply and the county jail building, we turn down to the southeast by one of Reading's most charming residence streets—Perkiomen avenue. At the base of Neversink Mountain, a mile away, stands an historic old hostelry, the Black Bear, where our highway again curves to the east and winds through a picturesque gap of the surrounding peaks of this South Mountain Range, viz, Mts. Penn and Neversink, whose celebrated crested resorts, like castles of medieval days frown down upon you. Through

this gap rode the Penns, Washington, and all the celebrated and humble travelers who in colonial times and the early days of the Republic traveled between Philadelphia and Reading.

Speeding on our way we soon emerge from this romantic cleft in the hills, where the Hessian soldiers were imprisoned, and look out upon the villages of Stony Creek and St. Lawrence. At the latter English-dubbed place the noted Pennsylvania-German, Mr. A. J. Brumbach, has successfully carried on for years his extensive hosiery mills. The former, too, is noted for its woolen mills. Beyond the village, which lies a mile to the east in a pocket of the hills, the spire of Spiess, or Zion's Union Church, greets the traveler. The present church is a stately brick, conspicuously located on the brow of a high hill and surrounded by a populous God's acre, or city of the dead. The structure is the third in order since the church's establishment in 1774.

Presently our highway comes to a parting in the road, one branch being the Philadelphia pike which leads through Exeter, Douglasville, etc., while our Oley pike takes the left and lies due east—a well-kept and delightful highway, fit for the chariot of a king. We have not traveled far when we pass the Jacksonwald Hotel which shows signs of age, and our pike lined by characteristic Pennsylvania-German homesteads, we come to another old church site, located to the right of our way. Its old graveyard holds the ashes of this portion of Exeter township's early generations of toilers, who doubtless gave this region its present name of Schwartzwald, after familiar and resembling regions in the Fatherland, the name still borne by this century and two-thirds' aged church, already in existence when Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, in 1742, first came to this country as Lutheran Church organizer and missionary superintendent. It would give us great pleasure to act Old Mortality and retrace some of the fast-fading inscriptions on these oldest tombstones, and then sit down and dream and conjecture about the experiences of these sturdy pioneers, who here took up their abode with few scattered Swedes and many, at this early period, comparatively friendly Indians as neighbors. What a contrast their life and abodes and hardships with the ease and comforts and luxuries of some Reading business men, who have here, five or six miles from the city, alongside the trolley lines, erected their palatial summer homes! We give our readers an idea of the finest of these by presenting a full-page cut of the country residence of Mr. Charles Breneiser, Sr., wholesale tobacconist, of Reading.

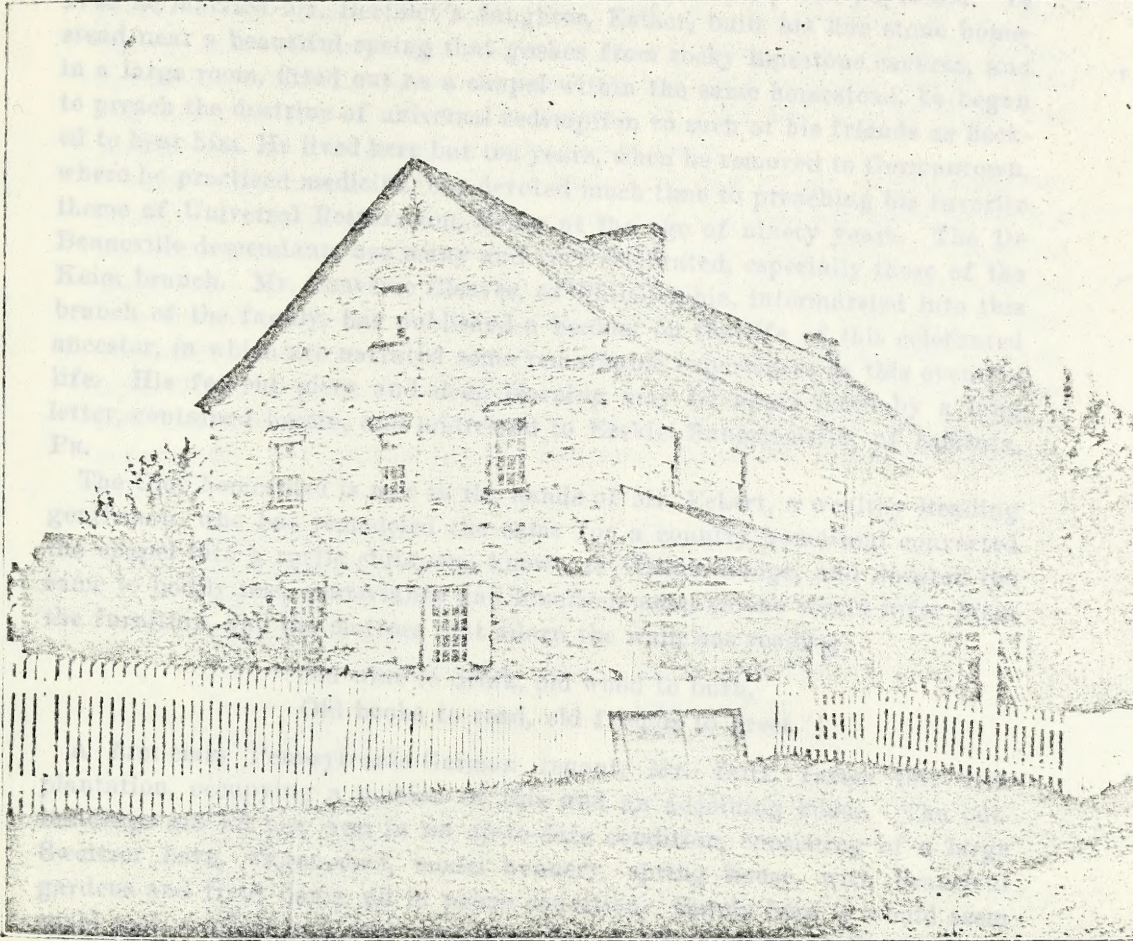
Between a mile and two farther on we come to a cross-road village and hotel-stand, known as "Oley Line." It is on the border of this township, this story-laden Eldorado, this garden spot of Berks—Oley. By turning to the right we would get to Stonersville and eventually to Philadelphia. By turning to the left we would get to the hillside, whence rise many of the streams that water this fertile garden. But we take the Scriptural course and turn neither to the right nor left, until a mile beyond, at another parting of the ways, punctuated by that poetic marker, a country blacksmith shop, where we deflect for nearly a mile to the south to visit one of the rarest of



COUNTRY HOME OF CHAS. BRENEISER, SR.

historic shrines. This is the celebrated George De Benneville homestead—the birthplace of Universalism in America.

This home was erected in 1745, by a young Huguenot nobleman, Dr. George De Benneville, who had but recently emigrated to this country, a son of a Protestant fugitive from France in those troublous days, who had been personally invited and sheltered by William III. of England. George was born of noble parentage in 1703, and his parents dying young, he was



HOUSE OF DR. GEO. De BENNEVILLE—Erected 1745.
Birthplace of Universalism in America.

brought as a child under the personal care of Queen Anne, who gave him an excellent education in both theology and medicine. He was conversant and fluent in almost all European languages and began to preach to the persecuted Huguenots of France at the early age of seventeen years. He was arrested and condemned to death, but saved in the very nick of time by a reprieve from the king (Louis XV.), obtained through the English Ambassador at the instigation of Queen Anne. After his release, he preached to the scattered Huguenots of Germany, Holland and Flanders for eighteen

years, when on account of failing health, he emigrated to the New World, with a conviction of divine guidance in the matter. Upon his arrival in Philadelphia, as told by a descendant of Christopher Sower, this celebrated Germantown printer of that period, was by repeated dreams induced to search out this unheralded and unknown sick refugee, took him to his home and restored him to health, after which the latter remained for a time in his employ. Here he met Jean Bertolet, a religious pioneer of Oley, who induced him to take up his abode in Oley as a teacher and physician. In 1745 he married Mr. Bertolet's daughter, Esther, built his fine stone homestead near a beautiful spring that gushes from rocky limestone caverns, and in a large room, fitted out as a chapel within the same homestead, he began to preach the doctrine of universal redemption to such of his friends as flocked to hear him. He lived here but ten years, when he removed to Germantown, where he practiced medicine, but devoted much time to preaching his favorite theme of Universal Restoration, dying at the age of ninety years. The De Benneville descendants are many and very celebrated, especially those of the Keim branch. Mr. Converse Cleaves, of Philadelphia, intermarried into this branch of the family, has published a booklet on the life of this celebrated ancestor, in which are narrated some remarkable experiences in this eventful life. His fervent piety and deep learning may be appreciated by a long letter, contained herein, and addressed to Ezekiel Sangsmeister, of Ephrata, Pa.

The Oley homestead is now in the hands of Mr. Eckert, a wealthy Reading gentleman, who has remodeled the same for a country home and converted the chapel into a rustic clubroom, known as Willow Lodge, and devoted the same to bodily rest, conviviality and luxurious ease, as one would infer from the furniture, and the mottoes that adorn the wall, one reading:

"Old wine to drink, old wood to burn,
Old books to read, old friends to greet."

A first-class Pennsylvania-German tenant, Mr. Dutt, farms this rich plantation, occupying a portion of this and an adjoining house. The out-buildings are all new and in an up-to-date condition, consisting of a large Sweitzer barn, wagon-shed, model hennery, spring house, with beautiful gardens and trout dams, all in prime condition. Surely here it would seem could rest, comfort and contentment be found. This cradle of Universalism was visited, June 12, 1890, by over a hundred pilgrims, who as delegates attended a Universalist Convention, then held at Reading.

Finding our way back to the pike, we ride on a mile, when we get to Griesemersville, a small village founded by the settlement here in 1730 of Casper Griesemer, an Alsatian immigrant. His descendants still occupy the fine old homestead, erected later by a son. Presently the pike takes a northern turn and leads to Pleasantville and Pikeville, the latter about four miles away. On following this, we come first of all to the historic Oley churches, where the Lutherans and Reformed have gathered for worship many years, the Rev. Boehm, of the Reformed faith, as early as 1734 being pastor here.

On April 13, 1734, John Leshner, a Calvinist, conveyed by deed 132 perches of land to Gabriel Boyer and Casper Griesemer, in trust for the society of Christian people inhabiting Oley. Upon this lot a small meeting-house was built in 1735, in which visiting ministers of the Reformed and Lutheran persuasion occasionally preached, but no regular preacher was secured until 1771, when Rev. John William Boos assumed that task and preached eleven years. The Lutherans also continued to worship in the old church until 1821, when they became a distinct body. In May, 1822, the Reformed congregation vacated the old church and laid the corner-stone of a new church, while the Lutherans secured a lot adjoining from Jacob S. Spang, and on May 27, 1821, the corner-stone was laid for a Lutheran church, which was dedicated May 27, 1822. On January 26, 1822, Rev. Conrad Miller was installed as the first pastor, serving twelve years.

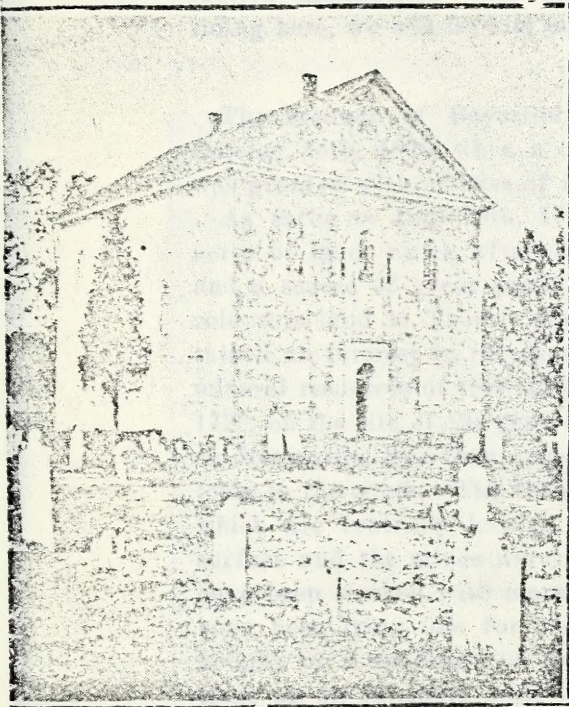
In the adjoining God's acres lie buried the dust of the worthy ancestors of many a wealthy and prominent scion, who may scarcely know where his American stem first took root and where his body sleeps and the ashes are entombed. We need but give the names of the petitioners for the erection of a township as early as September 5, 1720, to give an idea of this fact. This valley had already been commonly known by the Indian name of Oley, from Olink, meaning "Encircled by hills"—which literally describes this rich limestone garden tract of about 14,000 acres—so that this name was maintained. The petition has the following signatures, mostly in a German hand:

John Longworthy,
Benjamin Longworthy,
John Henry Kirsten,
Hans Helfin Week,
Johannes Keihm (Keim),
Jacob Koch,
Isaac de Türek,
John Yoder,
Hans Schneider,
George Kreider,
Henry Baker,
Hans Klemmer,
Peter Bertolet,
Samuel Saul,
Philip Kuhlwein,
Hans Siegfried,

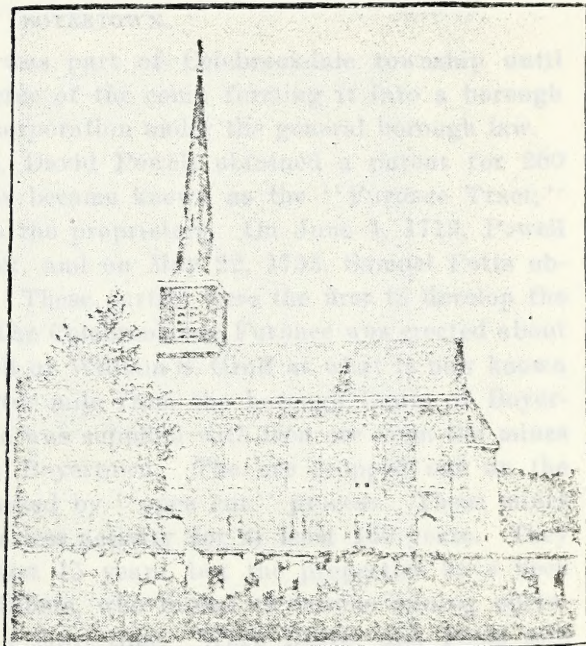
Abram Zimmerman,
Engel Potter,
Jacob Plank (de la Planck)
Johannes Jung,
Martin Schenkel,
Isaac Lennerd,
Jonathan Herbein,
Jacob Stauber,
Arnold Huffnagle,
Anthony Lee,
Jost Yoder,
George Boone,
Peter Trakseler (Trexler),
Richard Gregrey,
Abraham Ashman.

Among the more illustrious names found on tombstones is that of General and Hon. Daniel Udree, who was an officer in the Revolution, and also in the War of 1812, and a Congressman later. Before the Revolution he operated Oley furnaces. His monument is in Oley Reformed churchyard. The third edifice, a modern structure, is now in use by this flock, while the Lutherans have a more antiquated edifice, a picture of which we give to convey better the style of the old-fashioned country church.

Were we to take the direction of the chief stream of this township, the Manatawny, which flows from north to south, we could take quite an historic pilgrimage by now traveling on the old "King's Highway," laid out in 1717 from Pikeville to the Swedish settlement on the Schuylkill at and about Amityville. We would pass many old homesteads and interesting sights, among which is the Manatawny cave, about which cluster many strange legends. But we shall go eastward in a straight line and wing our way with the crow over the Oley hills towards Boyertown. For several miles these envioning hills have loomed up on our eastern horizon and were it not for their connection in story and song we would yet want to lead our readers over them because of their place in tradition according to one plain denizen of



OLEY LUTHERAN CHURCH.



REFORMED CHURCH, BOYERTOWN.

these parts. While a student in college the writer put in a summer in this township as colporteur for the American Tract Society, and remembers on one occasion asking a farmer's wife the derivation, or meaning, of the township name, which by many inhabitants was pronounced *Olich*. "Dess will ich der saage," was her prompt reply. "Wie der Columbus Amerika entdeckt hut, do hut er sella Daag noch grad zu noch Redden (Reading) gewollt. Not is er iwwer der Berg kumma; un juseht wie er uf em Spitzta war, do is die Sonn unner ganga. Not hot er ausgeruffa, 'O-licht!' Now hesst es ewwa O-lich!"

Somewhere near where this credulous informant placed Columbus in his predicament, history points to a spot where long abode contentment and humble piety, personified in the historical character of "Mountain Mary."

We cross the mountain to look at the now almost entirely obliterated site, from which almost every landmark has been effaced, but which spot was often visited by the studious and curious, from far and near. This story is well told in poetry and prose, given in an accompanying article, furnished us by Mr. Converse Cleaves. Our way to the spot leads by the old Oley Forge, in operation from 1760 to 1870, near which place the Rev. A. Stapleton, author of "Memorials of the Huguenots," was born, where his immigrant ancestor, Robert P. Stapleton, erected the first brick house in the valley some time before 1745.

Having crossed Manatawny and the mountain, we descend the eastern slope and are soon lured on by the church spires of Boyertown, to this our eastern destination. Our Pennsylvania-German poet, "Uncle Jeff," residing here, we will let him tell the history of his native town.

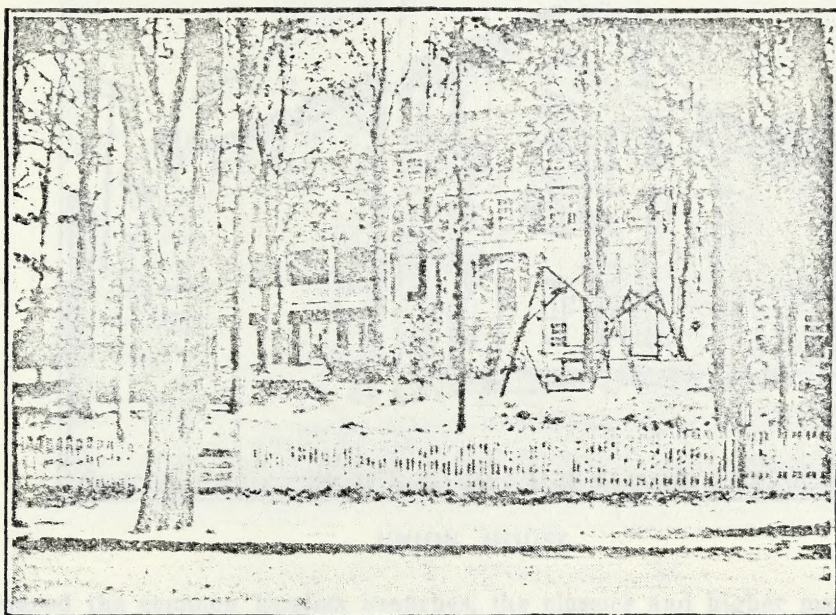
BOYERTOWN.

The borough of Boyertown was part of Colebrookdale township until October 20th, 1866, when a decree of the court forming it into a borough was granted with articles of incorporation under the general borough law.

As early as July 29th, 1718, David Powell obtained a patent for 200 acres of land, which afterwards became known as the "Furnace Tract," and a source of great profit to the proprietors. On June 4, 1719, Powell sold this land to Thomas Rutter, and on May 22, 1733, Samuel Potts obtained an interest in the same. These parties were the first to develop the mineral resources of this land. The Colebrookdale Furnace was erected about 1720, on the site of the grist mill of William S. Groff at what is now known as Morysville, less than a quarter mile from the borough limits of Boyertown to the south. The furnace was supplied with iron ore from the mines which are centrally located at Boyertown. The ore cropped out on the surface and the mines were worked by "open cut" process. These mines have been worked with more or less activity for at least 160 years. They have been lying idle for the last 15 years, but the properties have been bought by a syndicate of capitalists, who intend to resume mining operations on an extensive scale in a short time. When Rutter and Potts sold the land to Heinrich Stauffer, December 20, 1769, they reserved the mineral right, retained an acre where the vein had been mined by "open cut," and exacted a condition whereby they might have the privilege of mining at the "Red Bank"—the so-called "red ore," holding themselves responsible for any damages resulting from mining operations. In later years a claim for consequential damages having been made, the owners of the mineral right purchased six acres of land with improvements thereon at that place and adjoining the one acre previously reserved. This land, including the mineral right, was until recently the property of Robert and Morris Lewis, of Philadelphia, and was worked under a lease by the Phoenix Iron Company up to about 1887, when operations were suspended. Of the land which Heinrich Stauffer bought from Rutter and Potts in 1769, he sold a part to Jacob Latshaw in 1775, and to Jonathan Rhoads in 1786, and to Henry Baer in 1795. John Salter resided on a part of this tract as early as 1720, and he was probably the first settler of what is now Boyertown. In Decem-

ber, 1891, Robert and Morris Lewis with their wives conveyed by deed their right to the mineral on land which Heinrich Stauffer sold to Jonathan Rhoads in 1786, to the heirs of John Rhoads, deceased, through Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads acting as attorney for the heirs, so that they now hold the undisputed right to all the mineral on their tract, which was formerly included in the mineral reserve. By separate deeds of conveyance the same that thriving borough. When an accident to the shaft of the Warwick mine caused a suspension of all the other mines on account of the vast volume of water to contend with—drowned out as it were—the citizens cast parties also sold their right to the minerals on tracts owned by Henry B. Rhoads, Dr. R. B. Rhoads and Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads for considerations therein mentioned.

The iron mines of Boyertown were for a long time the main industry of that place and gave employment to a small army of laborers in and around



MT. PLEASANT SEMINARY.

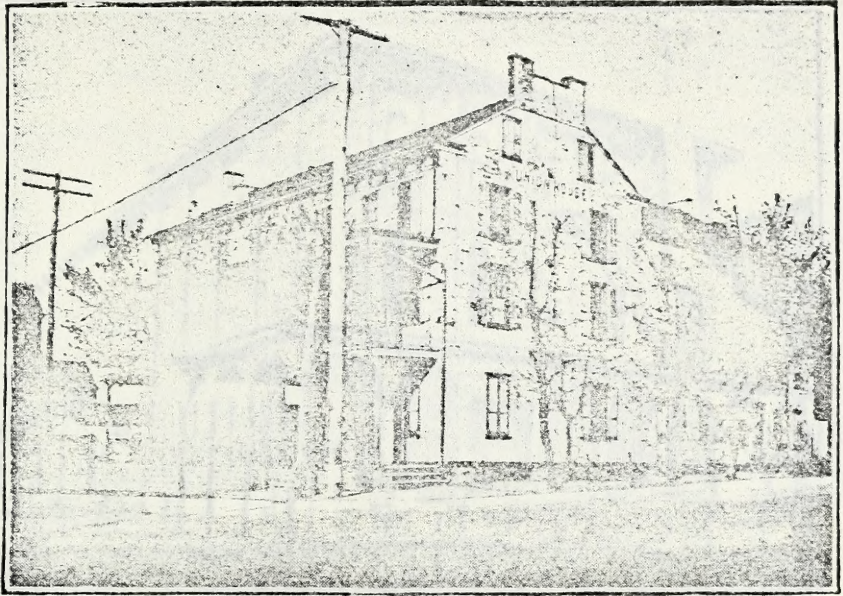
about for some other industries to take the place of the once prosperous mines. Since then, carriage works, foundry and machine shops, three knitting mills, large cigar factories, two box factories, three bakeries, two national banks, burial casket company, and a number of retail stores have been established, giving employment to all that want to work, and to scores residing in the surrounding towns.

CHURCHES.—The Mennonites were the first to establish a place of worship in what is now Boyertown. In 1790, Heinrich Stauffer, a member of this sect, granted one acre of ground to Abraham Bechtel and Henry High, in trust for the use of the "Mennonite Congregation of Colebrookdale," a congregation some twenty years old at that time and worshipping in a meeting-house in the eastern end of the valley. Upon this lot a church was built

the same year and a cemetery opened, which is still kept up, though in the borough.

The Union Church (Lutheran and Reformed) came next (1811), but both are long since worshipping in handsome separate edifices. Other denominations have located here since.

MOUNT PLEASANT SEMINARY, where many a youth of Berks received his start in life a generation ago, had its origin in a select school, established in 1842 by Hon. John Stauffer. Its success encouraged him to erect a building for a school on a more extensive scale, and in 1849 and 1850 the Seminary building was put up. Prof. Jacob Whitman was the first principal in 1850. He was an able teacher and skilled botanist. The course of instruction em-

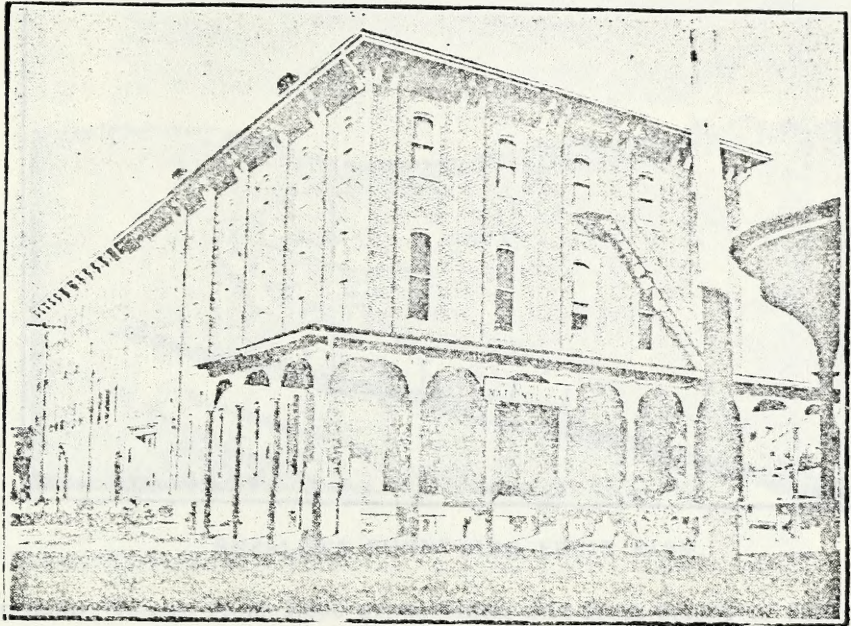


UNION HOUSE.

braced the common English branches, the classics and higher mathematics. Henry Dechant and Charles H. Albert were later teachers, the latter being gifted with rare poetic talents. In 1854, Prof. P. D. W. Hankey conducted it successfully for thirteen years, being assisted at times by his brothers, Jacob and Isaac B. Hankey. In 1855, the building was enlarged to accommodate fifty resident and a number of day scholars. In 1867, Prof. L. M. Koons became its principal and continued until the school was closed in 1880. Frederick H. Stauffer now owns the building, which is used as a boarding house and residence. It is located on high ground in a small grove of stately oaks.

KALLYNEAN ACADEMY was established by Isaac B. Hankey in 1866. The building, a large three-story brick structure, capable of accommodating seventy-five students, had a corps of four teachers at one time. It was prosperous for some years, but began to decline and was discontinued for want of patronage, and has been converted into dwellings.

HOTELS.--Prior to the year 1800, two brothers, Henry Boyer and Daniel Boyer, came from Frederick township, Montgomery county, to this locality and established themselves in business here and may be said to have been the founders of Boyertown. Henry Boyer was a justice of the peace in Colebrookdale township prior to 1800, and in 1805 opened a tavern or "public house" on the site of the present Union House. The building was a log structure, in one end of which the hotel business, in connection with the 'squire business, was carried on, while the brother, Daniel, conducted a small retail store in the other end. At that time all traffic was carried on between Philadelphia and Pittsburg by teams of four and six horses, which made regular trips between the two cities the whole year round, conveying such



RHOADS' BLOCK, BOYERTOWN, PA.

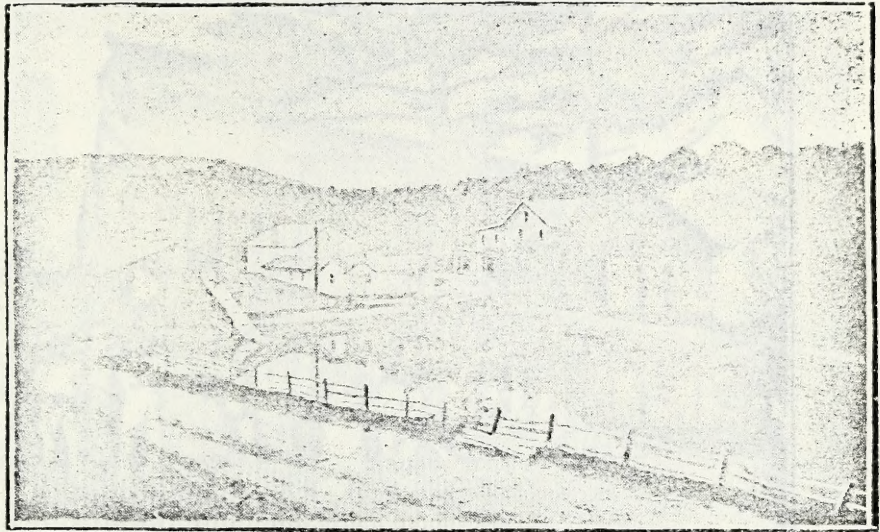
goods and chattels as were taken in exchange from one place to the other. In this way Daniel Boyer received his regular supply of coffee, tea, sugar, and other articles from Philadelphia by the Pittsburg teams, which stopped at Boyerstädte! on their way going and coming. His supply of groceries usually could be carried in a bushel basket and were kept in a corner-cup-board of this "store." This was the nucleus upon which he and later his son, D. B. Boyer, built up the independent fortune amassed by the latter before he retired from business. His sons at present conduct the general store business on the corner opposite the Union House.

The "Keystone House" was the second hotel of any size. It was built by Henry Boyer in 1850, and has been enlarged several times, until at present it is an attractive four-story building kept by Elam Mellinger. Besides these are a few other public houses, but not historic.

That the town has all the usual flourishing stores and banks and indus-

tries may be taken for granted. The Burial Casket Company has given the town a name far and wide. It employs over a hundred hands constantly. The character of its most imposing business blocks may be judged by the accompanying view.

Passing up along the Kutztown road from Boyertown, we pass the extensive fruit farms of John G. Schealer and Dr. J. H. Funk midway between Boyertown and Gabelsville. Last season Mr. Schealer gathered 2,000 bushels of winter apples from his extensive orchard, and made some 40,000 gallons of cider of his own, besides hundreds of barrels for the farmers of the surrounding country. This fruit farm was started by Dr. J. H. Funk in 1876. In 1885, he gathered 800 bushels of strawberries from his farm, and an

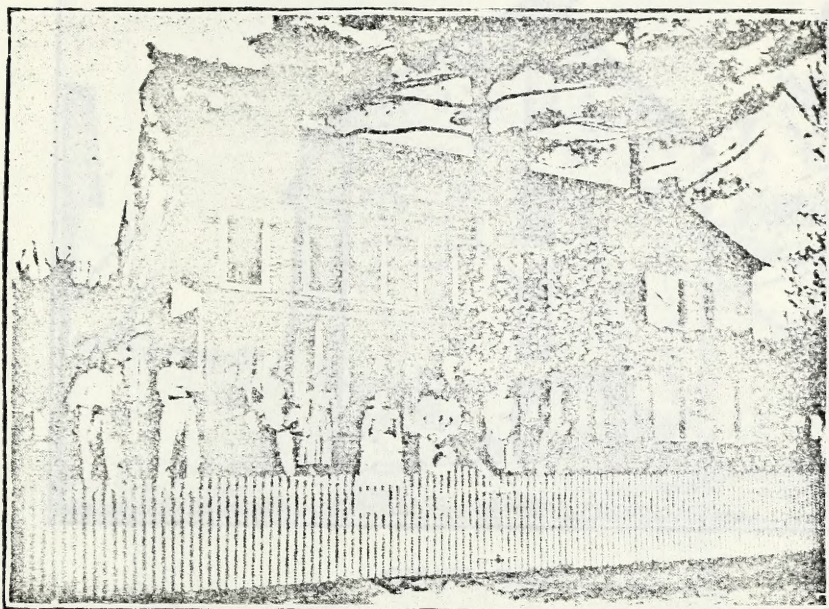


SHEALER'S SUNNY-SIDE FRUIT FARM.

enormous vintage from 1,500 grape vines, and from 50,000 to 60,000 heads of cabbage. This farm was sold later to Schealer & Cleaver, and is now owned solely by Mr. Schealer. On the opposite side of the road, Dr. Funk has planted a still more extensive fruit orchard, some of the trees being in bearing condition, from which he gathered some of the finest fruit to be found anywhere in Pennsylvania.

Crossing the new trolley line of the Oley Valley Railway near the historic "Popadickon," which furnishes water power to the mills along the valley, we come to the grist mill of H. G. Gabel, a stone and brick structure, with a run of four stones at the time it was built by David Gabel in 1860, but converted into a roller mill by the present owner. Passing along a short distance, we come to the Gabel manor, a large farm-house, which was built by Thomas Rutter or Samuel Potts about the year 1725, when the Colebrookdale furnace was operated by Rutter and Potts. Further up the stream we come to the site of the oil and saw mills of Abraham Gabel. A grist mill now occupies the site of the oil mill, and is owned, together with the store stand, farm and saw mill, by Jacob B. Bahr, who is married to a

grand-daughter of Abraham Gabel, the founder of the property. Colebrookdale creamery, near by, was erected in 1881 by a stock company, and is operated by E. H. Moyer, of New Berlinville. On the farm of Lewis Bechtel a large deposit of black lead (carburet of iron) has been extensively developed and is operated by a party of capitalists from Allentown. Passing up the road through the valley of the Popadickon, so named after an Indian chief who is buried on Mr. Bechtel's farm, we come to the three-story stone grist mill erected in 1865 by W. K. Grim on the head waters of said creek. Near the mill site formerly stood a saw mill and bark mill used in grinding the bark used in the tannery of Henry Knauss, which was bought by Gideon Grim in 1830 and carried on by him, and after his death by his son, W.

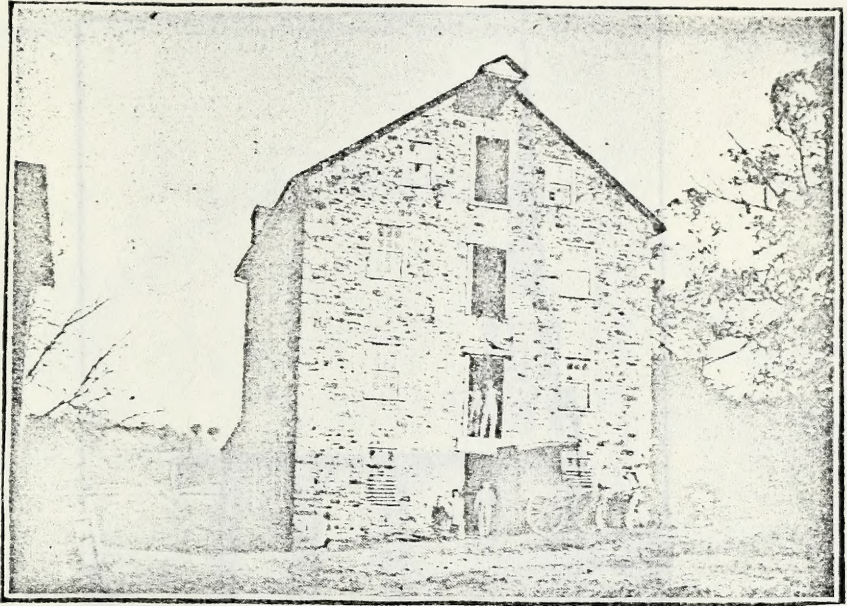


DANIEL GABEL'S RESIDENCE—Built by Thos. Rutter 1725.

K. Grim, until 1877, when it was discontinued. A creamery now occupies the site of the old saw mill. This property is distant from Boyertown two and one-half miles along the Kutztown road. Continuing on our journey we cross the divide and descend to the village of Shanesville, a town of some twenty dwellings snugly nestled between the hills of Earl township. It was named in honor of John Shane who owned the land upon which the town was founded by Peter Clouser in 1833. He was succeeded by Daniel Clouser, his son. Simon Clouser, a veteran of the Civil War, now owns the property which was formerly a hotel stand. A post office was established there in 1867 with a tri-weekly mail to Kutztown. In 1872 the Reading route was established, and since 1882 they have daily mail service.

There being no church within the limits of Earl township, the people are members of the Oley and Hill churches. St. Joseph's church, better known as Hill church (die Berger Kirch) is located in the eastern part of Pike township on fifty acres of land bought or taken up by Casper Grygler,

George Ernest and Andrew Rodenhoffer as early as 1741, for the use of school and church purposes. Rev. John Casper Stoeber had preached and baptized here ten years before. On this tract was erected a Lutheran church building. The roof projecting over the sides, so as to protect it against rain storms, this outer space was used by the early settlers to hang up their seed corn, from which circumstance it was called "Die Welshkorn Kirch," which sobriquet it still bears locally. This building was replaced in 1786 by the Lutheran and Reformed congregations with a fine stone church. On May 15, 1853, the cornerstone was laid for the third church edifice on the



GRIM'S MILL.

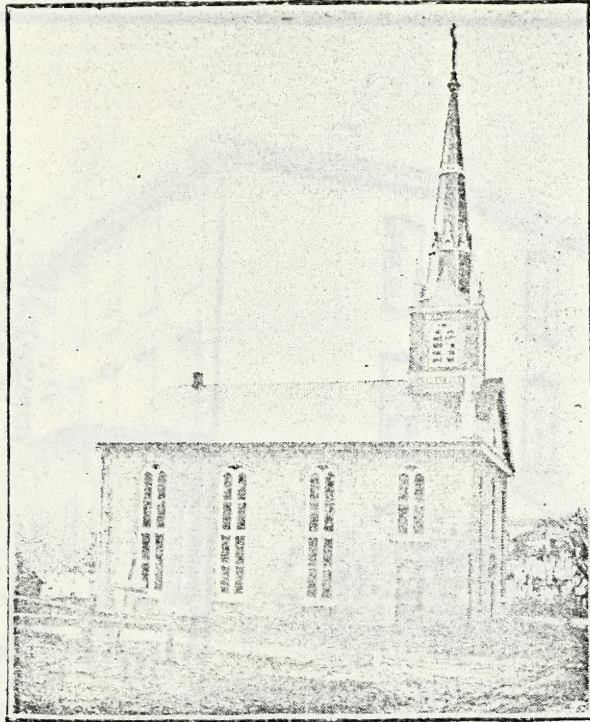
original site, and on September 22, 1866 a centenary festival was held there to celebrate the day when Rev. Michael Schlatter visited Oley just 120 years before as the pioneer missionary of the German Reformed churches of Berks county.

In 1886 the building was remodeled and supplied with a spire. It is occupied by the Lutheran and Reformed congregations jointly. Rev. Warmkessel, of Reading, is the Lutheran minister at present. Each congregation has a membership of 400 to 500.

Returning to Shanesville from this side trip to Hill church we proceed down the road towards Pleasantville, passing on our way an old stone grist mill which was known in years gone by as Albright's mill. It is in ruins now, as well as a saw mill that was located a short distance down the road, the only marks remaining being part of the embankment of the dam to the left as we pass down the defile. Passing along the right hand road that skirts the mountain we come to the ruins of Leinbach's woolen mill. This has been dismantled for many years, though the building still remains and the mill

dam is still visible. Presently we arrive at Pleasantville, where cluster events of personal but not general interest, because here the writer preached his first sermon in the days of his youth ere he saw college or seminary; a sainted brother being pastor.

From Pleasantville we could reach out in almost any direction and find interesting landmarks in the shape of wealthy and well-kept homesteads, that have come down in lineal descent for more than a half dozen generations. These are the Lobachs, Cleavers, Deyshers, Bertollets, Hochs, De Turks, Keims, the latter few named having been in the valley almost as early as



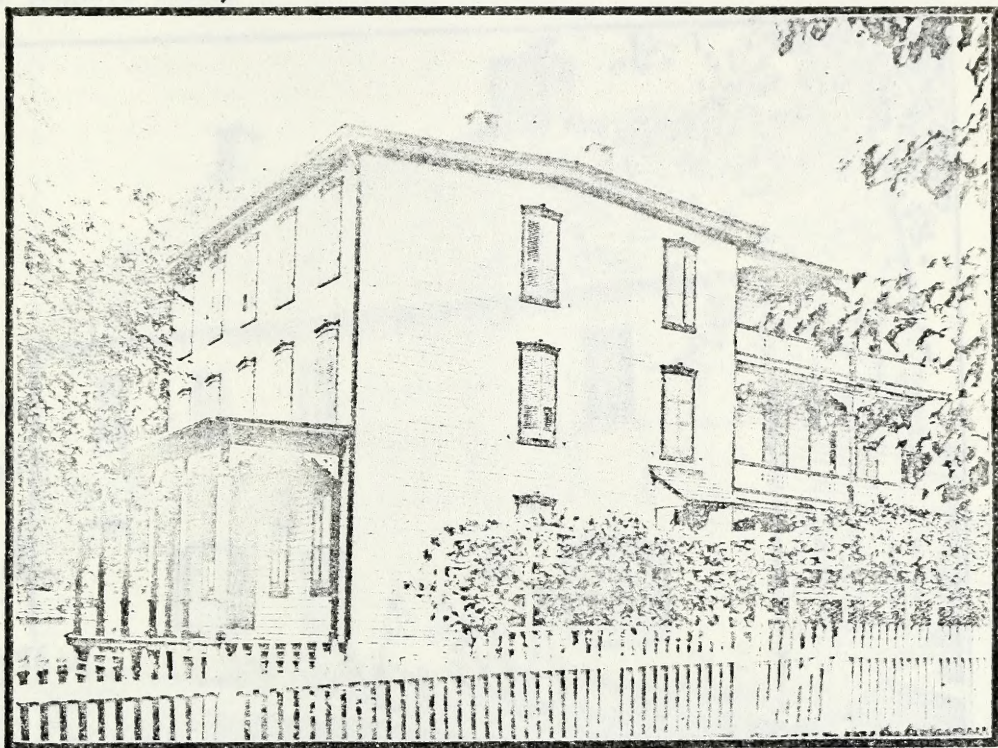
HILL CHURCH, OR "WELSCH-KORN KERCH."

the Penns were in the Province. But we want to take our way home via Friedensburg and Pricetown and thus visit a few more objects of interest. Friedensburg is but a few miles to the southwest of Pleasantville, tapped by the trolley and noted as the site of the Oley Academy, the residence of Berks' present State Senator, our friend Dr. E. M. Herbst, and the pretty village home of many contented toilers in the professions and common walks of life. The brother of Franklin and Marshall College's President, Rev. I. S. Stahr, is Reformed pastor here and the town has a quiet, intelligent, moral air about it.

Oley Academy was founded in 1857, and has continued its work since that time. An effort was made as early as 1850 to establish such a school at Friedensburg, (now Oley) but without success. The friends of a liberal education, however, were not discouraged but kept up the agitation. The

movement was led by Dr. Peter G. Bertolet, warmly supported by Daniel S. Leinbach, B. A. Glase, Martin Yoder and others, who, in 1857, agreed to form a stock company to erect and conduct an academy. The association was incorporated April 13, 1857. Among the incorporators were Daniel S. Leinbach, B. A. Glase, Daniel H. Levan, John K. Bertolet, John R. Edelman, Samuel F. Busby, Peter G. Bertolet, Jacob Bertolet, Daniel G. Bertolet, J. H. Major, Peter Guldin, and David Bear.

A large building was erected, and Oley Academy was formally opened December 1st, 1857, with forty students, and Jacob H. Major as principal.



OLEY ACADEMY.

The school has been continued in its appointed work since that hour with varied fortunes, and many men and women have lived to bless the founders for their unselfish efforts in its behalf.

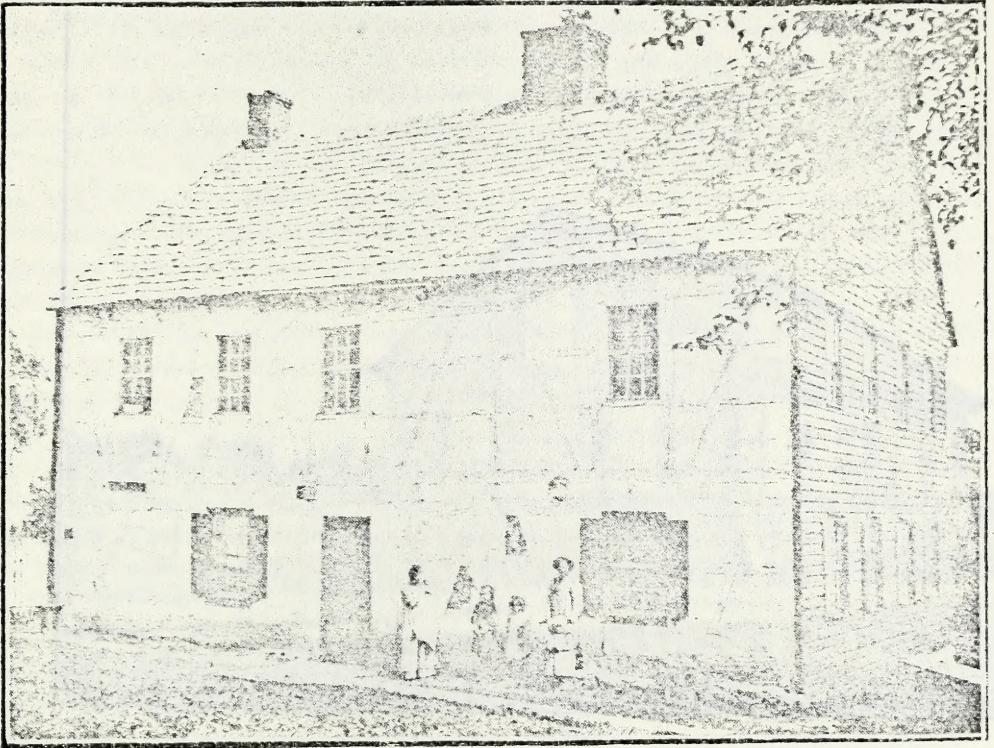
The teachers who have had charge of the work at Oley Academy all these years are many, and only the principals can here be mentioned in the order of incumbency: Jacob H. Major, 1857; I. B. Hanky, 1859; J. P. Matthews, 1860; I. M. Bertolet, 1861; Frank Laucks, 1862; Rev. L. K. Evans, 1863; Rev. Daniel M. Wolf, 1865; William G. Guinther, 1867; Howard Guitelius, 1868; Jacob H. Major, 1870; George Hetrick, 1873; Samuel A. Baer, 1874; Rev. D. E. Schoedler, 1876; George H. Heffner, 1884; Hiester A. Bowers, 1888; M. S. Harting, 1892; Howard Mitman, 1896. Besides these there has been a host of assistants.

In August, 1901, the first of a series of biennial reunions of former

teachers and students of Oley Academy was held, and nearly three hundred testified their interest in the old school by their presence.

The school year now drawing to a close has been one of the most successful for many years, the old school having, apparently taken a new lease of life. The number of teachers employed is three, and the number of pupils enrolled is seventy.

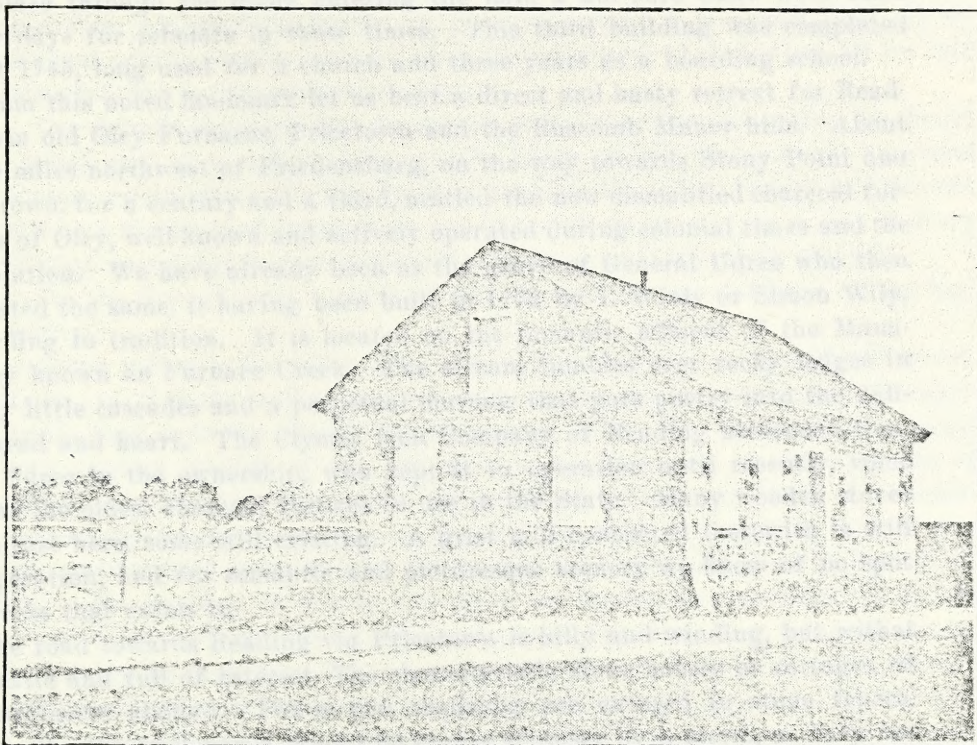
Friedensburg is located on Kauffman's Creek, so named after one of the township's early settlers, John Jacob Kauffman, (1737), long a bishop in a branch of the Mennonite church. Crossing this creek at the southern border of town, we come to the old De Turk settlement,



MORAVIAN CHURCH AND SCHOOL-HOUSE—Erected 1743-5.

consisting at first of hundreds of acres of richest land. Here was convened February 21-22, 1742, the third Moravian Synod, presided over by Count Zinzendorf. Religious agitation ran high in Oley during this period. These were the New Born, zealous followers of the enthusiast, Matthias Bowman; the Lutherans and Reformed; the French Huguenots, fresh from the fires of religious persecutions. Meditationists, Mennonites, Separatists, Dunkers, and Moravian pioneers holding house services, all of German speech and thought, and religious zealots—all. Futile attempts were made by Zinzendorf to weld all these heterogeneous elements into one common household of faith. Hence these several conferences or union Synods for discussion. Probably this third Moravian gathering upon this religious battle ground had this object as an ulterior aim. But it was stocked with Moravian dignitaries.

A large log building, long used as a Moravian chapel and school and with other buildings erected the following year is still standing. Nearby is a small enclosure containing the ashes of the Moravian dead of that period. In this Synodic convention four men, Andrew Eschenbach, the pioneer Moravian evangelist of this district since 1740, Christian H. Rauch, Gottlieb Buettner, and John Christopher Pyrleaus, whose names adorn the later annals of the Moravian church, were solemnly ordained to the Gospel ministry by the Count Zinzendorf and Bishop David Nitchman, while Rev. John Hagan was set apart as a missionary. At this meeting the project of colonizing Georgia



DUNKER'S CHURCH, PRICETOWN—Erected 1797.

was abandoned, and most interesting of all, three American Indians, the first fruits of Moravian missionaries were baptized into the Christian faith. Loskiel, the Moravian historian, describes the event as follows: "The whole assembly being met, the three catechumens were placed in the midst and with fervent prayer and supplication devoted to the Lord Jesus Christ as His eternal property, upon which Rauch, with great emotion of heart, baptized these three firstlings of the North American Indians into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, calling Sabash, Abraham; Seim, Isaac; and Kiop, Jacob." Many interesting incidents are related in connection with this Synod (see Rupp's Berks County, p. 234, etc., and Stapleton's "Memorials of the Huguenots"). This meeting established Moravianism in Oley, where De Turk donated land for school and

church purposes, three large buildings were erected and the cause flourished for many years. Only the one building, shown in cut, is yet preserved.

The house has four rooms on each floor, besides a wide hall across the building. One of the rooms on the first floor seems to have been used for a kitchen on account of it having a large fireplace. One of the queer things noticeable is that the other rooms do not have any signs of being heated in any way. In the hall on the second floor there is an open fire-place on opposite sides in the large chimney, but none in the rooms. The same holds true on the first floor. If the surrounding rooms were to be heated from this fire-place through the doors entering the hall, I am sure there were some chilly days for scholars in those times. This third building was completed about 1745, long used for a church and three years as a boarding school.

From this noted landmark let us beat a direct and hasty retreat for Reading via old Oley Furnaces, Pricetown and the Ruscomb Manor hills. About three miles northwest of Friedensburg, on the way towards Stony Point and Kutztown, for a century and a third, nestled the now dismantled charcoal furnaces of Oley, well-known and actively operated during colonial times and the Revolution. We have already been at the grave of General Udree who then operated the same, it having been built in 1772 by I. Winly or Simon Wily, according to tradition. It is located on the romantic affluent of the Manatawny known as Furnace Creek. The stream tumbles over rocky ledges in lovely little cascades and a perpetual murmur that puts poetry into the dull-est head and heart. The Clymer Iron Company of Reading succeeded General Udree in the ownership, who kept it in operation until recently, when it was the oldest charcoal furnace in use in the State. Many wooden stoves were cast here, some still existing. A grist mill connected therewith is still in operation, and for romantic and picturesque scenery we know of no spot in Berks that excels it.

The road towards Reading via Pricetown is hilly and winding, but withal romantic and full of interest. The characteristic stone houses or cottages of mountaineers abound. Fields and roadsides are encased in stone fences, which like the Irishman's, would be higher if upset by a storm, as they are about five feet wide and four feet high. Smaller tracts compose the farms and fewer acres the fields than in Oley's rich plantations. Sparkling springs and bending orchards prevail. But the people are alert and wide-awake. In this section was born Princeton's first honor man of last year and many another son and daughter that have left marks of distinction. The German religious sects are nearly all represented. One of the oldest landmarks in the vicinity of Pricetown, a small village on the very top of South Mountain ridge, two miles south of Fleetwood, is the Dunker's meeting house, over one hundred years old, shown in accompanying cut.

The eight or more miles between Pricetown and Reading are characterized by the same general contour of land and our highway leads into the city by a gap between Barnhard's and Mt. Penn and has taken thousands of Rockland's and Ruscombmanor's farmer folk into this capital of Berks with more produce and less fatigue than characterize my army of historic pilgrims back from a long trip today.

MOUNTAIN MARY (DIE BERG MARIA.)

BY BENJAMIN M. HOLLINSHEAD.

(Contributed by Mr. Converse Cleaves, of Philadelphia, and never before published.)

In the summer of 1819 I made a journey through the northern counties of Pennsylvania, in company with my friend, Dr. Jesse Thompson. On the second day after leaving Philadelphia, we arrived in the valley of Oley, Berks county, about twelve miles from Reading. We had been furnished with letters of introduction to Benjamin Wright, a friend, residing in the valley, and from him and his family we received so kind a reception, that we remained willing captives nearly three days, instead of departing, as we had intended, the morning after our arrival.

Our friends proposed that we should ascend the Oley hills—that we should spend part of a day at least, on the banks of the Manatawny, beautiful stream, which after winding its way through the valley, enters the Schuylkill near the town of Pottsgrove; but above all we must make a visit to Mary Young, commonly known in the neighborhood as "Mountain Mary."

On the first of July a party of five started for the residence of the hermitress.

After riding a few miles along the valley, we began to ascend the mountains, as they in reality are, although in the Alpine regions of Pennsylvania they bear the humble appellation of hills. On reaching the summit and passing through woods, we came to an enclosure, on the opposite of which was situated the humble log cabin of "Mountain Mary." Fastening our horses to the fence, we lowered the bars, and walking slowly over the green sward, were met by the hermitress at the threshold of her dwelling. She received us kindly and after an interchange of inquiries on the part of her and our friends, she commenced speaking in a religious strain, informing us through a lady of our party who acted as interpreter, that on serious subjects she was obliged to speak in her native language, the German.

Her remarks breathed a strain of devotional feeling which had a solemnizing effect upon the company, and the countenance of the speaker was one of the most benign I had ever beheld. After a pause which succeeded her discourse, we walked forth to take a survey of the premises. The view was bounded by the surrounding forest, except in a northern direction, where a farm house was seen on a slope of one of the neighboring hills. Mary took us into her milk-house, which was a few steps from her door, and which was bountifully supplied from the solitary cow which then stood near us. A limpid stream from a neighboring elevation, was conducted into the building and then glided peacefully away irrigating the meadow in its course down the mountain. We now walked to the margin of the woods, where we found a square enclosure of rails, which contained three graves, one of the mother, the others of the sisters of Mary, and a head and foot stone for another grave.

On returning to take our leave, we were surprised to find a table spread with delicious bread, butter, cream, milk and preserved fruits; and we were

invited to partake in a manner so sincere and courteous, that we did not distrust our kind hostess when she assured us we were welcome.

Never had I witnessed so unshaken a faith as was manifest in this extraordinary woman. To the alarmists who occasionally visited her and who expressed their apprehension that she might be taken sick and die alone, her reply was that her confidence was in the Almighty, and that she felt assured that nothing would be permitted to happen to her that was not intended for her good. On our return we called at the house of Isaac Lee, a worthy member of the Society of Friends. He informed us that for many years, Mary sent by him, her butter, cheese and other produce of her little farm, to the Philadelphia market, and that she invariably put up a parcel, with instructions that it should be given to the poor.

To my extreme gratification, I afterwards found that I was well acquainted with several individuals in Reading and Philadelphia, to whom Mary was well known, and who are among the most respectable families of German origin in this State. They all concurred in bearing testimony to her great worth, and anecdotes were related to me, which gave conclusive evidence that in many of her actions she was guided by more than human judgment.

Mary had lived alone more than thirty years. She, her mother and sisters, emigrated from Germany, about the year 1765, and settled near Germantown, Pa.; thence they removed to Oley, that they might enjoy in seclusion the satisfaction of worshipping the Supreme Being in the manner most congenial to their feelings. In November, 1819, Mary was taken ill, but was happily attended by a female friend* who had gone to visit her and who remained with her during the two weeks of her illness, which terminated in her death, on the 16th of the same month, in the 75th year of her age.

A large concourse of neighbors attended her funeral solemnities. Her remains were deposited in the rustic cemetery, where four months previous I had stood with moistened eyes, as I gathered a few mementoes for myself and friends from the graves of the pious pilgrims.

Several years later a young friend** of mine intending to visit the valley, I requested him to send me such information as he could obtain respecting "Mountain Mary." The following is his letter:

*Mrs. Mary Mayer Sprague, of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., writes in this connection as follows:

"The friend spoken of by Mr. Hollinshead was an ancestor of mine (Mrs. Susanna de Benneville Keim, wife of John Keim, and daughter of Dr. George de Benneville), who, upon awakening from a vivid dream, in which she saw 'Mountain Mary' in dire distress, was so impressed that she made immediate preparations to see Mary. The lady's son tried to dissuade her from going, saying the distance was great, through roads almost impassable, the weather inclement, and the lady herself neither young nor robust. 'My son,' said she, 'Mary needs me. My Master has bidden me seek her. I dare not disobey His call.' With the early morning light the old lady, with her grandson, started, taking such comforts as she thought might be needed. Upon arriving there, she found her vision confirmed—Mary confined to her bed, and the creatures dependent upon her care in bad need. Great-grandmother stayed with Mary until the end. Mrs. Keim was frequently heard to say, that she counted among her earthly blessings the privilege of being with this sainted woman in her last hour, to witness her loving faith and confidence in her Heavenly Father, who has promised He will never leave or forsake His children who seek Him in spirit and in truth."

**James Dewey.

"In accordance with your request when I was about to visit this happy valley, I have endeavored to collect some information about Mary Young, who long resided in this neighborhood.

"She was born in Germany near Frankfort-on-the-Main; her parents emigrated at an early period of her life to America, and located in Germantown; there they pursued the occupation of cotton-spinning by the hand wheel. The family consisted at this time of a father, mother, and three daughters; the father dying, and the Revolution breaking out, immediately after the battle of Germantown they took refuge in the Oley hills. After the lapse of some years the mother and two sisters dying, left Mary alone, where she continued for more than thirty years to occupy the house on the mountain brow, from which she soon acquired the name of 'Mountain Mary.'

"She was said to be a very intelligent and religious woman, and was visited by her neighbors to have her advice on their difficulties, which was often so judicious and far-seeing that she was thought by some to have a way of acquiring knowledge unknown to the many.

"The most interesting feature in her character, perhaps, was her great industry. She kept three or four cows, food for which she raised on a meadow near her cottage. The grass she used to cut herself, and after drying, carry home. Her cattle were cared for in a superior manner and consequently she was enabled to make a great deal of butter, this she carried on her head to a person who took it to market for her, and who lived about three miles off. She also had bees and collected a large quantity of honey; she likewise practiced vivisection, these appear to have been her occupations, which not only enabled her to live, but to amass considerable money.

"When the family first settled on the mountain, the road to their dwelling was tortuous, winding round and round for a long way. When she was left alone, to shorten the distance to the world below, she set to work and cut a path along the side of the mountain, through the rocks and roots of trees for the distance of a mile, by which she shortened the distance very much in carrying her produce to her factor. It is really a surprising work, and when you consider it was all done by the unaided hands of a gentle woman, showing what they are capable of when they have an object in view worthy of their exertions.

"Her dwelling, I need not tell you, was beautiful, with a fountain near the door, and surrounded by an orchard in which she took great delight.

"Her character was one of benevolence; she was frugal and honest, living well, and when any of her friends made her a visit, she would never suffer them to depart without partaking of some refreshment. She visited all the poor in her neighborhood, in their necessities, taking them medicine and provisions.

"The following conversation is said to have taken place between her and a person who made her a visit:

" 'Mary, are you not afraid to live here alone?'

" 'Afraid of what?' asked she in response to the question.

“ ‘Why, for instance, when the skies are covered with dark clouds and fiery lightning striking in all directions, with the loud voice of thunder resounding from hill to hill.’ ”

“ ‘I, no! When such is the case, and the storm rages around, I always open my window and look at the Almighty power of my Maker.’ ”

“ ‘This little incident will serve to show the placid state of mind in which, even when the storm in its wrath howled around the bleak mountain on which she dwelt, this wondrous woman lived.

“ ‘The consideration of animals even of a noxious kind, seems to be a strong trait of, a refined and benevolent heart; she had a garden beside her cottage enclosed by a stone wall, that she dressed with great care and took much delight in. Some marmots fancied the garden likewise. They took up their abode there, and began to increase and multiply, much to the annoyance of the proprietor of the gardens, digging trenches when she wanted it smooth and eating roots that she intended for seed, and annoying her in various ways, until the nuisance had to be abated. She placed traps and captured them, many of them in the very act. Instead of putting them to death, which she might have done as sole lady of the garden, she took them to the neighboring hills, telling them to go and trespass no more.

“ ‘Another trait in her character was her love for peace. In her will was a special clause, that if any of the persons to whom she bequeathed her property should grumble at their share, their names should be stricken out, that all might be harmony among her heirs.’ ”

(The following poem we find in a volume entitled “The Phantom Barge, and Other Poems,” by the author of “The Limner,” published in Philadelphia in 1822. The person commemorated in the ensuing stanzas—we quote from the author’s introductory—is an old German lady, of a remarkably pious and devotional character, residing among the Oley Hills, near Reading, in the State of Pennsylvania. Some of the author’s friends having traveled in that part of the country, desired his pen on the subject, and the following is the result of their request.)

MARY YOUNG.

Whoe’er has trod by Schuylkill’s shore,
Where Oley’s Hills are stretched along,
And in romantic beauty soar,—
Has heard of Mary Young.
They tell for many a mile around,
Where her lone dwelling may be found,
And show the green hill where it stands
Surrounded by its cultured lands,
Where oft the traveler stops to see
The poor and humble devotee.

Far from the world and all its strife,
 And care, old Mary dwells alone—
 And tho' she treads the vale of life,
 Her mind is not o'erthrown;
 But the bright evening of her days,
 Is passed away in prayer and praise,
 Like that fair bird, whose latest hour
 Is full of music's magic power,
 And who, in death, awakes a tone,
 Far sweeter than his life had known.

She owns no sect—but thus has trod
 The path of piety from youth—
 And she is one who worships God
 In spirit and in truth.
 Her praise is pure—devoid of art—
 The adoration of the heart;—
 And tho' 'tis simple, owns no less
 The majesty of holiness;
 And shines as bright, where prayer is heard,
 As aught by loftier lips preferred.

As the sweet star of evening shines,
 When sinking brightly to repose,
 Towards life's last goal she now declines,
 The horizon of her close—
 With as much calm serenity,
 As tho' she waited but to die;
 As tho' the toils of time were o'er,
 And she were lingering on the shore,
 'Till the light bark of death should come,
 To bear her to a better home.

There is a little spot, which she
 Now holds within her cottage view,—
 There sleeps her line of ancestry,
 And she will sleep there too.
 And tho' the name of Mary Young
 Be not, on earth, remembered long,
 There is a world where virtue lives
 Beyond the limit memory gives;
 And from its earthly frailties free,
 Blooms on, in one eternity.

Copied from a newspaper clipping loaned by Mrs. Harriet de B. Keim, December, 1889. The cutting is from some Reading paper, which may have been the "Times," published in the fall of 1874.

MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. CHARLES EVANS.

Upon the lofty mountain's brake
With verdant trees o'ergrown,
Within a little lowly cot,
Which seems by all the world forgot,
Poor Mary lives alone.

To her, her garden nice and trim,
Is worth a miser's hoard—
With many a blooming floweret fair,
And many a shrub of virtue rare,
And fruits and cereals stored.

Beside her little cottage neat
A hedge of briar grows,
Where berries red, with grapes entwine,
By cultivation made more fine,
And mingled with the rose.

And all around a meadow green
Slopes toward the mountain side,
The softened valley lies below
The woods above wave to and fro,
Extending far and wide.

Beyond th' expansive fertile vale,
A range of mountains lie,
Where cultivated fields are seen,
Among the wild wood's thick'ning green,
To charm the wanderer's eye.

I've traced the footpath way that goes
Across the meadow green,
That passes this, an orchard fair,
Leads to a shady grove and there
Displays a melting scene.

Within a little rustie fence
Beneath the dark wood shade,
Dressed with affection's kindest care,
And dewed with many a tender tear,
Three shaded graves are made.

Two sisters and a mother dear,
Here rest their kindred clay,
There Mary finds a kind relief
From every care and every grief,
For here she comes to pray.

Where Mary's self may shortly rest,
Remains a narrow space—
Two stones by nature polished o'er
From off the mountain side she bore,
To mark her future place.

Her's is a meek and lowly mind,
In heaven she puts her trust;
Her humble knees had daily press'd
The sod that wraps her mother's breast,
And worn it to the dust.

She never leaves her peaceful cot
Of worldly joys to hear,
But by the bed of pain or grief
To watch, to soothe, to give relief,
Is her peculiar care.

A sacred piety of mind
Illumes her pensive face—
Her eyes are soft expressive, blue,
Her hair not changed, her wrinkles few,
Her manners marked by grace.

Her form is gently bent by time,
Her voice is soft and meek;
The rose and lily had combined,
And still their tints remain behind,
Tho' faded on her cheek.

No sad presage of future woe,
No hope of future gain,
None save the blessed hope of heaven,
To have her frailties all forgiven,
And then in bliss remain.

No wild, tumultuous, giddy joys,
Nor vain tormenting pains,
Disturb the tenor of her mind;
Alike to good or ill resign'd,
And free from worldly gains.

From persecution's iron hand,
And fierce religious strife;
From Belgian's hostile shore she fled,
And here for thirty years has led
A peaceful, quiet life.

Her ample mind is uncontrolled
By superstition's sway;
No rigid sectary is she,
Who thinks the road to heaven free
To only such as they.

Or in the world, or solitude,
Grace must be sought by prayer;
For even in the desert wild,
The human heart may be beguil'd;
The tempter comes e'en there.

She thinks the temple of the Lord
Is all Creation's space,
That every fervent prayer is heard
Whether from mountain top preferred
Or consecrated place.

The Saviour's precepts, fair and mild,
She studies to obey,
And always prays with fervent zeal
For those who cannot, will not feel,
But trifle life away.

No mewling cat or barking cur
Companions of her way,
For midst the hollow tempest's moan
She never feels herself alone—
Her Bible is her stay.

And all within her cleanly cot
For comfort is, or use,
No shrilly croak of chanticleer,
Nor busy cackling pullet there,
Nor noisy, gabbling goose.

The dawning day beholds her rise
To say her matin prayer;
A sober, sleek, domestic cow,
That feeds upon the mountain's brow,
She cherishes with care.

The milk is Mary's daily food,
Nor craves she aught beside,
Save wholesome vegetable roots,
And wild and simple mountain fruits,
And these are all supplied.

When the late blasts of Autumn strip
The leaves from every tree,
These Mary heaps beneath a shed
To make her cow a winter bed,
And warm and snug is she.

'Tis silence—all save distant sounds,
Borne by the breeze along,
And if an evening mild and still,
Close by her side the whip-poor-will
Will chant his mournful song.

One winter night when not a light
Was seen the country round,
And hollow blasts came whistling by,
And drifting snow and sleet did fly,
And covered all the ground:

As Mary lay in calm repose,
Strange accents met her ear;
“Open to me your cottage door,
For I am cold and I am poor,
And you have naught to fear;

“I’ve wandered, and I know not where,
And can’t the road regain,
My hair is stiff with frozen sleet,
My hands are cold, benumbed my feet,
Oh! haste, relieve my pain.”

The voice was rough, the time was late,
’Twas at the midnight hour;
“Protect me, God of Love, most bless’d;”
And as she whispered out the rest,
Unbarred the cottage door.

She trimmed her little sinking fire
And made a blazing heat,
She dried his garb with kindest care
And thawed and wrung his sleety hair,
And bathed his aching feet.

And when his kindest eye confess’d
His life-blood warm and free,
She spread her simple cottage store,
And what could courtly grace do more—
’Twas nature’s courtesy.

And now the 'wilder'd wandering guest
 Would tempt the dreary night;
 The path was hid beneath the snow,
 And louder did the tempest blow,
 Nor moon nor star gave light.

Then Mary lit her lantern clear
 And left her warm abode;
 O'er craggy rocks, both wild and steep,
 And glens whose snows were drifted deep,
 She led him to the road.

And ere the dawning morning rose
 Returned to watch and pray—
 May equal purity of mind,
 As calm, as holy, and refined,
 Reward my latest day.

May I like her life's journey end,
 In calm and peaceful rest,
 And when the breath forsakes this clay,
 Be my soul's spirit borne away,
 To mansions of the blest.

These verses were written many years ago by the late Mrs. Charles Evans, of Reading, Pa., (wife of the founder of the Charles Evans Cemetery); for her friend, Mrs. Mary May Keim, wife of General George de Benneville Keim.



We are again indebted to friends for photos, cuts or other assistance in the get-up of this number. We make special mention of Rev. A. Stapleton, Dr. Thos. J. B. Rhoads, Mr. H. K. Deisher, and G. A. Schlechter.



This magazine desires agents in all Pennsylvania-German districts of our country and will pay liberal premiums for securing new subscriptions.



The Feasts of Roses held June 8th, in the churches of Tulpehocken and Manheim were notable events.



The pastor of Salem Reformed church, of Allentown, Pa., Rev. A. R. Bartholomew, D.D., has signaled his retirement by the publication of a Brief History of the church in 168 pages of pamphlet form, giving in thirty chapters and fifteen illustrations a complete account of this little over twenty-five-year-old flock—now the most numerous congregation in Allentown. We thank our old friend J. F. H., president of consistory, for a copy.



What a Woman of Forty-five Ought to Know.

The Vir Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, with this volume completes a series of excellent books of which in all respects this may be the most commendable. They cover a number of hitherto avoided subjects but are all calculated to contribute towards health and purity. The only regret expressed in the appearance of this series is that these books should not have been written and published generations ago. To take a subject which has been abandoned to quacks and impostors for ages, and so to lift it into the realm of pure and sacred thinking, that pastors can and do commend the series from their pulpits, that missionaries translate the books for use in their work, that parents can give them to their sons and daughters, is an achievement which will commend this series to every intelligent and thoughtful person.

In this latest and concluding book of the series, Mrs. Drake has equalled in style and interest the character of her previous book, entitled, "What a Young Wife Ought to Know," for which she received a prize of one thousand dollars. It is written in that wholesome, sympathetic manner characteristic of all the purity books in this series.

It should be read by every woman nearing and passing through middle life. It will do much to reassure nervous ones needlessly alarmed by patent medicine advertising and opinions of ill-advised friends, and will dispel apprehensions aroused by groundless forebodings.

While my readers are mostly men, this book is yet gladly brought to their notice since most of them have wives, or sisters to whom a copy might prove a veritable Godsend. Cloth, 211 pp., \$1 net. Vir Publishing Co., 113 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

A History of the Schwenkfelders.

The Pennsylvania-German Society will publish about October, 1902, in Volume XII. of its Proceedings and Addresses a History of the Schwenkfelders prepared by the undersigned, as part of a narrative and critical history of Pennsylvania.

A special edition of this history will be issued by the author at the same time in cloth binding with gilt and uncut edges similar to the German Secretarians by Sachse, and will contain about 225 pages.

The book will be illustrated by copious selections from abundance of characteristic Schwenkfelder material. It will contain to a very considerable extent valuable historic material hitherto unpublished and will not be re-issued.

This limited edition will be sold by subscription only and not by the book trade. Orders must be placed at once, at \$2.50 per volume, with the author, Prof. H. W. Kreibel, East Greenville, Pa.



Summary of the June Number of "House and Garden."

Though domestic and agricultural in their tastes, the primitive Pennsylvania-Germans have unconsciously contributed to the history of American art by means of their beautiful household pottery. Its wonderful decorative character is shown in a paper, illustrated by half-tone and color, contributed by Edwin Atlee Barber to the June number of *House and Garden*. Mr. Barber is the curator of the Pennsylvania Museum, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where the only collection of this pottery exists. "The Treatment of City Squares" by Charles Mulford Robinson, the foremost authority upon street designing, "Remodeling an Old Italian Garden in the Eighteenth Century," by Eleanor G. Hewitt, "A House Recently Completed at Germantown," "Twin Oaks," a beautiful country place near Washington, D. C., are among the June contents of a magazine already familiar to those who love beautiful homes, their interiors and their surroundings.

"Wayside Wanderings" is a published address of our poetically nurtured friend the editor of the *Reading Times*—Col. T. C. Zimmerman, who recently delivered the "Reveries of a Walker" before the students of Muhlenberg College, where the same was duly appreciated. It is fine reading, written in a lofty, fanciful style, urging walking as a means of healthful and instructive exercise, and abounding with descriptions of actual beauties and delights attained in his own "Füssgänger" experiences.

The never failing novel of the month in the June Lippincott is attractively named "A Real Daughter of the Revolution." It is by Caroline Gebhardt, whose Southern birth has inspired her to write of the struggle for liberty as it centres to a finish at Yorktown. The heroine is a beauty whose family are in sympathy with the Redcoats, but she releases their prisoner, her unacknowledged lover, sides with Sumter's raiders, and flouts the advances of the English commander, who is quartered on her father's plantation. The closing scenes at Yorktown are written with a patriotic ring that will thrill the descendants of the "Real Daughter of the Revolution."

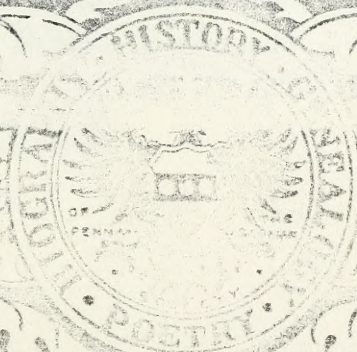
We have received a very interesting pamphlet containing the published addresses delivered at the Sesqui-Centennial of the County of Berks, which event was duly observed at Reading March 11, 1902, under the auspices of the Historical Society of Berks county, who published these speeches as one of the regular issues. It opens with an ode from the facile pen of Col. Thos. C. Zimmerman, following which are the addresses in full by Hon. Henry M. Dechant, Rev. J. W. Early, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, Judge G. A. Endlich and Louis Richards, Esq.

The Pennsylvania- German

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Graham & Piquet

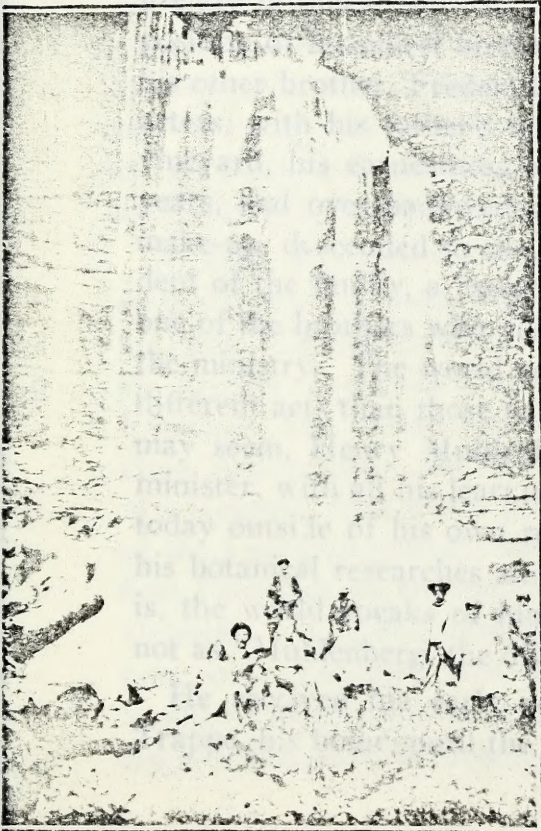
Henr. Muhlenberg Jun. 1776

VACATION

WHAT pictures and associations cling to this one simple word! One sees in it foreign lands, towering mountain peaks and luxuriant valleys, ocean breakers and pebbly beach, lakes and rivers, glens and grottoes, crowds and solitudes. The Editor, too, joined the midsummer annual kick against monotonous toil, when traces broke and harness fell off his shoulders. This year he hied away to the scenes of his childhood and summered among his relatives. He had three weeks to "do" three counties, and he cut a wide swath out of Pennsylvania-Germandom. He took his wife and children with him to widen the pathway and doorway of his "open sesame."

He had steam and trolley roads; two, four and eight-wheelers at his command; pedal, horse, steam and electric power to convey him. Rural nature never was lovelier, nor scenic landscapes more charming. He traversed the Lebanon and East Penn Valleys from Lebanon to Easton, the Schuylkill Valley he surveyed from Neversink to Port Clinton, the Lehigh Valley from Glen Onoko to the river's mouth at the Forks of the Delaware, and the Delaware from Kittatinny Water Gap to Phillipsburg, N. J. He criss-crossed the counties of Berks, Lehigh and Northampton by trolley and broke the record. (Oh! what a perfect electric locomotive system centers at Allentown. Hither let all managers of trolley lines and systems come to learn wisdom—the secret of success and wealth by a reduction of rates, one fare for from seven to twelve miles! Let Allentownians not fail to erect a monument to Tom Johnson, who installed this Lehigh Valley system and short-

ened his life by altruistic overwork.) But back to the Editor's vacation. He visited almost every relative above or under ground, in five generations of direct line and in four degrees of collateral consanguinity of his own and wife's line. He ate of everything that grew on tree or plant, in ground or air or water, or was covered with scales or hair, feathers or furs. He breathed God's purest air by day and slept like a top all night. He came back to find an average gain of weight of six pounds averted per head, his son of ten leading by an actual gain of ten pounds. Better food, purer air, grander sunsets, lovelier homes and finer farms cannot be found than these where the dwellers still talk in Pennsylvania "Dutch." A goodlier heritage or a more prosperous or contented people we know not.



ONOKO FALLS AT GLEN ONOKO

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

GOTTHILF HENRY ERNEST MUHLENBERG, D.D.

BY HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG RICHARDS.



GOTTHILF HENRY ERNEST MUHLENBERG, the youngest son of the Patriarch Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and his wife Anna Maria Weiser, who survived the period of childhood, was born at the Trappe homestead, Montgomery county, Penn'a, on November 17, 1753; and duly baptized on December 4, following, as per the records of the old Augustus church.

While it is likely that his extreme youth prevented him to a certain extent from following in the footsteps of his illustrious brothers, Peter and Frederick, and engaging in the public service of his country, yet it is certain that his inclinations did not run greatly in that direction. He did not inherit either the fiery disposition of his eldest brother, Peter, nor yet the restless nature of his other brother, Frederick. The gentle part of his parents' characters, with his father's love of study and work in the Master's vineyard, his earnestness and tenderness, which, with advancing years, had overshadowed the more tempestuous elements of his make-up, descended to the youngest son, and he became the student of the family, a leader in educational methods, and the only one of the brothers who adhered undeviatingly to his life-work in the ministry. The world very often gives its encomiums for very different acts than those which best please God, and, strange as it may seem, Henry Muhlenberg, the devoted pastor and faithful minister, with all his learning, would probably be but little known today outside of his own religious denomination, were it not for his botanical researches and association with his brothers. As it is, the world speaks of him as "Muhlenberg, the botanist," and not as "Muhlenberg, the divine."

He received his early education at New Providence, or the Trappe, his home, until the fall of 1761, when his father removed

to Philadelphia at the urgent request of the German Lutheran congregation of that city, when it was continued in the schools of that place and congregation. In the early part of 1763 the father, realizing the necessity of an advanced instruction which could not be obtained in that locality, determined to send the two older boys to the Halle Institute, in Germany, and with them their youthful brother, Henry, knowing that such an opportunity might not again occur for him.

On April 27, a mere child of ten, he embarked on the packet ship Captain Budden, at Philadelphia, bade farewell to his parents, and after an uneventful voyage of no unusual length, found himself safely in the hospitable home of Dr. Ziegenhagen, the court chaplain at London, and his father's old friend, on June 15th. A sojourn of some weeks at London was followed by the departure of the little party for Germany, via Rotterdam. Here the brothers separated, the two older ones proceeding direct to their destination at Halle while Henry, under the care of an attendant, started for Eimbeck to visit the home of his father. This journey proved to be the beginning of his real journey through life. After a while his guide left him when, for the first time he was thrown upon his own resources and left to his own action, guided by his own reasoning. We are told that as he, at last, approached the town, fatigued, hungry and despairing, a good Samaritan kindly took him on his back and carried him the remaining distance, charming away the lad's troubles by his entertaining stories.

At Halle he showed such marked proficiency in his studies, and such diligence in their preparation, that he attained the head of his class. On September 2, 1769, came the death of his friend, and his brother Frederick's sponsor, the Director Gotthilf August Francke. The sponsors of Henry were John Henry Keppele and Herr Heinzelman. He doubtless received his second name from Mr. Keppele, who was a prominent Philadelphia merchant, elder of the Lutheran church, member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, first President of the German Society and father-in-law of Dr. Helmuth. It is not unreasonable to presume however, that his first name, Gotthilf, was derived from the same source as his brother's middle name, Augustus. Be that as it may, Julius F. Sachse, Esq., has discovered and given to the public a most inter-

esting poem, which is truly a literary curiosity, written at the time to give expression to the feelings of the two brothers upon the decease of their friend and benefactor. It is possible that Frederick alone may have written it, but it is signed by both the boys, and it is but right to assume that Henry had some small part, at least, in its preparation.

In 1770, accompanied by his brother Frederick, and future brother-in-law, Rev. John Christopher Kunze, he returned to Philadelphia, having completed his course at Halle. So marked was his proficiency at the Synodical examination, and so thorough was his classical and theological education, that, though but seventeen years of age, he was ordained to the Lutheran ministry on October 25, 1770, at the meeting of the Ministerium held in Reading, at the same time as his brother Frederick.

As assistant to his father he remained in Philadelphia, serving the congregation of that city, as well as those at Barren Hill and on the Raritan, in New Jersey.

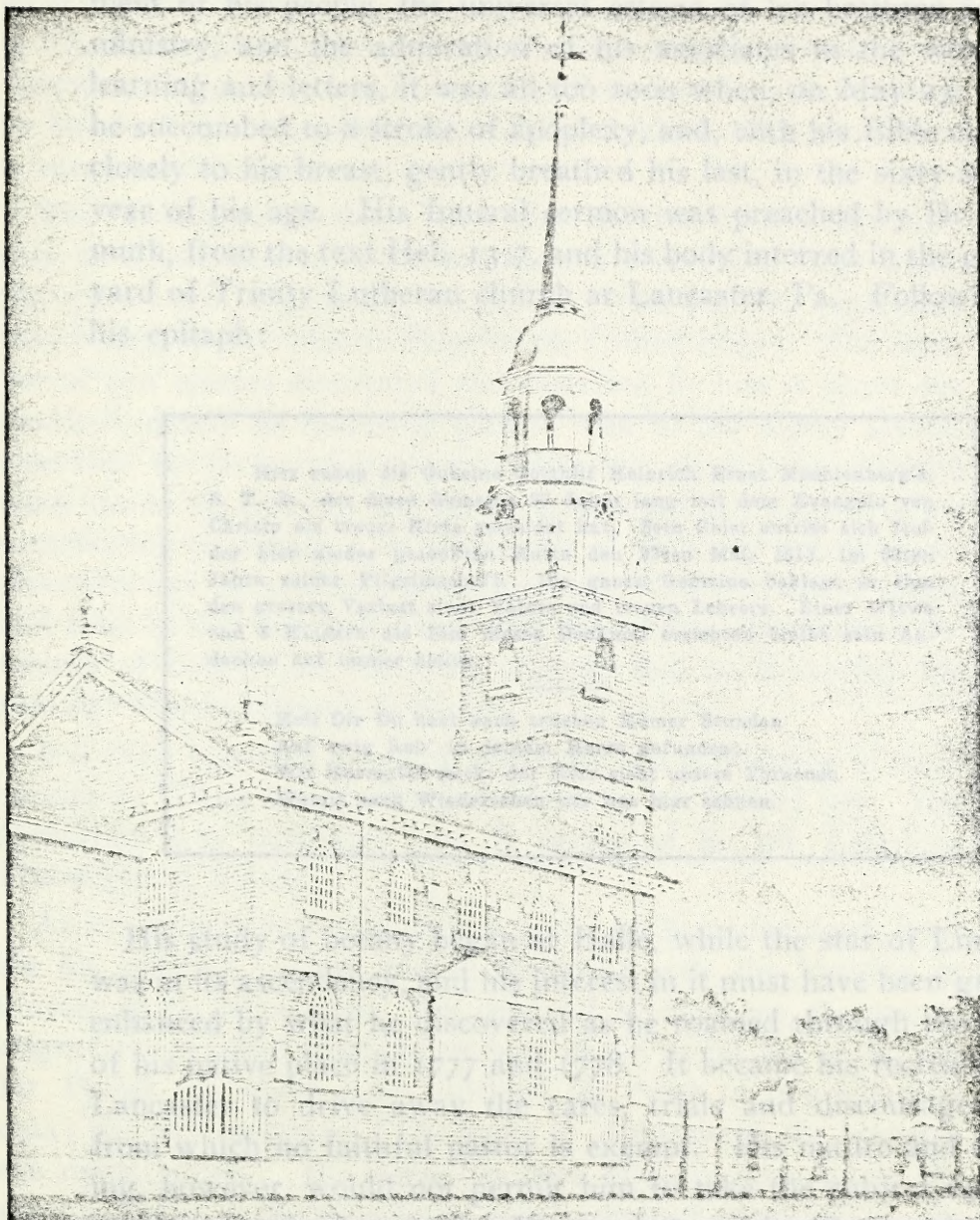
On April 5, 1774, he was elected third associate pastor in Philadelphia.

On July 26, 1774, he was married to Mary Catharine Hall (born December 26, 1756, d. May 1, 1841) daughter of Philip and Susan Catharine Hall, of Philadelphia.

The outspoken loyalty of the entire Muhlenberg family, coupled with their patriotic deeds, marked them for Tory vengeance as opportunity might occur. When, therefore, the arrival of the British was expected in December, 1776, with his wife and eldest child, Mary Cartharine, but three months old (b. September 2, 1776, d. 1843, m. John Musser, of Lancaster, Pa.) he fled to the country, returning when the alarm was over. After the battle of Brandywine, when the "red coats" had, in fact, occupied the city he remained until safety once more demanded flight. Disguised as an Indian, robed in a blanket and with a gun on his shoulder, even then the treachery of a Tory innkeeper might have resulted in his detection had it not been for the friendly warning of a Whig occupant of the building. He reached New Hanover in safety and there, for a year, devoted the time of his enforced leisure to a vigorous study of botany, or rather to a practical application of the knowledge which he already possessed of it, until

the evacuation of the British troops June, 1778, enabled him to return once more to the field of his labors in Philadelphia.

Early in 1779, after his brother Frederick had entered the political arena, he succeeded him as pastor at New Hanover, but



TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH, LANCASTER, PA.

remained there only until the following year when he was called to Lancaster, Pa., as Dr. Helmuth's successor in the pastorate of Trinity Lutheran congregation.

Here, for thirty-five years he labored unceasingly and untiringly. Those who have reaped the fruitage of his planting alone can truly realize the real nature of his work. Most diligent and faithful, in season and out of season, winning the deepest attachment of his people, the universal esteem of his brethren in the ministry, and the admiration of his associates in the world of learning and letters, it was all too soon when, on May 23, 1815, he succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy, and, with his Bible clasped closely to his breast, gently breathed his last, in the sixty-second year of his age. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Hel-muth, from the text Heb. 13:7, and his body interred in the grave-yard of Trinity Lutheran church at Lancaster, Pa. Following is his epitaph:

Hier ruhen die Gebeine Gotthilf Heinrich Ernst Muehlenberg's, S. T. D., der diese Gemeinde 37 Jahre lang mit dem Evangelo von Christo als treuer Hirte geweidet hat. Sein Geist entriss sich froh der hier nieder gesenkten Hutte den 23ten Mai, 1815, im 62ten Jahre seiner Pilgrimschaft. Die ganze Gemeinde beklagt in Ihm den groszen Verlust eines Vaters und treuen Lehrers. Einer Witwe und 8 Kindern die Ihm dieses Denkmal errichten bleibt sein An-denken auf immer heilig.

Heil Dir Du hast nach trueben Kumer Stunden
Auf ewig Ruh' in deinem Herrn gefunden;
Wir Kaempfen noch; der Herr sieht unsere Thraenen
Womit nach Wiedersehen wir uns hier sehnen.

His study of botany began at Halle, while the star of Linnæus was in its ascendancy, and his interest in it must have been greatly enhanced by what he discovered as he roamed through the fields of his native place in 1777 and 1778. It became his recreation at Lancaster to drive away the cares, trials and discouragements from which no faithful pastor is exempt. His nature and learning, however, would not permit him to take the subject up in a merely superficial manner. He carefully explored not only Lancaster county but opened up and kept up a correspondence with the eminent botanists of his day both in Europe and America. The superior excellence of his work won acknowledgment and commendation from many learned men and societies.

The printed works, upon which rest his fame as a botanist, are but two in number, neither very voluminous, and yet of the highest value to students. The first is his "Catalogue of the Hitherto Known Native and Naturalized Plants of North America," printed at Lancaster, under his own supervision, in 1813. The second is "A Fuller Description of the Grasses and Sedges of North America, Indigenous and Naturalized," in Latin, with a preface by his son Frederick, published in Philadelphia in 1817, more than a year after his death.

The "Catalogue" is much more than the title itself would indicate, as it embraces in condensed form, a description from which the species can be generally identified. With but few exceptions they belong to the Atlantic Slope of the United States. The number of new species discovered and described by him is about one hundred, nearly all flowering plants. But of the eighty species described by his correspondent, Willdenow, most were obtained from him as the collector and should be counted in the extent of his contribution to science. No single one of the early botanical explorers of our eastern field, except perhaps, Michaux, did so much, and what he did was well done. For the advance he made in the science of botany, Dr. Baldwin declares that he is worthy the title of "The American Linnæus."

It is to be regretted his death prevented the publication of manuscript on "Flora Lancastriensis" which he left behind him. His herbarium was purchased and is preserved by the American Philosophical Society.

As has already been said, man is prone to forget the deeds done for his spiritual welfare and to remember only the learning or bravery of his fellowman. The deeds of Muhlenberg, the pastor, might have perished from the memory of the world, but as the late Dr. Porter (to whom I am indebted for much of this botanical data) has well remarked, "The name of Muhlenberg, the botanist, can never perish." His name has been fittingly recorded in the plant world in all the three ways which admit of perpetuation. In the first place it has been applied to denote a species, as in the *Quercus Muhlenbergii* (Muhlenberg's Oak), which he discovered and brought to note. In the second place it has been attached to a series of at least one hundred species which he found, and

lastly, it has been embodied in a genus, as when Prof. Schreiber created the genus *Muhlenbergia*, to include a large number of beautiful grasses.

The Pennsylvania-German has been accused, most ignorantly, of a lack of interest in matters pertaining to public education. As a matter of fact he has been closely identified with all proper efforts in that direction, frequently taking the lead in them. He had much to do with the organization of the University of Pennsylvania in 1779, at which time the Rev. Dr. Kunze was chosen German Professor of Philology, and in succeeding years, opened up the German Department of the University. Four years later Dr. Kunze was called to Columbia College, New York, and Dr. Helmuth, succeeded to his chair in Philadelphia, which he occupied until 1810.

Even before the Revolution efforts had been made to establish a college west of the Susquehanna, but the necessary charter was refused by the Provincial authorities. After the war the subject was again agitated and, with the co-operation of many leading men, a charter was obtained from the Legislature to locate at Carlisle. One week after the charter had been secured the first meeting of the Board of Trustees of Dickinson College was held, September 15, 1783, at the home of John Dickinson, in Philadelphia, after whom the college was named, who became its first President and one of its most liberal supporters. The first Board of Trustees consisted of forty men, many of the highest prominence in the State, amongst whom was Henry Muhlenberg who served on it from 1783 until his death in 1815.

The German Department of the University of Pennsylvania flourished under the charge of Dr. Helmuth, until about 1787 or 1788, when it began to decline gradually and was finally discontinued. This was partly owing to the desire of the German population to have a college, devoted entirely to their interests and located more nearly in the midst of their people. It having been decided to found a college of this character at Lancaster a charter was secured from the Legislature on March 10, 1787, and the new institution named Franklin College, after Benjamin Franklin. Having been greatly instrumental in its founding Henry Muhlenberg was elected its first President, on June 5, 1787. The college was dedicated June 6, at which time both the Lutheran Minis-

terium and the Reformed Coetus were in session in Lancaster. Dr. Muhlenberg preached a German sermon in the Lutheran church which was at once printed in pamphlet form, and Dr. Joseph Hutchins, the newly elected Professor of English and Belles-lettres, delivered a discourse, which, however, did not appear until 1806, when it was published by the author himself. In the course of his college work he, doubtless, soon realized the necessity for a thorough knowledge of the English language and so, with the view of aiding his countrymen to that end, in conjunction with Benedict Schipher as co-author, work was begun on a large "English and German Lexicon and Grammar," which was issued in 1812.

In 1780 the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of A. M., and a few years later, that of D. D. On January 22, 1785, together with General Kosciusko, William Hershel, James Madison and Thomas Paine, he was elected to membership in the American Philosophical Society, in 1798 in the Naturforschender Freunde of Berlin, in 1802 in the Philosophical and Physical Society of Göttingen, and in other associations in Germany, Sweden and elsewhere.

Dr. Muhlenberg was of medium height, of a florid complexion, a robust frame and remarkable physical strength. He was a great pedestrian, frequently making trips to Philadelphia and other places at considerable distance almost without fatigue. He was an earnest and able preacher, delivering his sermons from notes written in a clear but minute hand on narrow slips of paper, so minute being the writing as to be almost undecipherable to the ordinary reader.

The fruit of his union with Mary Catharine Hall was:

1. Mary Catharine Muhlenberg, b. September 2, 1776; d. 1843; m. May 11, 1802, John Musser, b. November 2, 1774; d. 1813.
2. Susanna Elizabeth Muhlenberg, b. October 26, 1779; d. July 9, 1838; m. Peter Schmidt, b. February 10, 1780; d. July 18, 1831.
3. Henry Augustus Philip Muhlenberg, b. May 13, 1782; d. August 11, 1844. He was pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Reading, Pa., from 1802 to 1827, U. S. Congressman for five terms, Minister to Austria in 1838, popular nominee

for Governor of Pennsylvania at time of death, 1844. He married first, 1805, Mary Elizabeth Hiester, b. 1784; d. March 21, 1806; dau. Governor Joseph Hiester. Married second, June 7, 1808, Rebecca Hiester, sister of his first wife, b. July 4, 1781; d. January 22, 1841.

4. John Philip Emanuel Muhlenberg, b. March 31, 1784; d. 1825; m. Susan Ann Craig. No issue.
5. George Peter Samuel Muhlenberg, b. October 7, 1786; d. 1827. Single.
6. Mary Henrietta Muhlenberg, b. April 26, 1789; d. 1850. Single.
7. Phillippa Elizabeth Muhlenberg, b. December 19, 1791; m. Henry Huffnagle, b. 1787; d. 1823. No issue.
8. Frederick Augustus Hall Muhlenberg, b. March 28, 1795; d. July 5, 1867; m. first, February 6, 1816, Elizabeth Schaum, b. December 23, 1799; d. January 8, 1826; dau. Benjamin and Mary Schaum; m. second, May 8, 1828, Ann Eliza Duchman, b. November, 1807; d. April 25, 1881. His son, Rev. Prof. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, D.D., LL.D., served five literary institutions of his State, for over fifty years in all, including eleven years of Presidency of Muhlenberg College.

I am indebted to Rev. Ernest T. Kretschmann, Ph.D., for extracts used in this sketch.



The Pennsylvania-German Society
Vol. XI.

Proceedings and Addresses.

This much belated and anxiously looked for volume of Proceedings and Addresses of the Eleventh Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania-German

Society, convened at Easton, Pa., October 26, 1900, has come at last. If the delay of its publication was caused by a desire to complete the work in minute researches and verifications of its historical papers or the elaborate illumination of its many fine illustrations, then the patience of those entitled to copies was not tried without amends. Certain it is that this elaborate volume of over 800 large quarto pages justifies almost any proud boast of this virile Society, or any uneasiness of its anxious members. The histories given and covering over 700 pages are the early history of the Lutheran and German Reformed Churches in Pennsylvania, treated respectively by Revs. Dr. T. E. Schmauk and Jos. H. Dubbs, two pains-taking and acknowledged and broad-gauged historians. To this volume generations yet unborn will repair for historical data. Doubly fortunate he who possesses a copy. The contents are enticing and play havoc with one's time, if he begins to nibble at same.

Poetic Gems

DIE ALT CIDER MUEHL.

BY REV. ADAM STUMP.

Doh steht die alt, alt Cider-muehl,
 Als haet sie noch en junges G'fuehl.
 Der Grossvater in alter Zeit
 Hut sie fuer ihren Zweck bereit.
 Die Aepel-schale
 Hut er vermahle,
 Un Droeschter g'macht
 Bis es gegracht.
 Vergang die Zeit, un all die Leit.

Sieht jetz die Loecher doh im Dach.
 Dreh' mohl die Raeder. 'Sis en Sach!
 Doh is ke' zweck, doh is ke' Ort;
 Die Wuerm hen den Korb verbohrt.
 Der Korb vergosse!
 Die Saft verflosse!
 Hie-her! Her-hie!
 Du suesse Brueh!
 Wu sin die Leit? Die Zeit verfohrt.

Holt den Shimmel an des G'spiel;
 Shuet die Aepel in die Muehl.
 Eens is g'cheit, des anner dum,
 Dreht die Raeder rum un rum.
 Roth wie Farbe
 Aus dem Korbe,
 Fliesst doh die Brueh.
 Die Blecher hie!
 Es Stromt wie Blut im Schaum
 herum.

Fangt den Cider in des Fass;
 Den Droeschter warft mer uf des
 Gras.
 Jetz schallt des schoene Mittags-
 horn!
 Die Lieb bleibt doh, vergeh der Zorn.
 Dann e'mohl G'messe,
 Un drei Mohl Gesse!
 In's Bett dort nuf!
 Dann wieder uf!
 Die Rosa heit, un nie die Dorn!

Die Aepel graunze in der Walz;
 Dort spritst vom Stroh des gruene
 Malz.
 Bedeckt den Korb, un ziegt die
 Schraub;
 Es fliegt die Zeit grad wie die Daub.
 Die Buwe lache,
 Die Kamme grache;
 Die Maed sin doh
 Un sin so froh.

Wer denkt au jetz an's kuehle Grab?

Doh steht sie wie en grosser T—
 Die Cider-muehl im Mond, o je!
 Der Baum is, wie der Shimmel, fort,
 Die Blank un Shindle sin verdorrt,
 Die Bloeck versunke,
 Der Dag verschwunde!
 Es dut em weh,
 Mer muss vergeh!

Der Mond gukt draurig uf den Ort.

Die alte Muehl steht still un dum;
 Es geht nix meh im Ringel rum.
 En Amschel, wie en junge Braut,
 Hut in dem Korb ihr Nescht gebaut.
 Dort singt sie lieblich,
 Un waes nix drueblich;
 "Mei Heim is doh
 Ich bin so froh!
 Dem Herr is alles zuvertraut!"

Adieu, du alte, liebe Muehl,
 Du gebst mir jetz en wehes G'fuehl.
 Die Lust der Kindheit wie des Laub,
 Geht mit dir zu Aesch un Staub.
 Ganz vermahle,
 Bis an die Schale,
 Zehrt uns die Welt,
 In unsrer Zelt,
 Un dreibt des Lebe in des Grab.

'N SCHOENIE ALTIE HE'MATH.

Wo's Seidel's Kop' am Himmel hengt,
 Wo's Haaga Dahl ins Lutza zwenget,
 Dazwisch a uf der Summer Seid
 Und iwwers Dahl, paar Ruda weid,
 Der winterseidig Hiwwel nuf
 Bis in der Busch ganz owwa druf,
 In diesem Dahl beschützt und kle',
 Beschteht 'n He'math alt und schö.

M'r wolla's widder sehna geh,
 Die alt forbildlich He'math schö.

M'r kumma uf die alt Schtät Schtros,
 Die macht ans Kricka Mühl sich los
 Und schpringt ans Kloppa Schtrohr ferbei
 Bis uf der Schtät Berg hoch und frei.

Ans Kloppa is m'r als bal dort;
 M'r laufa dann nach Westen fort,
 E' Hiwwel nunner, der nächscht no nuf,
 Und sctoppa bissel owwa druf
 Paar Yard am Schtehn'na Haus ferbei;
 No dreha m'r rechts der Busch-schtiick nei
 Und grattla iwwer die Fens ins Feld.

M'r laufa fort wie's uns gefellt
 Bis owwa uf die Schnerr; now sctop;
 Dort driwwa is der Seidel's Kop';
 Do hunna, links, is Lutza Dahl;
 Und weiter drunna sehnscht 'n Schtrahl,—
 Sell is die Grick im Haaga Dahl;
 Und grad do hunna iwwer die Wiss
 Die alt, bequeni, schü He'math is.

'Sis gar nix fänciess dort am Haus,
 'Sis awwer sauwer, Dreck all h'aus;
 'N dopplet, zweh-schtock, Block Gebeu,
 Bal alles alt, sehr wenig neu.
 'N feiner Bamgarta owwa dro
 Macht Winters, Summers, Herbscht froh;
 Im Winter halt's der kalt Wind weg,
 Im Summer gebt's manch Schatta Fleck,
 Und dann im Herbscht sinn Eppel do.

Now guck's mohl a', wie schö der Platz;
 'N herrlich Lied, 'n Bauerer Schatz!
 Von Scheuerhoff zu Bamgart' Fens

Is Frehd und Gut und ke Expens;
 Von Bamgart' End zu Scheuereck
 'N herrlicher Vergnügen Schtreck!

In all die Dähler weid herum
 Hot Niemand so 'n Eigenthum,
 Vorbildlich, herrlich, schön, bequem,
 Und so Erinnerungsvoll an He'm!

Mei Grossdaadie, uf der Mutter Seid,
 War do daheim sei Leweszeit;
 Vor ihm, sei'm Fater war des Land,—
 John Schaeffer alla zweh genannt.

Beim Yüngerer John wara siwwa Mäd
 Die macha in dem Dahl fiel Frehd:
 Die ältscht dafun hehst Mary Ann;
 Die nächst, ihr Mutter no, Susann;
 Dann Sarah; die Priscilla's fiert,
 Und war dann's zwet der Tod weg führt;
 Die 'Liza Ann kummt's nächst danei,
 Und war die erscht das Grab nahm ei;
 Die sechst als 'Milia is bekannt;
 Die yingscht Elmeia is genannt.

Die ältscht is als bal siebzieh Yahr,
 Und bei mir 's höchst geschätzt sogar;
 Sie hot so fiel f'r mich geduh
 Als yunger und als alter Buh.
 'Sis gut zu rota was ich mehn—
 Sie is mei Mutter sell macht's plain.

In sellem Haus hab' ich die Welt
 Mei erschter Ohd'm a'gemeldt;
 Und wie ich dann dort weg war g'numma
 Bin ich als noch uf B'such hie kumma.

Seh yuscht emohl sell ehwa Schtick
 Vom Sekeuerhoff bis ganz zurick
 Wo's hinnig'm Bamgarta dort ufhört!
 'Es Haus scheht druf wies dort druf g'hört,
 Die Scheuer söllt net annerscht sei,
 Und dann was macht sell Schtick so fei
 Sinn sellie Eppelbäm dort druf,—
 Sie nemma grad der recht Platz uf.

Ken He'math findscht uf weid und brehd
 Die in sich selbst fasst so fiel Frehd.

NOFEMBERKLAWG.

REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Doh huck ich om fenschter
 Un guck d'tzu nous,
 Wos is's so reg'rich
 Un' sehtormich dort drous.
 Wos peift's net im Schornschteh,
 Wos robbelt's im dach,
 So'n wetter is immer
 'N unfreindlichie soch.

S'is olles so traurich,
 'S guckt olles b'trieibt,
 Ken fogel om singa—
 Sel hov ich g'liebt.
 Wos treibts net der rega,
 Wos rouscht's in de behm,
 Ken wunner wer drous is
 Der schofft sich glei hehm.

Der summer is ivver,
 Uns schpoteyohr is doh,
 Wos geht's noch'm winter!
 M'r kon schier net noh.
 Der busch is gons nockich,
 Die felder sin blohs,
 Der winter hut summer
 Un schpoteyohr im schohs.

Wos fliega die dawga,
 Die muhnet un yohr;
 Die yunga fun geschter
 Hen heit groha hohr.
 So schtehts mit'm lehwa,
 So geht's in der welt,
 Wer schpont uff der morya
 Hut's ufft schon ferfehlt.

Die yohrstzeita fliega
 Wie wolka for'm wind,
 Sie kumma un gehna
 So merkwerdich g'schwind.
 Noh mehn ich aw immer
 S'waer'n gleichniss un bild
 Fun mensch un seim lehwa,
 Ufft sehtormich un wild.

For's aerscht kummt mohl't frieh-
 yohr—
 Die yugend so tzort,
 Noh geht's in de summer—
 Der mon mit'm bort,
 Un's naigscht noch'm schpoteyohr—
 Der kup wert em weiss,
 Un endlich der winter
 Mehnt's graub kolt wie eis.

O yugend so fraehlich!
 O yugend so seche!
 Du laebscht in der huffnung,
 Dei sorga sin kleh.
 Un doch net tz'fridda,
 So gut wie du's husht,
 Ach! wart yuscht, es gebt noch
 G'nunk sourie Kuscht.

Ihr menner so krefftich,
 Ihr weiver so schtuls,
 Bei eich is's summer
 Un frisch schlogt die buls,
 Doch gebt's yuscht eh summer
 Im mensch sein'ra tzeit,
 Un doh sin fiel dawga
 So sehtormich wie heit.

Ihr Faeter un Muetter,
 Wos bringa die yohr?
 Yuscht triebstal un sorga
 Un schneheweisa hohr,
 Die hend werra tzitt'rich,
 Der leib wert em mott,—
 Wer lebt bis in's olter
 Der wert a'mohl sott.

Die yunga die winscha
 Sie waera boll grohs,
 Die grohsa die hetta
 Die Welt gern im schohs..
 Die olta die wissa
 Schun besser wie's is—
 Sie warta schun lengscht fer
 Der nei Paradies.

So trieb wie der himmel,
 So dunkel un schwartz,
 Guckt's ufft bei de menscha
 Im innerschte hertz,
 Won triebstal un ehrend,
 Won kummer un noth,
 Wie'n sehtormwind drin housa
 Mit schrecka un doht.

Ach! fort mit'm klawga,
 S'wert besser in tzeit;
 Es wert widder summer,
 Wer denkt noh on heit?
 Dert hinner de wolka,
 Wie's lied'l yoh secht,
 Is Ehner om ruhder
 Der mocht's schun oll recht.
 Gilbert, Pa.

SPOTJOHR.

BY E. D. LEISENRING.

Wie ruft die Stimm so siess
 Vum Wasserfall der Wies,
 Wu der Dischteiflaum im Wind rum-
 fliegt,
 Der zart un lieblich weht,
 Sich kreiselt kummt un geht
 Darch welke Gärte, wu die Blum
 verbliht!

Im Stoppelfeld, net weit,
 Frih 's Batteriesel schreit,
 Un der Wail hoch in der Luft rum-
 schwebt.
 Am Wasser dart so still
 Insechte glitz're veil,
 Wu die Spinn es Gras mit Netz ver-
 webt.

Owets falle Schatte
 Iwwer Fenz un Latte,
 Wu die Reb blo voll mit Trauwe
 steht.
 Aus sellem Dal, schun feicht,
 En Dunscht wie Newwel steigt,
 Wu der Vollmond iwwer 'n Hiwwel
 geht.

Bal iwwer Berg un Feld
 Kummt rauer Wind un Kelt.
 Die Schwalm ihr Brut schun zam-
 mer ruft;
 Bang vor der Kelt un Not,
 Die do im Winter droht,
 Ziegt sie fart ins Land der Summer-
 luft.

Die fleissig dem noch schafft
 Un sucht for Hunigsaft,
 Wu die Blumme noch vom Reif ver-
 schont.

Die Fenzemaus voll Freed
 Die braune Keschte seht,
 Tragt sie ins Neseht wu sie im Win-
 ter wohnt.

Uf sellem däre Baam,
 Dort in der Wies am Damm,
 Trauervoll der Datteldaubrich klagt;
 Dass bal schun 's Spotjohr komm
 Singt seinem Weibeche fromm,
 Un die Liebzeit mit Gewalt verjagt.

AUTUMN.

Translation by H. A. S.

How sweet the voice that calls
 From where the brooklet falls
 In yonder mead, where sails aloft
 in air
 The thistledown, while sports
 With it the wind, that courts
 Sere flowers, roving gardens well-
 nigh bare!

The stubble-field hard by
 Rings with the plaintive cry
 Of quails, while proudly soars the
 hawk o'erhead.
 Bright-colored insects fill
 Yon yellow pool so still;
 The spider in the grass his snare has
 spread.

At eve the shadows fall
 O'er fence and hedge and wall,
 Where stands the vine with load of
 luscious blue.
 From yonder lowland vale
 Rises a vapor pale,
 While o'er the hill the full moon
 creeps to view.

Ah, soon the northwind chill
 Will sweep o'er vale and hill!
 The swallow calls her brood without
 delay;
 Of cold and want afraid,
 Stern winter to evade,
 Toward the summer-land they hie
 away.

Still ever busy see
 The honey-gathering bee
 Where'er the frost a flower yet has
 spared.
 The chipmuck overjoyed
 Is actively employed,
 Filling with nuts the home he has
 prepared.

Hid in a leafless bough
 Beside the pond, sits now
 The turtle-dove and coos in mourn-
 ful tone.
 He tells his mate so dear
 That winter's very near,
 The happy time of love has almost
 flown.

En lieblich siesse Luft,
Voll Obscht un Trauweduft,
Als noch bei mer weilt un zärtlich
spielt;
Liebkost mit meine Hoor,
Wie als vor viele Jahr
En Hand so lieb an meine Locke
g'fiehlt.

'S fällt von die Beem schun 's
Laab,
Werd widder Erd un Staab,
Wie die Dinge all uf dere Welt.
Doch die mei Traurigkeit,
Wie Summerherrlichkeit,
Aus der Ewigkeit en Strahl erhellt.

Es Spotjohr meiner Dage
Misst ich ah beklage,
Wann ich net en schenn'rer Sum-
mer wist,
Dart driwwe aus der Zeit—
Es is von do net weit—
Wu ken Winter meh, ken Spotjohr
ist.

A mild and grateful breeze,
With scent of vines and trees
Full freighted, floats around me,
with my hair
In wanton dalliance plays,
As in long by-gone days
A loving hand was wont to linger
there.

With sad and rustling sound
The leaves drop all around.
Alas, all things on earth must pass
away!
But on my tearful sight,
Like summer-glory bright,
Falls from the fair Beyond a cheer-
ing ray.

My summer has an end,
And mourning I might spend
My autumn days; but happily I
know
Beyond this vale of time
A never changing clime,
No autumn there, no winter storm-
winds blow.

DIE WELT UF VENDUE.

(After the English of Ralph Hoyt.)

BY DR. E. GRUMBINE.

O, yes! O, yes! Now harr'cht amohl
Un kommt yetz by, ihr leeva Leit,
Ihr oll wo wolf'l kauft wollt
Kommt by, for do is Vendue heit!
De Welt is "uf," mit Shlechts un
Goots,
Der Croyer nemmt kae falsh Ga-
but;—
De Welt mus fordt, se wardt fer-
kauft
Mit Glueck un Aelent, Ehr un
Shpott!
En grossy 'Shtate wardt do fer-
kauft,
En Welt mit Pein, Gafecht un
Shtreit;
Waer beet? Was haer ich for 'n
Gebut?
Waer broucht 'n Houfa Sorga
heit?
En goty Chance for Yung un Oldt!
Waer beet? We feel for Shtaub
un Shtroh?
Now g'shwindt! Rennt aens 'm on-
nera fore
Un kauft eich doch 'n Grab-loch
do!

Gook! was 'n brechdig Reichdum do!
Waer beet for 'n reichy, widy
Welt?
For hoachy Ehr, for 'n Nawma gross,
For Lond un Lob, for Goldt un
Gelt?
Sae usht de feela Acker aw!
De g'haera oll tzu minera 'Shtate.
Hob Fendoo heit—'s muss olles
fordt—
'S gons Yammerdahl so wide un
braut.

Was haer ich yetz? We feel 's Ga-
but?
'S wardt oll ferkauft—un by der
lot—
Doch harr'ch! es is 'n falshy Welt
Un mich hut se nuch nix gabodt.
For awtzugooka is se shae.
Doch is se nix as Dreek un Shtaub;
Se 's full Batrug, un Meeh, un
Shmertz,
Un dart om end, der Doat un 's
Graub!

A wild and grateful breeze,
With scent of vines and trees,
Fell fragrance, through the ground
With my hair
In wanton dalliance-play
As in love's young days
A loving hand was wont to
Flow

With red and rosy cheeks
The berries drop all round
Alas! all things on earth are
away!
Not on my tented night,
Like summer-dewy bright
Falls from the fair beyond a
ing ray.

My summer has an end,
And morn'ning I might spend
My autumn days; but happy
know
Beyond this vale of time
A better abiding place
No autumn there no winter
eternity

Ein lieblich kühles Hauch,
Voll Odeur von Trauerbaum,
Als nach dem Herbst ein kühler
spießt;
Liebkost mit seinen Hauch
Wie als vor vielen Jahren
Ein Hauch so lieb an meine Locken
z'hauch

's fällt von den Bäumen schon
Laut,
Wird wieder Erd an Staub,
Wie die Dinge all in dieser Welt,
Doch die mit Trauerkeit,
Wie Sommerherbstlichkeit,
Aus der Ferne zu Staub wehelt.

Es spottet jeder Tag
Nicht ich ab belächelt,
Wenn ich mit einem der Baum-
ner viel,
Dart drinne aus der Zeit-
Es ist von der Zeit-
We den Winter mehr, den Spottet
ist

DIE WELT VON VERBODEN

(After the English of Ralph Hay.)

at the German

Good! now 's breaking the world
What best for 's world,
Welt!
For beauty, for 's beauty
For love, for love, for love
Good!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Die Welt ist die Welt ist gut
Hob 's Welt ist die Welt ist gut
Welt!
's gute Welt ist die Welt ist gut
Welt!

Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
's Welt ist die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!

O, yes! O, yes! Now hat the world
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!
Was hat die Welt? Was hat die Welt?
Welt!
Ein welt die Welt ist gut
Welt!

Seit g'shwindt! Ich nem 'n glae Gabut,

Do kent ihr goota barga macha—
De Welt, de kent ihr kaufa heit,
Mit goota un mit shlimma Sacha.
De Lieb muss fordt, de Freundshafft
aw;—

De Lieb! Was wore se mul my
Schatz!

Ach, Freund sin falsh un Freund-
shafft hohl,

De Pein is long, de Lieb is kortz!

Der Ruhm! De Ehr', was glentza die!
Was hoachy Nawma, hell we
Goldt!

Un was 'n Sholl dorch Berg un Dahl,
As won 'n Donner-wetter rollt!

Waer beet for Ruhm un hoachy Ehr?
Des sin yo was 'n man'cher
soecht;

Komm, kauf, un beek der Welt de
Knee—

Un werr no fon der Welt fer-
flooht!

Un seh, de Hoffnung geht aw mit—
De shae, de feehrend, glentzent
Shterrn!

Ich un de Hoffnig hen yetz Shtreit,
Un hovva nonner nimmy gern!

'N mon'cher Dawg wore se my
troasht,

'N mon'chy Tzeit my Shtaub un
Shtock;

Heit awver wart se aw ferkauft
Mit Sock un Poek, mit Hoot un
Rock.

Waer beet for Hochmoot, Fash'n,
Show?

Ich brouch se nimmy. Beet for die,
Sin wulf 'l oll—was wollt ihr don

Das niederrechticher is we se?
Se wohnta long in minera Brusht,
Awver Kummer hut my Hartz ga-
drickt;

En Lasht fun Sorga, Aelent, Pein
Hut olles sonsht in mir fershtickt!

Now nuch amohl! Tzwae mohl! Dri
mohl!

Ich schlag se ob, warhoftig gli!
Do is 'n chance for glae un gross—
Kommt, beet un kauft, un macht
mich frei!

Doch eppes b'holdt ich yetz tzurick,
For sel froag ich heit kae Gabut—
My Beev'l wardt nuch net ferkauft,
Ich b'holdt my Glawwa un my
Gott!

DIE BESHT ZEIT.

BY LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Mer schwätze vun alte Zeite

Un denke gar net dro'

Die Zeit werd net älter noch jünger,
Jusht mir werre alt un gro'.

Sie zählt ihre johre bei dausend,

Die Welt, un werd net alt,

Mir zähle sie jusht bei zwanzig,

Un die vergehne bald.

Däl mehne die Zeit war besser

In ihrer jugend. Ne'

Sie ware jünger, gesünder,

Un do war Alles shö';

Jetzt sinn sie ausgewohre,

Jetzt sinn sie müd un satt,

Un die Welt sheint shlimmer wie
früher,

Un lüderlich un matt.

Frog jusht amol die Junge.

Die hen en anner Lied.

Die ihrich Zeit is de beshte,

Do sinn sie All agreed!

Un ich glab wol dass sie recht henn,

Un jedes Alter ah,

Das is jedenfalls die beshte Zeit

An unserer Jugend nah.

Lititz, Pa.

Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

FROM READING TO YORK

FOR sundry reasons, all of which combine to make it the thing to do in the opinion of the editor, our pilgrimage in this number shall be extended in a southerly direction, instead of making headway towards the eastern borders of the State, where Pennsylvania-Germandom sits enthroned, and has for six generations. But surely no one will question the propriety of our historic jaunts into the county and city of York, nor wonder what the Pennsylvania-German pilgrim wants there.

From Berks to York via Lancaster, sounds like traveling in England. Alas! for the futility of nomenclature. A rose might smell as sweet by any other name, but surely no other flower could be given the fragrance of this queen of blooms, even if the rose's name were applied to it. Our today's pilgrimage leads through territory that has been named by and for the Indian and Englishman, but the flavor of the Pennsylvania-German life and speech and thrift and thought is over it all, having leavened the whole lump. The streams bear Indian names, Wyomissing, Cacoosing, Cocalico, Conestoga, Conewago, Susquehanna, Codorus, etc., and on their banks Indian arrow heads may yet be picked up, but for a century and three-quarters these streams have babbled in Pennsylvania "Dutch" and crooned their lullabies in that euphonious tongue. The counties, some towns and townships, and the capital cities are bearing English names—Reading, Lancaster, York—but the domestic, ecclesiastic and civil life is peculiarly Pennsylvania-German. The cooking, the preaching and the bartering is done today on the banks of these Indian-named creeks as it was done two centuries ago on the banks of the Rhine and the Weser. Hence my host of pilgrims will feel at home in the territory we shall traverse in this trip today.

We shall make our journey in a sort of "a run, a skip and a jump" fashion to land us, at its close, about sixty miles to the south. From the capitol of Berks to the capital of York it will take us. The Rev. J. W. Early, of Reading, will lead us on our run out of Berks; the editor will help us make the skip over Lancaster, and Dr. I. H. Betz, of York, will help us make our jump into York. So all aboard! for here we go!

The writer of that inimitable satire "Meister Urian's Reise in Schlaraffenland," says:

Wenn jemand eine Reise thut,
So kann er was erzählen,
Drum nahm ich einstens Stock und Hut,
Und thät das Reisen wählen.

Sogleich zog ich die Stiefel an,
 Und griff nach meinem Stocke,
 Setzt auf den Hut—marschirte dann
 In meinem Spitzfreck Rocke.

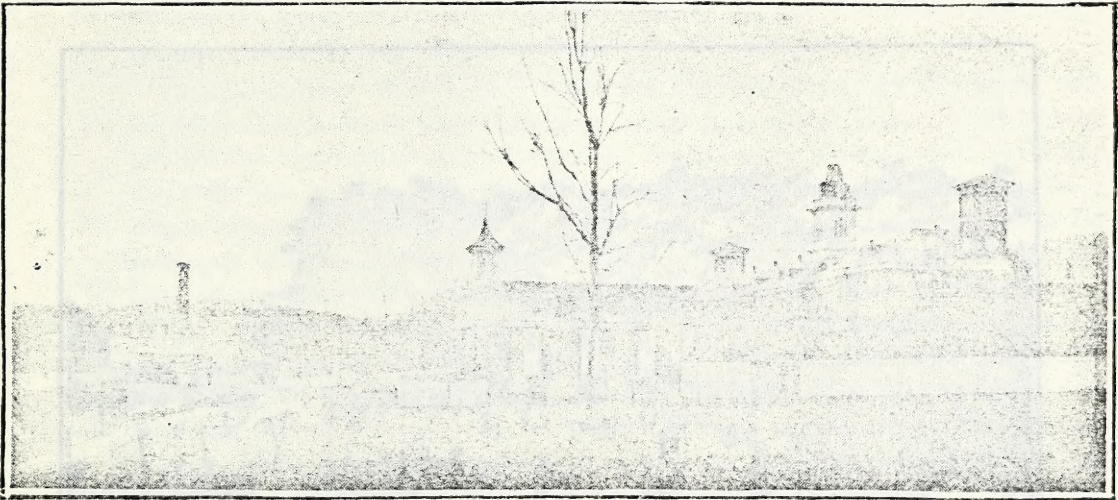
And so we shall cross lower Berks into Lancaster, declining such new-fangled novelties as steam railroads or air line trolleys. Proceeding southward on Fifth street, Reading, we pass at Franklin the fine residence of Horatio Trexler, for many years one of Reading's prominent men of affairs. On an opposite corner is Reading's Public Library, the gift of a number of the city's public-spirited citizens. From this corner on Franklin we pass to Third street, thence on Third to Chestnut and thence down the river bank, along which route are located many of Reading's present-day industries, such as Sheet Mills, Rempis Ornamental Iron Works, the Penn Hardware Works and the Reading Hardware Works. At the foot of Bingham street is an old graveyard, long known as Gerber's (now Fix's) burial grounds. Here rest the bones of early German settlers, the waves of the on-flowing Schuyl-kill babbling to these wakelless sleepers, while not even the rush of trains, the rattle of machinery, or the roar of repeated floods have made din and tide enough to waken or wash them from their sacred slumbers. Litigation even has tried in vain, and hence it may be concluded that a Pennsylvania-German burial plot is a pretty secure place against these days of change and progress. The territory about here was first a Welsh settlement. Many relics remain.

Passing through, under and over a variety of bridges at this point we get beyond river, railroad lines and belt line lately opened here, bound in a straight line "over the hills for the Poor House" and Mohnsville, Adamstown, etc., beyond. Our first stop is made at an old-time Pennsylvania-German hostelry, known as the Kurtz House. Whilst this is an ancient landmark, no important history clings to it. Between this and Shillington stretches the rich and broad-acred farm of the county used for the maintenance of its paupers. This property was once the country seat of General Thomas Mifflin, of Revolutionary fame, and the first governor of this Commonwealth. He named it "Angelica," and one of the houses is yet standing, but embodied in the main portion of the present alms house. It is located three miles to the southwest of Reading.

It is plain that the Welsh nationality was the first upon the ground in these parts when it is stated that 500 acres of his county farm were in 1735-50 the property of Evan Lloyd, John Davis and Evan Jones. General Mifflin owned about 600 acres, and was visited here by many illustrious men, among whom were John Penn, who left a diary account of it, and his horseback itinerary up through the Lebanon Valley. This occurred in April, 1788.

We quote from Penn's diary: "April 9, (1788). Set off accompanied by Mr. Biddle, who was so obliging as to show me the way to General Mifflin's farm, three miles from Reading. Finding the river too deep to ford, we passed at a lower ferry on the road to Lancaster. The General and Mrs. Mifflin received us in a neat farm house, and being very early themselves,

provided another breakfast for us, though it was then only half past seven. He took us round some of his improvements and I rode with him to various points of view which commanded the town of Reading and the circumjacent hills and valleys. He farms about 1,200 acres and has a Scotch farmer who conducts the business. One hundred of meadow land he waters. One neighbor of the General's is one of the marrying Dunkers. They live in their own houses like other countrymen, but wear their beards long. This person is a principal one, and when we accosted him he was working in his meadow. General Mifflin, with agreeable frankness and affability pressed us both to stay for an early dinner, to which we sat down at one o'clock. After dinner I mounted my horse and came into the Carlisle road, about three miles off, at Sinking Spring. About sunset I arrived at Middletown (now Womels-



BERKS COUNTY ALMSHOUSES.

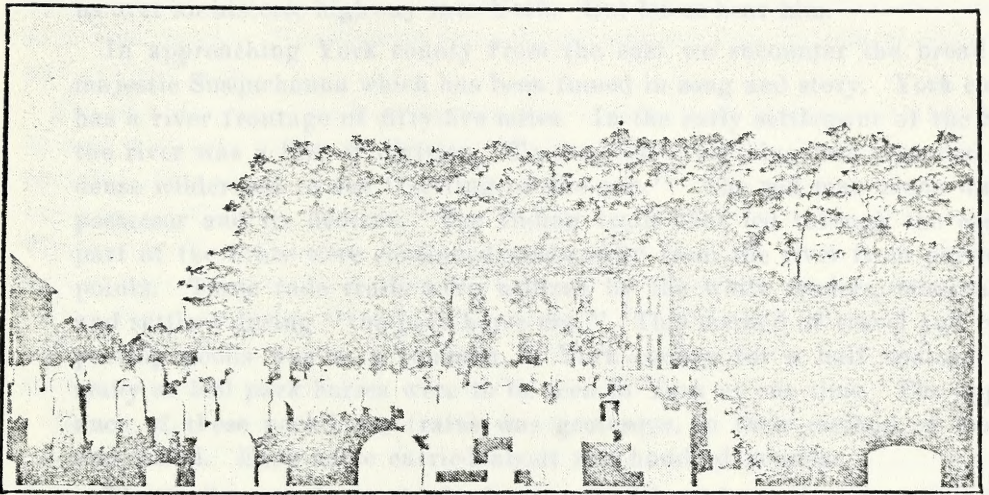
dorf), fourteen miles from Reading, and put up at a tavern, the master of which owned the town and 100 acres in the neighborhood."

Passing the Three Mile House, we come to Shillington, a thriving village which has grown up right upon the borders of this county farm. The next turn brings us to Edison, a village of recent date, perpetuating the name and fame of that great electrical wizard by whose magic power this whole community and the modern world is accommodated with subservient lightning, which now carries our passengers, lights our streets and houses and carries our messages without the loss of a single emphasis or peculiar intonation.

At Edison the trolley line leads to Mohnsville on the left, while the old stage road goes on to the Five Mile House, to Gouglersville and on to Adamstown. Mohnsville is a busy and antiquated little German town of about 1,500 inhabitants, who have contrived for several generations to give the place a reputation for its manufacture of hats. The churches are Germanic, Lutheran and Evangelical, the language long prevailing is that of our stock, and the virtues and domestic order are high.

Beyond Mohnsville stretch the wooded crests that give rise to the Wyomissing, the Cocalico and the Muddy Creeks. And then the traveler arrives at Adamstown, a small village strung along the State road for half a mile or more. It is also known for its hat industries and many a man has gone to field and fair, to country church and city council, to see his best girl or get a divorce from his tarmagant wife, with a headgear made in this town, named for the very first man, whose Eve got him into trouble.

About two miles west of Adamstown stands the Muddy Creek church, or "Church on the Cocalico." Here is enough history written in church records, entombed in graveyard and enacted and evaporated into air to make the atmosphere balmy with the noble, pious deeds of a worthy German ancestry. One of the earliest churches of eastern Pennsylvania was here organized by Rev. John Casper Stoever, that illustrious founder of Lutheran



MUDDY CREEK CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

Churches. His Reformed colleague for a few years was the Rev. John Pe'er Miller, afterwards prior among the Ephrata community. The following is the inscription of the title page of the Muddy Creek church register:

KIRCHENBUCH UND PROTOCOL

für die Evangelische-Lutherische Gemeinde an der Gogallico,
Worinnen beschrieben und aufgezeichnet werden sollte

1. Das zu Haltung des Gottesdienstes erkaufte oder vorhabe.
2. Die getaufte Kinder.
3. Die zum erstenmahl zum Abendmahl admittierte und Confirmirte Personen.
4. Die Copulirte und in den Ehestand getretene.
5. Die Ehrlich zur Erden bestaltete. Theils auch andern. Etc. etc.

Angefangen von mir

Johann Caspar Stöver, dermaliger Evangelische-Lutherische hochdeutschen
Pfarrherrn in Pennsylvanien, im Jahr Christi, 1733.

Among the Lutheran pastors who have served this ancient church may be named besides Stoever, Tobias Wagner, Schwerdtfeger, Wm. Kurtz, Schroeder, Melsheimer, Moeller, Plitt, Filbert, Engel, Ruetze, Richards, Welden, Friedrich, Jaeger (T. T.), Reese, Wagner, Boger, etc. On the Reformed side were Boehm, Miller, Stahlschmidt, Decker, Leinbach, Hendel and others. First log church was built 1730-3, heated by the primitive method of burning logs. Second edifice, with stone walls and tile floor was in use about one hundred years. Present building was erected in 1847.

From Muddy Creek we have but a short distance to Ephrata, where are enshrined the most noted historical events of this community. But having already treated Ephrata, Lititz, Manheim, Elizabethtown and the territory of Lancaster county lying thence to the river, this is a convenient place to take our editorial skip and land just across the Susquehanna from Columbia, whence the genial doctor, of York, with strong historic instincts, will conduct us over an historic highway into York. But let us hear him.

In approaching York county from the east we encounter the broad and majestic Susquehanna which has been famed in song and story. York county has a river frontage of fifty-five miles. In the early settlement of the State the river was a line of division. To the west everything was regarded as a dense wilderness to the "setting of the sun." The red man alone was its possessor and its denizen. The Indian trails that led through the eastern part of the State were continued westwardly from the river from particular points. These rude trails were utilized by the white traders, missionaries and settlers during "the pack-horse era." This method of travel and transporting goods was very common in York county for a half century. As many as 500 pack horses were to be seen in York at one time. The appearance of these pack-horse trains was grotesque, in their method of loading and travel. Each horse carried about two hundred pounds.

The trails were later chiefly improved and used as wagon roads. This, however, aroused much opposition as does every innovation upon established habits and customs.

While the river seems or appears formidable in width, yet at certain seasons of the year in its low stages at certain places it permits fording. During severe winter weather it permits being crossed on the ice in safety.

The primitive canoe of the red man, except so far as it was improved upon by the white man, was the only remaining source of passing its portals. Early in the 18th century public ferries were established from the confluence of its great branches to the bay in which it empties. These ferries were numerous in York county, being chartered, at a distance from each other of about five miles. The most noted and perhaps the most traveled was Wright's Ferry.

In 1726 Robert Barber, Samuel Blunston and John Wright, who were Friends, came from Chester county, and settled upon the east bank of the river, the present site of Columbia. John Wright several years afterwards took up land on the west bank of the river opposite.

The Proprietaries of the province prohibited any settlement west of the

river and refused to issue any license except to John Wright and the Hendricks brothers. John Wright sought to obtain a patent for a ferry, but in this, owing to some opposition, he did not succeed until 1733. Immediately with Samuel Blunston he petitioned for and obtained a road from Columbia to Lancaster, which was granted the following year. His son, John, Jr., received license to keep a public house for the years 1736-7-8-9, on the west side of the river.

In 1739 the Monocacy road was extended through York county commencing at Wright's Ferry, connecting with the Monocacy road in Maryland. The York county road covered a distance of nearly thirty-five miles. Its view and survey is on record. It largely followed the former trail and has itself been supplanted by a turnpike in 1817, and a railroad in 1840.

The three lines of communication with York followed the same general trend. The Monocacy road was about two miles longer than an air line, while the turnpike approached it most nearly, although the railroad follows as a close second. The distance from Wrightsville to York by pike is eleven and one-half miles.

The old Monocacy road in its day was a prominent highway of travel. It was the route taken by General Wayne on his way to Yorktown, Va., near the close of the Revolution. On this road were transported the large numbers of Hessian and British prisoners to York, Frederick, Md., and Winchester, Va. Generals Wayne and St. Clair in 1792, used it on their way to Ohio to quell the Indian troubles there. Immense wagon trains of cotton from Alabama, Georgia and other States used this route on their way to Philadelphia and New York when Washington was occupied and Baltimore was threatened by the British in 1812-14.

It was this road that was used by the Continental Congressmen when they came from Lancaster. They, however, crossed the river at Anderson's Ferry, a few miles above Wright's Ferry, at what is now Marietta. They traversed a road that led from there joining the Monocacy road. The site of Wright's Ferry has been much changed from early days. The river has widened very much, it is alleged. The crossing was marred by rocks, some of which rose above the water. Lieutenant Anberry, a British prisoner and officer, in his "travels in America" relates that the current was very rapid and the great number of rocks just appearing above the water put them in great peril. One of the scows came near being lost with its occupants. In later years General Washington met with an unpleasant experience in crossing, and was delayed some hours. Probably for this reason and from choice of roads on the eastern side of the river the upper, or Anderson's Ferry, was chosen in many instances.

John Wright, Jr., was a man of prominence. He was elected a member of the Assembly for York county at the first election after the erection of the county in 1749, and was annually re-elected till 1759. He died in 1763.

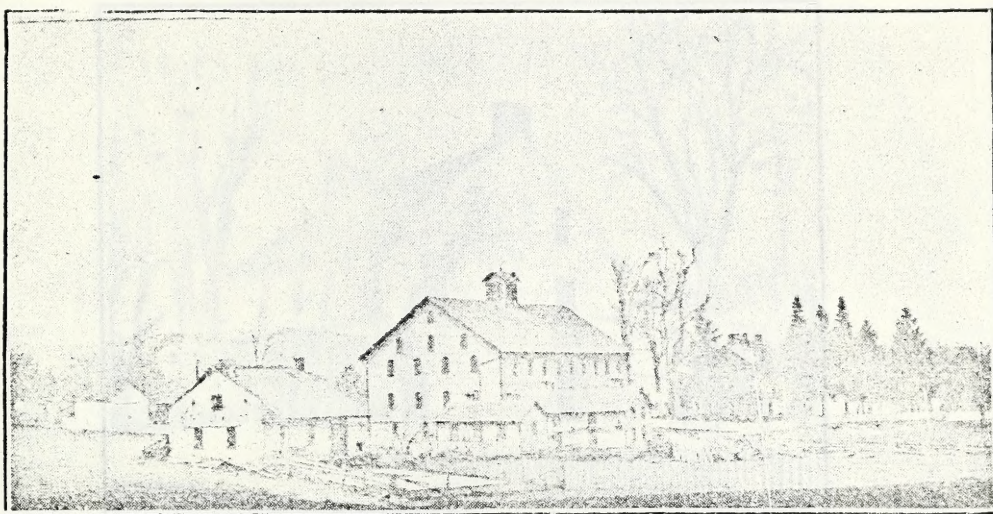
One of his daughters was married to General James Ewing. He removed to "Woodbine," above Wrightsville, and died there in 1806, in a house which is still standing, but no longer occupied. Another daughter of Wil-

liam Wright, Jr., was married to Jonathan Mifflin; another to Dr. John Houston.

The buildings occupied by descendants of John Wright, Jr., are still standing and are very interesting from an historical point of view..

This locality from its early prominence came near being the Capital of the United States. Parton, in his "Life of Jefferson," and Benton's "Debates of Congress" throw much light upon this question. Although the locality was far-famed and known yet it was not laid out as a town until 1811, and incorporated as a borough in 1834.

The era of bridge-building across the Susquehanna did not begin before the second decade of the 19th century. The first bridge at Wright's Ferry was built in 1814. It was destroyed by an ice flood in 1832. A second



SCENE OF THE MORGAN MURDER BY HESSIANS.

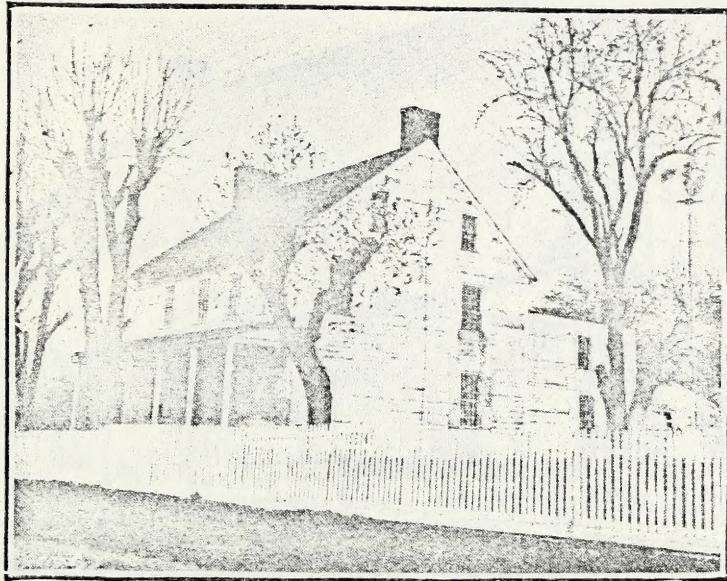
bridge was built, and burnt during the Confederate invasion of 1863. The third bridge was destroyed by the great storm of 1898. The present bridge is a fine substantial structure. These bridges, excepting the first, have been used for railroad and general traffic. The bridges, below Columbia have been singularly unfortunate, being destroyed by ice floods a year or two after their erection.

The vicinity of Wrightsville—as it is now known—is rich in picturesque surroundings. "Wildecot" and "Accomac" are noted for their natural scenery. Chiques Rock, across the river, is a conspicuous landmark.

Wrightsville is interesting not only from its historical associations, traces of which meet us on every side. Its population is enterprising, intelligent and progressive. It is notable also from the fact that here the high-water mark of the Confederate invasion reached its most eastern and northern limit. General Gordon's headquarters is pointed out to the visitor. Houses marked by rebel shells are also to be seen. Various other points of interest abound. Going to and beyond the western extremity of the town a

fine natural panorama greets the observer to the east. The manor of Springetsbury, which was surveyed by Governor Keith, with the consent of the Indians for the use of Springet Penn, the grandson of William Penn, in 1722, embraced over 75,000 acres. It extended due west from the river, a distance of nearly fifteen miles—several miles above York, as laid out later in its domain. It extended north and south of the latter town almost four miles. It was re-surveyed in 1768.

The Susquehanna and York borough turnpike leads in an almost direct line from the river at Wrightsville to York. For a little over half of the distance it runs to the north of the railroad. It then crosses to the south side and remains thus until it reaches York. It runs almost across the middle of the old-time manor.



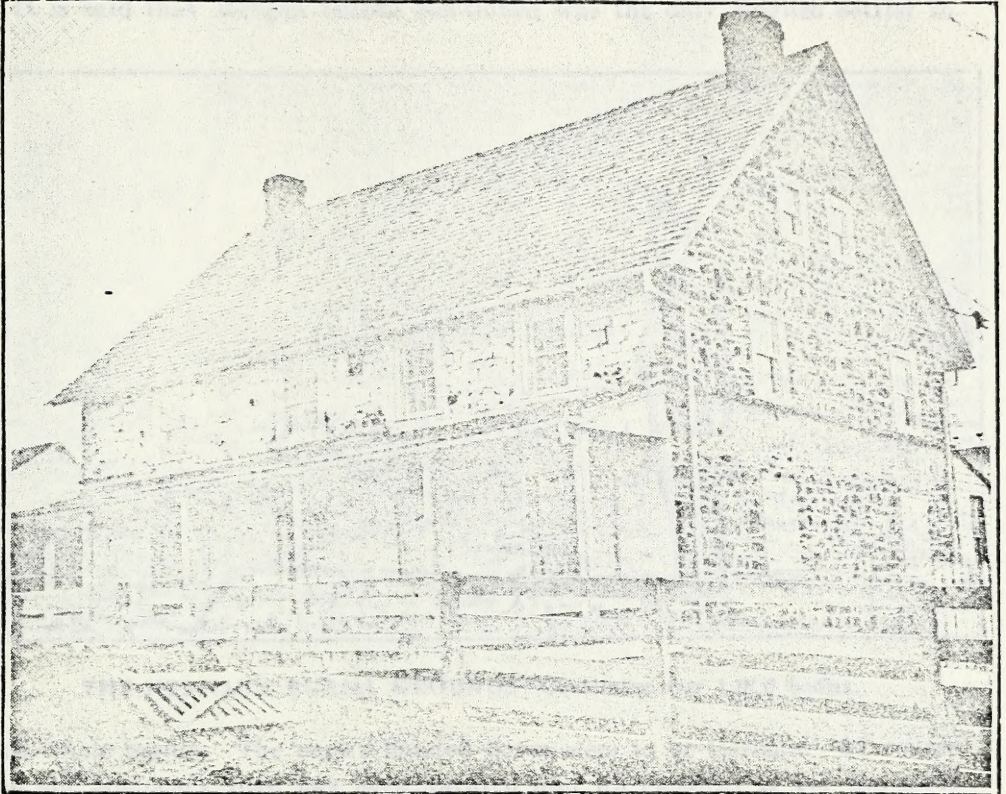
RESIDENCE OF LATE RACHEL BAHN.

The conflicting claims of Maryland and Pennsylvania made this locality one of great contention. The Marylanders encroached upon this locality, settling a few miles to the south and also to the west of Wright's Ferry. They were ejected by the authorities of the Province of Pennsylvania. It was not until the running of the famous Mason and Dixon's Line that the disturbances were settled in 1768.

Probably the famous Kreutz Creek Valley, which is traversed by the creek of the same name which empties in the river near the lower border of Wrightsville, is one of the finest in the State. To the south of Wrightsville we have the beautiful Conojohela Valley which was the scene of violent border disturbances. We pass up the pike over which General Gordon made his rapid march to Wrightsville. We are filled with admiration akin to that expressed by the rebel soldiery which still lingers in the recollection of the equally astonished inhabitants. The substantial thrift of the commun-

ity, the large houses and still larger barns, filled them with wonder. Many of them had never been beyond the borders of their own States in which the conditions and improvements were far different. The valley is limestone and exceedingly fertile. General Early appreciated the returns and fertility of the soil when he declared that York county and its vicinity was well able to pay tribute, judging by the extent of its market productions.

Our route will lead us through the townships of Hellam, Springetsbury and Springgarden. In this locality were made the earliest legitimate settle-



THE SCHULTZ HOTEL, Erected 1734. The oldest house in York County.

ments west of the river. We approach Hellam (formerly written Hallam) a beautiful rural town, tastefully built up and presenting a rare charm of abundance and contentment. The railway station is to the south of the town. Several churches are found here. Still farther to the south is found the Emig homestead, a country seat of rare charm. Here is where occurred the murder of Morgan, the then owner, by the Hessian prisoners from the stockade, several miles above.

The Kreutz Creek and its branches meander about Hellam and vicinity. The clear, sparkling water gives the whole community an air of coolness during the heat of the summer.

We pass up the pike and stop at the residence of Miss Rachel Bahn, the

poetess. She shows us evidences of application to literature. Her note books and their contents are models of precision and elegant penmanship. For fifty-three years she has been a helpless invalid.*

Here the old Monocacy road swings diagonally to the southwest, passing in front of the John Shultz house built in 1734. We are kindly shown through its interior. We are shown the old-time bar-room, the vaulted cellar, the low ceilings and the durable walls. The house is the oldest now standing in the county. We are informed that Martin, a brother of John Schultz; also built a stone house about the same time, of which no traces remain.

It is said that Morgan before mentioned was the only English settler in



THE HESSIANS' BURIAL GROUNDS—Containing over 1,000 bodies.

this whole region. The names handed down seem to be German. Of course the old Monocacy road has been vacated and its pathway is for the most part a matter of tradition. Still the survey is on record and it would be possible to reconstruct the highway.

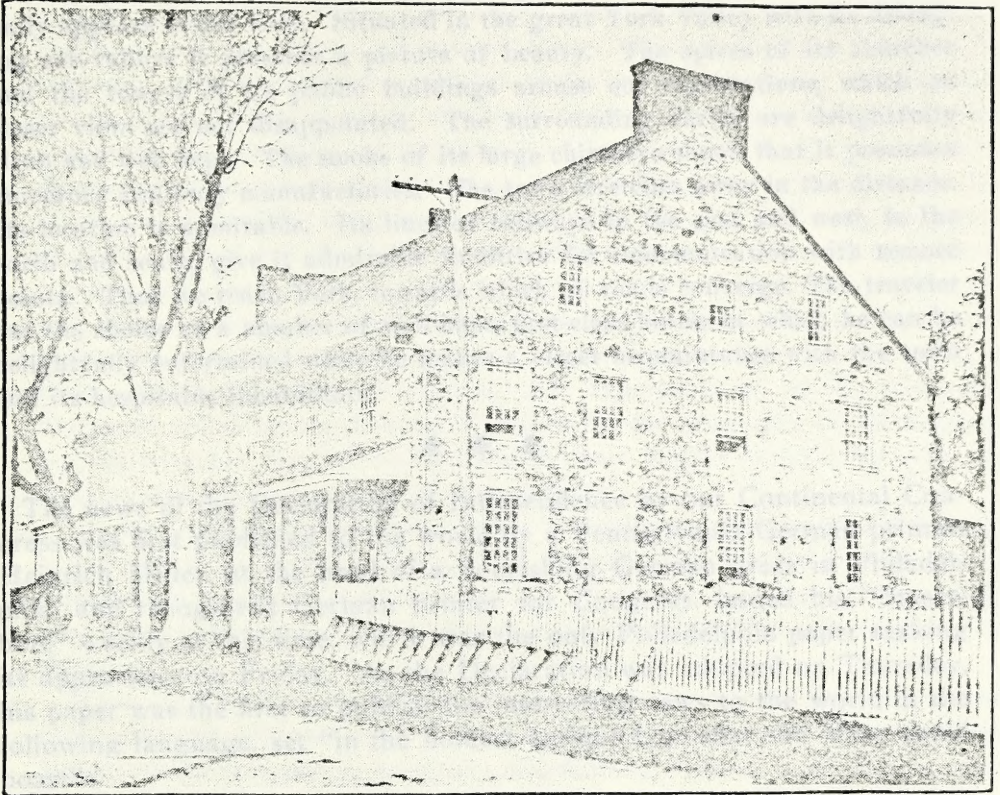
We pass up a little farther in devious private roads and pass over the Kauffman farm up the ridge and view the site of the famous stockade and encampment of the Hessian and British prisoners. The views to be had of the beautiful Kreutz Creek Valley from its summit are charming.† Every thing is now quiet and almost every trace has been removed. We pass over the brow of the hill and come upon the site of the Hessian graveyard, which is a token of so much forgotten misery. The ground is now farmed over. We view the famous "Hessian Thal" and take pictures of these surroundings. We retrace our steps across to Stony Brook, where the railroad now

*Died Aug. 15, 1902.

† For a fine poem in Pennsylvania-German celebrating the beauties of this valley, see H. L. Fisher's "Kreutz-Krick Walli."

crosses the turnpike. The old Monocacy road also made a turn from the Schultz home towards the north approaching the pike.

Our next stopping place is the well-known Hiestand Hotel. This is a very large limestone structure at least seventy by forty-five feet, which was built at several different periods. The hotels along the pikes and greatly traveled main thoroughfares averaged one to every mile. We take several views of this far-famed hostelry and take a view of the highly cultivated surround-



THE HIESTAND VALLEY HOTEL.

Here President Washington was entertained in 1791.

ings. On all sides the view takes in colossal barns and large, tastefully built, substantial residences. To the northeast stretch the Hellam Hills in a nook of which is found the noted hermit Joel Straney. A visit to this man and his surroundings is invested with considerable interest. We secured a number of large photographs of the hermit and his surroundings. Unlike the hermits of more southern oriental climes, this hermit at the approach of cold weather retires into winter quarters. The advent of spring finds him early in his accustomed place.

The Hiestand Hotel is about three miles east of York. It is no longer used as a hotel. In its palmy days it was presided over by a landlord by the name of Bard. The history of this hotel, its balls and parties, could it be written, would fill a volume. Local historians maintain that this hotel

had the honor of entertaining President Washington when he passed through the county. That is very probable as he was accompanied to Wright's Ferry by a large number of friends and admirers. No community in the country exceeded York county in loyalty and devotion to the Revolutionary cause and its beloved commander-in-chief.

While the notorious Conway Cabal had its headquarters in York and there met its quietus, its people were in no wise connected with its machinations.

Our advance towards York is greeted by a vision of the town as it gradually appears to our view. Situated in the great York Valley with its diverging sub-valleys it presents a picture of beauty. The spires of its churches and the towers of its public buildings arouse our expectations, which on closer view are not disappointed. The surrounding farms are delightfully clean and well kept. The smoke of its large chimneys shows that it possesses numerous and busy manufactories. The town stretches away in the distance. Its location is admirable. Its lines of railways to the east and west, to the north and south, give it admirable facilities for communication with remote points. Thus we reach York, towards which all roads converge. The traveler has the choice of a number of well-kept, first-class hotels at which he can be delightfully entertained while he makes a closer acquaintance with the town and its hospitable inhabitants.



The news of the Declaration of Independence by our Continental Congress was first published to the world by a Pennsylvania-German printer. Heinrich Miller, at the head of a flourishing German press in Philadelphia, and recognized German printer for Congress, issued his "Staatsbote" weekly at this time, which was the only Philadelphia paper making its appearance on Friday. As the Declaration was adopted on Thursday, his paper was the first to publish the interesting news to the world in the following language, set "in the boldest antique type that the office could boast":

"Philadelphia, den 5 July. Gestern hat der achbare Congress dieses vesten Landes die vereinigten Colonien freye und unabhängige Staaten erkläret. Die Declaration in Englisch ist gesetzt in der Presse: sie ist datirt den 4ten July, 1776, und wird hent oder morgen in druck erscheinen."

It is noteworthy that another Miller—the Ephata prior—soon after translated the same English form of this "Declaration" into seven European languages.—"Hoch dem Deutchen in Amerika!"

WHO WAS LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF?

BY REV. CYRUS CORT, D.D.

AMONG the first of my school-boy declamations was the famous speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, with its pathetic close: "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

I propose to change the form of the question and will try to answer the interesting query "Who was Logan himself?"

It is not generally known that Logan was the second son of Shekallamy, the firm and fast friend of Colonel Conrad Weiser, the great Indian interpreter. His father was a member of the Moravian church and had this son baptized Logan in honor of James Logan the distinguished secretary connected with the Proprietary Council of Pennsylvania in Provincial days. Shekallamy was a chief of the Cayuga tribe of Iroquois, or Six Nations of Indians, and resided for many years at Shamokin where he died and was buried in 1749. Mingo was the Indian name of the Iroquois. Shekallamy (whose name is spelled in different ways by writers of Provincial times) and Conrad Weiser were in constant communication with each other and they and their sons exchanged many visits of hospitable friendship as well as of a more official character. As agent and representative of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, Conrad Weiser, with the assistance of Shekallamy, negotiated many treaties and prevented many hostile conflicts between the Indians and frontier settlers in pioneer days.

On one occasion, in September, 1744, Conrad went to Shamokin with eight young men from Berks county and in seventeen days' time erected a very commodious dwelling for Shekallamy out of the raw material. It was forty nine and a half feet long by seventeen and a half feet wide and covered with shingles.

When bad Indians committed outrages upon the whites Shekallamy had them arrested and punished, and when lawless frontier men occupied the Indian territory contrary to treaty stipulations, Conrad went with a posse and ejected them.

The Indians generally in the many councils held at Easton, Onondaga, Lancaster, Philadelphia, etc., bore testimony to the fact that Conrad Weiser always spoke the truth and did the right thing between the red man and the white man. Hence he enjoyed the full confidence and esteem of both races.

There was, however, one exception among the Indians, Keekyuskung, a Delawarean chief, who wanted a price set upon French scalps at the Easton treaty of 1757, which Conrad opposed both on grounds of humanity and of policy because if such premium were offered they would probably be called upon to pay for scalps of their own kindred. Keekyuskung denounced Conrad on several occasions but was promptly reprimanded by other chiefs who praised Conrad as a friend of truth and defender of the rights of the Indians. After a treacherous, dissipated and bloodthirsty career Keekyuskung met his merited doom on the gory field of Bushy Run, 1763, at the point of Highland bayonets after being largely instrumental in fomenting the Pon-

tiae war. During the dreadful night of August 5, when Colonel Bouquet's little army of deliverance was sorely beset by howling savages Keekyuskung was conspicuous in taunting the thirsty and weary troops with blackguard threats and epithets bellowed from behind a large tree at a safe distance from the picket line.

After the death of his father and Conrad Weiser, his father's friend, Logan remained on friendly terms with the white settlers in spite of Indian upbraidings, especially during the French and Indian War, and the Pontiac Outbreak of 1763-4.

He located for some years in Kishicoquillas Valley and then, owing to encroachments of white settlers, moved to Ohio in 1771, and located at the mouth of Yellow Creek, thirty miles above Wheeling, where he collected and formed a settlement largely composed of friends and relatives from the region of the Susquehanna. In May, 1774, one Daniel Greathouse, with some thirty other white settlers, hearing of Indian depredations down the Ohio and not knowing perhaps the character and antecedents of Logan, made an attack upon this village in the absence of Logan, and killed a dozen and wounded a number of other friends and relatives of Logan, including his sister.

On his return Logan buried the dead, made provision for the wounded and then with the remnant of his Mingo band went into Ohio and joined the ferocious Sharonees and fought with vengeful fury against the whites. He was over six feet tall and weighed about two hundred pounds, but was very swift afoot. Had a frank, open, manly countenance and was pronounced one of the finest specimens of humanity ever seen among either red or white race.

Logan was mistaken as to the author or leader of the lawless outrage committed against him and his kindred. It was Greathouse and not Cressap who slaughtered his relatives and changed Logan from a friend into a revengeful foe of the whites, and led to the slaughter of hundreds of innocent people. But Heckmel-der, Zeisberger and famous Moravian missionaries, residing in Ohio among the Indians at that time, tell us that such was the current report at the time, and Cressap was the one blamed. After the battle of Point Pleasant the Indians sued for peace lest Lord Dunmore's large army should desolate their homes on the Muskingum. Logan disdained to appear as a suppliant at the great council held between Lord Dunmore and the hostile chiefs near where Circleville, Ohio, now stands. But he delivered in person to Colonel Gibson, of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, the address which the Colonel translated and handed to Lord Dunmore, along with a belt of wampum.

Thomas Jefferson found Logan's speech in the archives of Virginia and copied it into his Virginia Notes just as it was translated by Colonel Gibson at the time of its delivery by Logan. Luther Martin, the distinguished Maryland lawyer, related by marriage to Captain Michael Cressap, and others fiercely denounced Jefferson and even charged him with manufacturing the speech. Colonel Gibson, however, vindicated Jefferson's veracity and the

reality of the transaction with Logan itself. His relative, Chief Justice Gibson, one of the greatest jurists and intellectual giants ever produced by the Keystone State, declared in subsequent years not only that Colonel Gibson was perfectly reliable but also fully competent to give the speech of Logan the correct and graphic setting which has made it famous all over the world as a noble specimen of untutored eloquence.

My great-grandfather, on my mother's side, Jacob Byerly, was a member of that part of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment which was located at Fort Pitt during the Revolutionary War and served under Colonel Gibson. As for Logan himself, he became melancholy and addicted to strong drink like the great Pontiac, Red Jacket and other typical Indians, and was finally slain in a drunken debauch on his way between Detroit and the Miami. His case is but one among many illustrating how innocent white settlers became the victims of savage brutality because of wrongs perpetrated against peaceable Indians by unprincipled white men and often by public officials. We give the speech itself to illustrate this point.

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin and he gave him no meat; if he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen as they passed said, 'Logan is the friend of the whites.' I had thought of living among you, but for the injuries of one man, Captain Cressap, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children.

"There runs not one drop of my blood in any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice in the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."



For seventy-five years the *Youth's Companion* has been published every week as a family paper. In these seventy-five years the paper's constancy to a high standard has won the confidence of the American people. It has kept pace with the growth of the country. Its stories, its special articles, its editorials, its selections all that is best in American life.



Lippincott's Magazine each month prints a complete novel which, when they ultimately take book form, cost a sum equal to a subscription to "*Lippincott*" for an entire year. Besides, there are each month short stories chosen because they have something in them to move, to entertain or to divert. Besides, again, there are each month one or more papers of practical value in American ideals, on Gardening, on Out-door Life, and on themes of pressing interest; and there are always the best poems that American life yields.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE TELEPHONE

[We insert the following from "The Miller's Review," kindly sent us by its editor, Mr. W. H. Richardson.—Editor.]

THE telephone of 1867 vs. the telephone of 1900! The mutations of a third of a century have brought out changes in arts and sciences which would require volume upon volume to describe. Here is one of the inventions which in 1867-8 was looked upon with much curiosity and as a real novelty drew many neighbors, and others from a distance, to the shops of the modest inventor, Daniel Drawbaugh, of Eberly's



EBERLY'S MILLS, PA.

Mills, Cumberland county, Pa., to see the wonderful "talking machine," then in its infancy, but now developed into the great telephone systems which spread their network of wires over almost every inhabited country on the globe. Under the combined efforts of different inventors this great commercial agency has been brought to a state of admitted perfection and universal usefulness. Next to its elder kin, the telegraph, it has stripped the world of ancient distances, it has relegated to a memory the long delay in communication by messengers and it has made, so to speak, family communities of whole States.

Do we stop to think, or can we even conceive the advancement to

civilization to which this great medium of rapid communication has given the impetus! No doubt many improvements will be made in the future—but let the future take care of its own achievements and let us deal with the present and as far as lies within our power let us do justice to the pioneer of this great invention. In order that we may be perfectly fair toward all those who contributed of their brain and thoughts to the accomplishment and perfection of this time and distance annihilator, I must submit each relative claim to the judgment of those who care to investigate the merits of the different inventors concerned.

My personal knowledge and observation convince me beyond any doubt that Daniel Drawbaugh, the inventor of the "talking machine," which girdled almost every house and shop in the historic village of Eberly's Mills, four miles southwest of Harrisburg, Pa., was at least one of the earliest, if not indeed the pioneer in the discovery of the telephone. While his first machines in their primitive conception were doubtless crude, still in them were arranged the same principles as are now employed in general use. The shop in which Mr. Drawbaugh conducted his experiments is only a stone's throw from the mill illustrated herewith, and the mill itself in those days was the place at which the inventor was wont to meet his friends, the relations between the millers and Mr. Drawbaugh being very close at that time. If my recollection serves me right, Mr. Drawbaugh was a millwright before he commenced the actual demonstration of his "talking machine," and in association with an elder brother, followed that calling for some time.

At that early day Mr. Drawbaugh's shops and the mill were thronged almost daily with visitors; expressions of admiration, amusement and astonishment were the leading sentiments of those who witnessed the curious developments of the machine. I was then a near neighbor and personal friend of Mr. Drawbaugh; then, as now, he was a modest, plain man, with unusual powers of conception and application. He is the inventor of many useful things which are in general use today, but to my mind the telephone entitles him to the gratitude of all people, everywhere, who are brought near to each other through the easy medium of the "hello" box, and I think that some of us will live long enough to see the name of Drawbaugh occupying a place in the galaxy of our great inventors.



This magazine has for sale most of the portrait pictures used as frontispieces, printed on heavy paper at 10 cents a copy, and half-tone cuts of many of the illustrations that have and are constantly appearing at very reasonable rates.

THE GERMANS AS A FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE

BY REV. PH. VOLLMER, PH. D., D. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE American nation may be fitly compared to a stately oak tree. There are many channels through which the sap of liberty found its way into the mighty trunk, giving beauty and vitality to branch and leaf, to foliage and fruit. But there are five principal roots which are the main sources of American civilization and of the institutions which conserve to promote this civilization. These are the English, the German, the Dutch, the French-Huguenot and the Scotch-Irish roots. The question was asked to discuss is as to the amount and quality of the sap which the German root has contributed and is contributing to this mighty oak.

In the first place the Germans are a most important numerical factor in our national life. German immigration began when on the 6th of October, 1683, Daniel Pastorius and his company landed at Philadelphia and subsequently founded Germantown. There are now in America over 10,000,000 of people either born abroad or descended from German ancestors. In some States, as Wisconsin, the Germans are in a majority. New York City is the third largest German city in the world. Pennsylvania has always been a banner State of German immigration. It has been asserted and never successfully disproved that three-fifths of the present inhabitants of Pennsylvania have German blood running in their veins. Their present names are not a certain criterion of national descent, because thousands of Germans, some from worthy and others from unworthy motives have anglicized their names. Scratch a Mr. Carpenter, or a Mr. King, or a Mr. Cook, or a Mr. Taylor, or a Mr. Black, or a Mr. Stone, and you will find in many cases a Zimmerman, a Koenig, a Koch, a Schneider, a Schwarz, and a Stein. A German Pennsylvania farmer by the name of Klein has recently held a family reunion. His four sons were present and their names had been changed respectively into Kline, Small, Little and Short. There are today seven hundred thousand people in Pennsylvania speaking that homely and mellow Pennsylvania-German dialect, and as the Philadelphia Ledger said recently, "It were a pity if this dialect would soon die out." But there is at present little danger of this, for I know of experience that even negroes, Scotchmen, and people of other nationalities have been assimilated and become German-Pennsylvanians in speech and customs. Even before the Revolution the Germans were so strong in Pennsylvania, that the question came up in the legislature whether the German or the English should be the official language. A tie vote resulted and the president, a German, gave the casting vote in favor of English, a wise decision, I think, all things considered.

The Germans have been, in the second place, an important educational factor in literature, science and art. I need not speak of the German's love of education in all its branches. This is conceded. Luther and Zwingli were the founders of the modern public school, Melancthon is known as the reformer of the Universities, the Moravian bishop Comenius, who once re-

ceived an urgent call to the presidency of Harvard College, was the pathfinder of modern educational methods, and Froebel was the founder of the "Kindergarten." This inborn love for popular and higher education the first German settlers transplanted to America. Franklin in 1774, reported that they owned six printing presses and were in the habit of importing large quantities of books. The first Bible printed on this continent was printed by the Germans and the first protest against slavery was made by German Quakers. It is therefore, a gross slander to represent the Germans, especially the Pennsylvania-Germans, as an uncouth, ignorant and illiterate class of men.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again
The eternal years of God are her's."

Professor Hinsdale says in his recent article on "Foreign influence upon American Education," that in 1776 Franklin visited Goettingen to get German ideas to guide him in founding the University of Pennsylvania, and it is well known that those of our American universities which deserve that name, are modeled after German and not after English patterns. Professor Hinsdale proceeds as follows:

"William Penn, it may be set down as certain, got his ideas of the common school from Germany. The German colonists he brought here represented a far higher level of education than his English colonists. They were more advanced in the arts, they were better versed in letters and they represented a higher educational standard than then existed in England, whose universities and schools were then at their lowest ebb, and even from these Dissenters were excluded."

It is hardly necessary to prove the great contributions Germans have made to the mechanical sciences, to music and to commerce. I have recently seen it stated and proved by figures that half of the success of the Pen-American Exposition at Buffalo is to be credited to foreign born or native born Germans.

In the third place the Germans have always been an important political factor—not in the sense of office-seeking—they never got their fair share in this, but in the sense of intense American patriotism. While the self-respecting German never loses his love for his mother, the old Fatherland, he embraces with all the powers of his soul his young self-chosen bride—America, with as great a fervor as a lover embraces the mistress of his affection. In time of peace, the Germans always stood for honesty, political decency and reform. In time of war he was foremost to defend the "Star Spangled Banner." Two years before the Declaration of Independence was signed the German colonists declared for absolute separation from England. When the rumblings of the Revolution became louder, the King of England wanted to know two things, first, how the Germans stood on the question of Independence, and secondly, whether many of them had been soldiers before they emigrated. The report made his countenance fall, for it stated that the Germans were almost unanimously in favor of independence and that they even had committees of correspondence at work to consolidate the Germans

in other colonies. And, then, grateful America will never forget Von Steuben, who in the darkest hour of the Revolutionary war arrived from Germany and drilled Washington's defeated soldiers for six months according to the improved German methods and enabled them to again win victories. During the Civil War, 200,000 Germans fought on the side of the Union and very few on the side of the Confederacy. When Abraham Lincoln, at a crisis, called for more soldiers, the Irish of New York instigated the infamous "Draft Riot," an Anglo-American governor addressed these rioters from the steps of the City Hall as "My Friends," while the German societies issued new calls to their countrymen to drive back the enemy. An unimpeachable authority has stated: "As between the native born of the North and the native born of the South, independently and alone, the Civil War would almost certainly have terminated differently, if the help of the foreign born in the North had not been arrayed against the Confederacy." It is a matter of record that the Germans of St. Louis kept Missouri in the Union. During the late Spanish-American War an American of French descent, Dewey, destroyed the fleet at Manila; an American of German descent, Schley, defeated the much more formidable fleet at Santiago; another American of German descent, Schafter, won the land battle before Santiago, and an American of Dutch descent, Roosevelt, was the leader in that latter battle. But the American of English descent, Sampson, was ten miles away at the most critical hour of the entire war, and Anglo-Saxon-like was quite ready to claim the credit for the victory. Does not this record show this composite character of our nation?

I will only touch, fourthly, on the Germans as a religious factor. The Gospel is the same for all nations but each nation manifests its power in a different way. The Germans of the different denominations, including even the Methodists and Baptists, stand for deep reverence in public worship, for an orderly service with liberty to adapt it to circumstances, for the idea of the church year, for the educational method in propagating the faith as over against the one-sided revival method. The other day the president of the "Reformed Historical Exhibit," pointing to a large collection of catechisms, said, "This collection will by itself teach our Presbyterian friends a lesson." The Germans lay great stress on what Dr. Cuthbert Hall recently called the "Hallowing of Education." They do not only acknowledge that there is a difference between instruction and education, but they put the strongest emphasis upon it. Mere instruction is not education. Education is the bringing out of all the faculties of the child, the development of the entire nature, the training of the intellect and the heart and the will—in a word, the whole man. To give all attention to the intelligence of the child and to neglect its religious training is not education. You know well that the great crimes against society are not committed by illiterate men, but by men who in their youth were instructed but not educated; by men who grow up from youth to manhood without religious training. Isolated cases are found of violence, robbery and other crimes perpetrated by the ignorant. But the crimes that go to the heart of society and shake it to its very foundations; the frauds on public funds; the robbery of savings banks and in-

insurance offices, by which countless numbers are made to mourn; the unsettling of public credit; the gambling in stocks; the squandering and the pilfering of the treasury of the nation; the unlimited power of corporations, by which the artisan and the laborer may be robbed of the fruits of their honest toil—these and many more such evils are not the work of ignorant and illiterate men. When we see rich men growing richer, and poor men growing poorer; when discontent is increasing and socialistic principles are spreading; when public honesty and public morality are at such a low ebb; when religious indifference and infidelity are spreading everywhere it is not difficult for any thoughtful man to trace the cause, and it will be found in the separation of religion from what is called education.

Other Christians subscribe also to this idea in general, but there is no nation under heaven and no nationality represented in America, which lays so much stress on this truth as the Germans. Aside from the educational system in Germany itself, witness for instance the thousands of parochial schools, supported, not only for teaching the German language as some mistakenly suppose (for many are entirely English in language), but in order to give effect to their cherished theory of education. It may not be wise to introduce religion into our public schools, but the last word in this great discussion has not yet been spoken. Our great national danger is that while we are making Christians out of Asiatic heathen, millions of American Christians rapidly become heathen, for lack of adequate training. Mr. Nevin truthfully said, "Our public school system ignores positive Christianity altogether as if it were possible to prepare the youth adequately for the duties and temptations of this life by directing their heart and mind exclusively to the things of this world."

Lastly, the Germans have been and are still an important social factor, having contributed many beautiful features to the character of this mighty nation. Their "*Gemüthlichkeit*," their high esteem of home life, their aversion to boarding house life, their large families, their hospitality, especially among Pennsylvania-Germans, their fondness of music have become proverbial. The "New woman" finds no favor with them. Club-life is not appreciated.

Of course you understand my motive in thus pointing out the good qualities of the Germans. It is not to disparage the sap which other roots contributed to this mighty oak tree, but simply to vindicate the Germans from the aspersions and the ignorance of large numbers of American citizens.

From the foregoing discussion three lessons follow, the first of which is that ours is not an Anglo-Saxon nation, but a composite nation. The descendants of the two low German tribes, the Angles and the Saxons, that emigrated to England (in A. D. 449) are almost extinct even in England. England properly comprises a mixture of Norman, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Dutch extraction, while Scotland, Wales and Ireland are largely Celtic. The leading merchants of England are Scotch and Irish, her leading financiers are Jews, the reigning family is German and her army is recruited principally from the Scotch and Irish. To apply the clip phrase "Anglo-Saxon," coined

by Lord Macauley, to the American nation shows bigotry or ignorance, or both. You cannot truthfully call a civilization by a name that has only few representatives among it, and which in its essence points to other sources. For this reason even the real scholars in England call their own nation a Teutonic nation. America may be compared to a great cooking pot in which a nutritious stew is being prepared. The outcome of it will not be an English stew although John Bull contributed a respectable piece of beef to it. It will not be an Irish stew. It will be a mixed stew in which the prevailing elements are the English, the German and others. The result will be a genuine American stew, with a taste and flavor entirely of its own; a new creation, unlike all other nations. The American people will become in due time the highest product of Christian civilization, with all their political, social and ecclesiastical drawbacks, but a harmonious blending of the best features found in all of them.

Hard as some try, you cannot torture this nation into an Anglo-Saxon nation because its language happens to be English. And even if you could make out your case, it would be no credit to America. If we believe Walter Scott's novels, the Saxons at the time of the Norman rule, cut a sorry figure and are not at best an ancestry to boast of about. Now, while it is ridiculous to speak of the English as an Anglo-Saxon race, it is foolish to apply that name to the American people, with the Dutch settlement in New York and New Jersey, the Germans in Pennsylvania, the Spanish and French in the South and Scandinavians in the Northwest, while all the nations of the world are scattered throughout the whole country. The Detroit "Free Press," in an elaborate article, said recently: "We are not an Anglo-Saxon race, except in the imagination of half-educated superficial editors and London jingo papers. The genuine English blood in the veins of America has so much decreased that one might call our nation with as much historical truth on his side, a Greek nation as an Anglo-Saxon nation." An increasing number of Americans are led to see that much of the Anglo-Saxon talk, emanating chiefly from London, is nothing more than a concealed clever attempt to tell us that after all America is nothing more than an English dependency, in its origin, its leading constituents, and its type of civilization. All of which we stoutly deny. This sort of reasoning is an example of the truth of Mr. Froude's dictum, that you can make anything you please with the fact of history, just as you can write any word with the letters of the alphabet provided you only pick those you want and leave the rest.

My second advice is, make your influence felt by honoring the rock from which you were hewn. To the Germans of America may be applied Schiller's words of "Wallenstein":

"Von der Parteien Gunst und Hass verwirrt,
Schwebt sein Characterbild in der Geschichte."

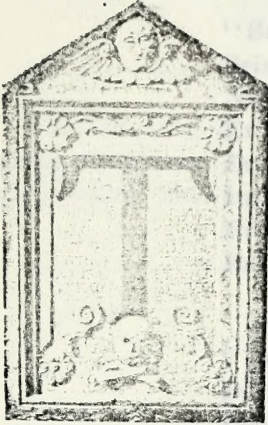
But this misrepresentation will cease if publications like the PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN, organizations like the Pennsylvania-German Historical Society, and authors like Beidelman, Dieffenderffer, our own Dr. Schaeffer, the State Superintendent of Public Schools, Dr. Good, Dr. Dubbs and others,

can help it. A school history, for instance, which makes everything of Plymouth Rock and the "Mayflower" and nothing at all, or very little, of Germantown and the "Concord," is imperfect, and the Germans in Pennsylvania at least should not longer tamely submit to the present inadequate treatment of the settlement of America and Pennsylvania in our lower and higher schools. We all honor Penn, Washington, Lincoln and Garfield, but the descendants of Germans should not be ashamed of Daniel Pastorius, Schlatter Mühlenberg, Zinzendorf, Sauer, Von Steuben, Gallatin and Admiral Schley.

Lastly, comes the advice, perpetuate the virtues of your German ancestors; cultivate the German language. The knowledge of two languages does not impair American patriotism. Presidents Cleveland and Harrison were not less patriotic because they had a German Fraulein as governess for their children and enjoyed a German Christ-Baum in the White House under which the little ones sang the beautiful German Christmas carols. At a time when Anglo and Irish Americans spent thousands of dollars to acquire the German, those who possess the language should not throw it away. Even when all our churches should become English, which is, of course, yet a long ways off, the educated offspring of German ancestry should cultivate the language of science and philosophy. But above all hold fast to the German love of educational religion. A lady once said to a clergyman: "I have made up my mind not to place my child under religious instruction until he has reached the years of discretion." The wise friend replied: "You, his mother, may neglect the training of your child for good, but the enemy of souls is ever mindful of his opportunities, and your boy will have an early course of training in evil." When some one said to Coleridge that children ought not to be prejudiced in favor of religion, the poet took him into a garden full of weeds, showing it as a spot not prejudiced in the spring in favor of flowers and fruits. For his part, he "preferred a garden prejudiced in favor of roses and strawberries."

If the German contribution to the make-up of this nation could be eliminated it would mean a great irreparable loss to our country of whose greatness and power no element is prouder than the Americans of German extraction. But there is no fear of this. Even if we would, we could not get rid of the German factor in our national life, for of the Germans it is true what a poet said:

"Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergeh'n."



OMBSTONE INSCRIPTIONS

These have been sent in by E. M. Eshelman, of Washington, D. C. They are found in Bavaria and other parts of Germany.

A SUFFERER'S.

“Yetzt hab ich endlich ausgelitten;
Hab mit meiner Krankheit viel gestritten
Bis eine trauervolle Nacht
Mir endlich hat den Tod gebracht.
Es ist doch einmal fest gestellt
Ein jeder musz aus dieser Welt,
Ist er arm oder reich
Im Grabe sind wir alle gleich.”

“Ich lieg im Grab und bin zugedeckt
Kein Mensch ist, der mich auferweckt
Als der liebe Gott am jüngsten Tag,
Der wecket mich aus meinem Schlaf.”

A MOTHER'S.

“Mein Teuerstes auf Erden
Muss hier zum Staube werden,
Die Mutter, welche mich gebahr,
Die Mutter, die mir Alles war,
Das liebe Pfand, das sie mir gab,
Ach, all mein Glück deckt dieses Grab.”

A TAILOR'S.

Der Kleider viel hat er gemacht
Doch kein unsterbliches vollbracht.
Dazu gehört ein grözrer Meister
Der kleiden kann nur pure Geister
Mit ewig schönem Festgewand
Im andern bessern Vaterland.
Den Unterschied er wüszte zu sagen
Wenn wir ihn könnten darum fragen.”

A BLACKSMITH'S.

"Sein starker Arm hat ausgeschlagen
 Sein schwerer Hammer ruht für yetzt,
 Nicht darf er Hitze mehr ertragen
 Er wird mit Schweisz nicht mehr benetzt;
 Er hält nun immer Feiertage
 Im grossen Haus des Himmel's Herrn;
 Er kennt nicht mehr der Werktags Plage,
 Es leuchtet ihm ein schöner Stern."

A DRINKER'S.

"Liesz er der Laune schieszen die Zügel
 Da trank er wohl an zwanzig Krügel;
 Doch that er einmahl dreiszig trinken,
 Da muszte tot vom Stuhl er sinken."

ANOTHER.

"Hier ruht Franz Josef Matt,
 Der sich zu Tod getrunken hat;
 Herr, gib ihm die ewige Ruh
 Und ein Gläsle Schnaps dazu."

*

"Das ist cine harte Reisz
 Wenn man den Weg nicht Weisz.
 So frage du drey Heilige Leuth
 Zeigen dir den Weg zur Seligkeit."

*

"Noch steht auf Erden die Himmelsleiter
 Wo Menchen entschlummern zufrieden und heiter;
 Kein Haus ist zu nieder, keine Kammer zu klein,
 Es fliegen die Engel zum Fenster hinein."

*

"Ich lebte viele Yahre lang,
 Da nahm denn alles seinem Gang.
 Bald gut, bald schlimm, doch niemals gleich,
 Voll Aenderung und wechschleich
 Sind unsere Lebensjare."

*

"Im Grabe muss ich verwesen;
 Was du bist, bin ich gewesen.
 Was ich bin wirst du bald werden;
 Lebe fromm auf dieser Erden
 So wirst du einst selig werden."

*

"Sinkt immerhin mein Leib in's Grab
 Gott wird mich neu beleben;
 Der Gott, der mir das Leben gab,
 Wird mir's einst wieder geben.
 Ich fürchte die Verwesung nicht,
 Denn Gott ist meine Zuversicht."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTIONS

From "Here Lies."

ON A GOLD-DIGGER.

The following is taken from a head-board at a grave in the Sparta Dig-
gings, California; and, taking the orthography into consideration, it is an
unconscious blending of the serio-comic with the would-be sublime:

In memory ov

John Smith, whe met

wierlent death neer this spot
18 hundred and 40 too. He was shot
by his own pistill;

It was not one of the kind,
but a old fashioned
brass barrel, and of such is the
Kingdom of heaven.

ON ROGER NORTON.

Here lies, alas! poor Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on!
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off!
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying,
Which was the cause of Roger's dying.

FROM TORRBURN CHURCHYARD.

In this churchyard lies Eppie Coutts,
Either here or hereabouts;
But where it is none can tell
Till Eppie rise and tell hersel'.

ON AN EDITOR.

"Here lies an Editor!
Snooks, if you will;
In mercy, Kind Providence,
Let him lie still!
He lied for his living: so
He lived while he lied:
When he could not lie longer
He lied down and died."

IN ELLON CHURCHYARD.

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who, when she liv'd did naught but scold;
Peace, wake her not, for now she's still,
She had, but now I have my will.

"DER EWIGE JAEGER" (The Eternal Hunter)

A Pennsylvania German Legend of Lancaster County

U EARS ago, when all this land was covered with dense, gloomy forests, and the red man roamed in sylvan freedom, our German ancestors, at least of those who can boast so proud an honor, were longing with melancholy "heim-weh" for the "Vaterland," but lately deserted. Then it was that this drama was enacted.

Seated round a rude table beneath an ancient oak that stood before a quaint "public house," was a select company; one of those groups so characteristic of a "public house." Jacob Brewster, let us call him, seemed to be granted the leadership among them. He was a boaster of great power and ability, (which might account for that leadership), and like Nimrod, he was a mighty hunter, especially in his own opinion. That he was a hunter might have been previously conjectured; since leaning against the table by his side stood the uncertain clumsy flint-lock so typical of old colonial days, and round the legs of his rude stool and himself a half dozen or more lean, hungry hounds of mongrel breed and doubtful ancestry, whined and contorted their emaciated bodies, yelping in their eagerness to snatch any morsel which might escape their master's clumsy fingers.

"Didst say; Jacob, twelve miles to the hour?" inquired his nearest companion, deliberately replacing his empty flagon, then brushing with great care and gravity some stray drops from his bearded lip.

"Aye!" retorted our friend, the boastful nimrod, "and more if need be."

"It may be, it may be, yet we would first see it," meditatively remarked some doubting Thomas.

"Aye, aye, so would I!"—"and I!"—"and I, too!" resounded from all sides in a jeering chorus. Wrath choked all power of utterance, for once our loquacious hero was silent, his bluff good-natured face became livid with inexpressible rage, leaping to his feet (as did also the hounds to theirs) he delivered a volley of well arranged and well directed blasphemy (which was very feelingly and promptly responded to by one solitary hound whose caudal appendage had undergone sudden and violent pressure, while his companions rendered their approval or disapproval in minor yelps, caused perhaps by coming into more or less painful contact with the toe of a cow-hide boot.) He swore that he would ride to New Amsterdam in five days, or failing he would ride through eternity. Consternation filled the jovial hearts of his friends and admirers; they clung around him, pleading, arguing, pointing out the inadvisability, the peril, the impossibility, all to no avail; "his Dutch was up." Hastily calling "Mein Herr," he paid him liberally and ordered his hunter to be brought round ready for a journey. Mein Herr had also heard and seen the proceedings from the tavern door, and knowing as he did the peril of a white man traveling alone with his scalp on his head, he was on the verge of utter collapse, his eyes barely escaped popping from his head, his weak spindle legs quaked dangerously beneath the mountain of corpulency. Vainly he strove to dissuade our friend from fulfilling his reckless determination, but his tongue refused his heart, his jaws would not be stilled, but perforce must clatter like castanets, while his huge brazen

knee-buckles rendered a cheerful allegretto. And so he wisely chose to remain silent. Struggling free from restraining friends, Brewster staggered to horse and vanished from their sight like a comet, the entire pack trailing after in full cry.

Sobered by this unexpected termination, his companions stood petrified, gazing down the valley through which he had just disappeared. Already the gathering of twilight shrouded the valley in gloom. As they stood thus momentarily transfixed the faint distant baying of hounds and the melancholy tooting of a hunter's horn was wafted through the vesper stillness of that peaceful vale to their straining ears like messengers of hope and peace. But to their troubled and anxious hearts seemed like messengers of ghostly omen, as the last lingering sunbeam faded from the forest-clad summit of "Mill Bach Kopje," they turned with strange misgivings and forebodings into the cozy "traveler's room" of the little German inn.

Three days Jacob Brewster continued to the northeast uninterrupted by man or beast, but then his good fortune forsook him. Either his trail was run across by a band of hostile Indians or the baying of his hounds attracted their unwelcome attention, but that he was being pursued was certain. The hounds began to show symptoms of uneasiness, yelping anxiously and keeping close about their master. Soon he detected the reason for their anxiety. Barely had he time to seize his musket and prepare for coming danger, before the dread war-whoop pierced the forest, a few sharp shots rang out, and Jacob Brewster bit the dust, his horse falling upon him, both mortally wounded, his hounds fought savagely in protection of their master till the last brave hound sank bleeding from a score of wounds a victim to fidelity.

To this day—so runs the legend as told me by my grandmother,—Jacob Brewster hunts unceasingly. And if you were born on Christmas night you can still occasionally see his spirit riding gallantly among his ghostly pack. Often during the long summer twilights the baying of hounds and a mellow hunting horn would quiver through the mighty silence with a far-off plaintive weirdness, sometimes overhead or hovering toward the northeast. And the good housewives of the rude, good-natured farmers would shake their heads knowingly and ejaculate "Der ewige Jaeger," in such awesome, blood-curdling tones as to cause poor children to well nigh shrivel up with fear and terror. And through the long winter evenings Grandma would set the light to the window, and sitting knitting warm woolen mittens for our chubby fists, tell us the legend of "the eternal hunter."

Lulled to drowsy semiconsciousness by the genial warmth and the droning of the tea kettle, our dreams, if such they were, strangely blended realities and the strange legend. Suddenly strange forms flitted and shifted indistinctly upon the ice of the Hammer Creek, gradually they assumed distinct form, and before us sat a tall, erect man upon a high-shouldered hunter, his body was muffled to the huge sparkling knee-buckles of his Knickerbockers by a dark hunting cloak, his hat was tall and peaked, and his long gray beard flowed down over his colonial ruff. In his left hand he waved his silver bugle till it flashed like a dazzling meteor through the frosty moonlit air, and the

hounds moved dark masses silhouetted against the white expanse of ice and snow, but they cast no shadow.

The tea kettle droned on unheeded, the rocking chair creaked no more for us, but instead subdued, ghostly whisperings, muffled by increasing unconsciousness, reached our listless ears, a cloud swept over the face of the moon and into its shadowy bosom the "Eternal Hunter" and all his spectral pack faded away, vanished from our mental vision and we slept the sleep of the innocent, undisturbed by the visions of the Eternal Hunter.

W. WISSLER HACKMAN.



GENEALOGICAL QUERY

By Mrs. Katharine L. Dorsey, 1415 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

ANTHONY LEHMAN served as a private soldier in Captain Peter Dechert's company, of Reading. This company was a part of the Fifth Pennsylvania Battalion, commanded by Colonel Robert Magaw of Carlisle; participated in the movements of General Washington's army in and around New York; under General Israel Putnam assisted in the construction of Fort Washington, which was infested and captured by Lord Howe November 16, 1776. The men were held as prisoners until exchanged January 18, 1777. Anthony Lehman's name is on the pension roll in State Archives. It is supposed that he died at Shippensburg in 1818 or 1819. Any information concerning the family will be most gratefully appreciated.

Philip, son of Anthony and ——— Lehman, married Catharine, daughter of one Daniel Wunderlich.

There were two brothers, John and Daniel, sons of John and Barbara Densler Wunderlich, born in Ludwigsburg, Württemberg. They came to America, John, October 16, 1751, and Daniel September 26, 1753, in the ship Brothers.

They married sisters, daughters of John Albrecht Sucheale, of Lebanon county. John Wunderlich married Maria Elizabeth Sucheale, January 11, 1757, and Daniel married Eva Barbara Sucheale February 22, 1763. Daniel's first daughter was named Eva Barbara. A son was named Jacob, born June 7, 1782. Was the Catharine Wunderlich who married Philip Lehman a daughter or a granddaughter of Daniel and Eva Barbara Wunderlich?



**Sketch of Dr. Henry
Melchior Muhlenberg.**

The Rev. Adam Stump, A.M., of York, has published a most excellent biographical brochure on the life of the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America. Brief though the treatise be, it is a question whether a more clear, correct and comprehensive sketch has yet been produced of this illustrious Lutheran pioneer. Its introduction has some reference to York county, where this essay was first read, before a Lutheran Conference. It is well worth reading by any one.

**History of
Lehigh County.**

Mr. James J. Hauser has revised and improved his pamphlet history of Lehigh County, Pa., already noticed in these columns. It is for sale by the author, 136 S. Law street, Allentown, Pa., at 50 cents a copy, or 60 cents postage prepaid.

**Gemaelde aus dem
Pennsylvanischen Volksleben.**

This German title is what the late L. A. Wollenweber, "Der Alte vom Berg," gave to his collection of historical, descriptive, poetical, humorous and folklore sketches in Pennsylvania-German (German alphabet), published by Schaeffer & Koradi in Philadelphia as long ago as 1869. It has had a wide sale, but the new interest awakened in this class of literature by this magazine and the publications and doings of the Pennsylvania-German Society will give books like this a new demand. Small quarto, pp. 143, 50 cents.

**Practical Medical and Surgical
Family Guide in Emergencies.**

This is the title of a handy medical guide, written and placed in our hand by an old-time family physician, Dr. W. P. Kister. He was then (twenty-five years ago), a country practitioner residing at Schnecksville, Pa. His practice was the ordinary rural kind in bulk and success. He has since found his way to Allentown, and attuned himself to the boom of that remarkably growing city. His practice is immense, requiring nine horses and footing up a total earning of \$25,000 annually for self and son, Eugene, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, and a graduate of one of the best medical schools of the land. The book will doubtless do much good and by those who use it intelligently, will soon pay its cost in saving more expensive forms of medical advice and help. We congratulate our old friend upon the achievement of such signal success.

Maternity.

By Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D., cloth, 50 cents net. Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The author, herself a wife and mother and practicing physician of large experience, has furnished in this little volume a most valuable guide and handbook to the large class of women who need that varied and helpful information which allays anxiety when approaching maternity and which delivers from peril in that critical period. This book, in plainness and purity of diction is properly associated with the now famous Farity Books in the Self and Sex Series, written by Sylvanus Stall, D.D., and published by the same company.

The Pennsylvania- German

Vol. IV. JANUARY, 1903. No. 1.

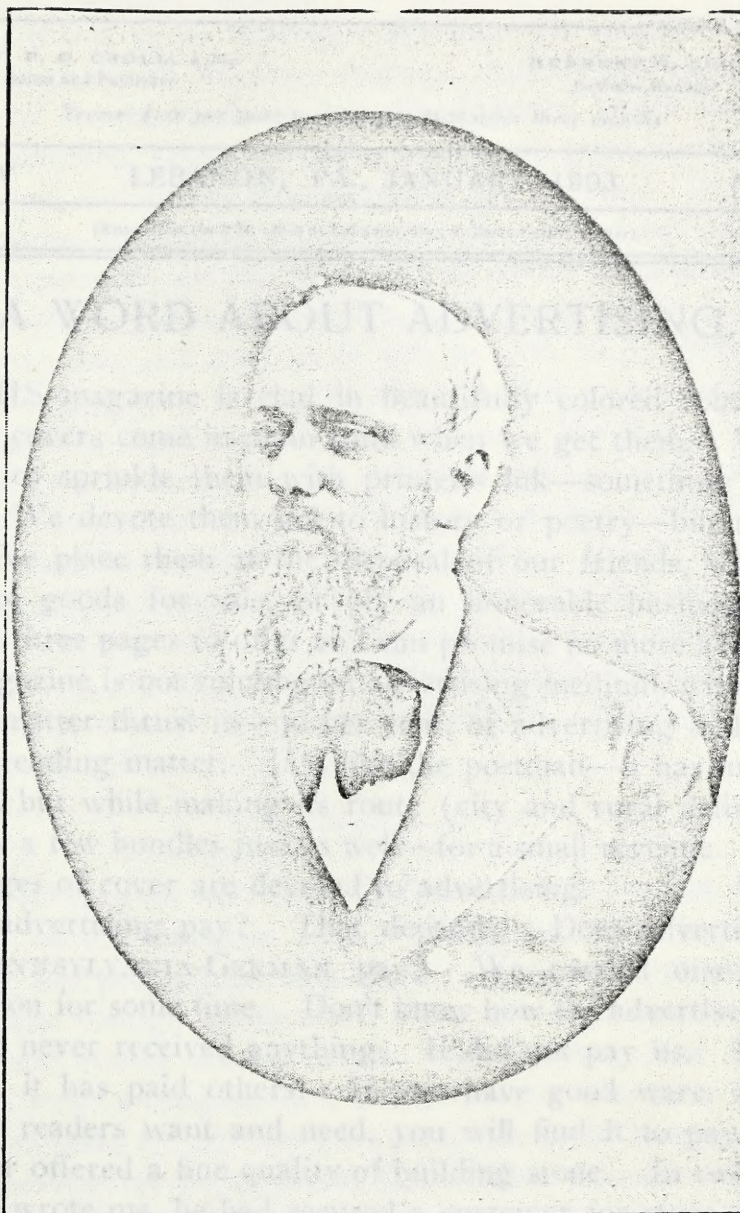
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THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN



PROF. CHARLES RUDY, PH.D.

From a photo taken in Paris, France.

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
Editor and Publisher

HERBERT G. CROLL
Business Manager

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Vol. IV

LEBANON, PA., JANUARY, 1903

No. 1

[Entered at the Post-office at Lebanon, Pa., as second-class matter]

A WORD ABOUT ADVERTISING.

THIS magazine is clad in beautifully colored robes. Its covers come in plain tints when we get them. We like to sprinkle them with printer's ink—sometimes in two colors. We devote them not to history or poetry—but to business. We place them at the disposal of our friends, who have legitimate goods for sale, or ply an honorable business. We have but three pages to offer and can promise no more at present. This magazine is not running an advertising medium, with a little reading matter thrust in—90 per cent. of advertising and 10 per cent. of reading matter. It is like the postman—it has messages to carry, but while making its route (city and rural delivery) it can carry a few bundles just as well—for a small revenue. Hence three pages of cover are devoted to advertising.

Does advertising pay? That depends. Does advertising in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN pay? We carried one ad. on commission for some time. Don't know how the advertiser fared. We have never received anything. It did not pay us. I know, however, it has paid others. If you have good ware, and the kind our readers want and need, you will find it to pay. One advertiser offered a fine quality of building stone. In two weeks after, he wrote me, he had secured a customer for stone to build a double house. The purchaser said he saw the ad. in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. An engraving firm placed an ad., and besides doing considerable work for us, we know an order of over \$20.00 was placed by one friend, who asked us to place it; and

another one we assured work done here was all O. K. The Grand View Sanatorium, of Wernersville, Pa., has just engaged full-page space for the fourth year. This Great Health Resort has been well filled with guests for all these years, often overcrowded in summer seasons. It formerly did not turn guests away, as it had to do latterly. We hope the magazine has not produced wholesale sickness—nervous prostrations and the like, to account for this rush to this time-honored health institution. It has, however, helped to make known its great merits. And once known and tasted, the institution did the rest. Its magnificent location, its superb management, its perfect equipment, the great, unspeakable natural beauty of its nearer surroundings, and its more extensive scenery are such, in winter as well as in summer, that a man does not need to be sick to wish to go thither. All who have once been there will often be sick to get back. The editor gets this spell several times a year. We love to make its merits known, because they are such that sick and well will always remember us gratefully for the favor of a personal introduction.

Does it pay to advertise? You can guess. It paid some. Advertising is like fishing. You know there are fish and that one must bait his hook and cast his line and wait for a nibble. Nothing ventured, nothing caught. Pennsylvania Germandom is a promising stream for the right kind of bait. Will you sit down on its banks and try your luck?

AND so we'll have another Pennsylvania-German Governor of the Keystone State. Why not, when four-fifths of her people have this blood in their veins, either pure or with some foreign admixture? We also will have legislators, judges and county officers of this stock galore. THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN congratulates all its readers, who have been honorably elevated by the late election to places of trust, honor and public service, as the choice of their fellow citizens. Success, a clean record and long life!

THE red-colored insert calls your attention to a special matter. It will help you and us to have you give this attention promptly.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

PROF. CHARLES RUDY, PH.D.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF A PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN IN PARIS

BY THE EDITOR.

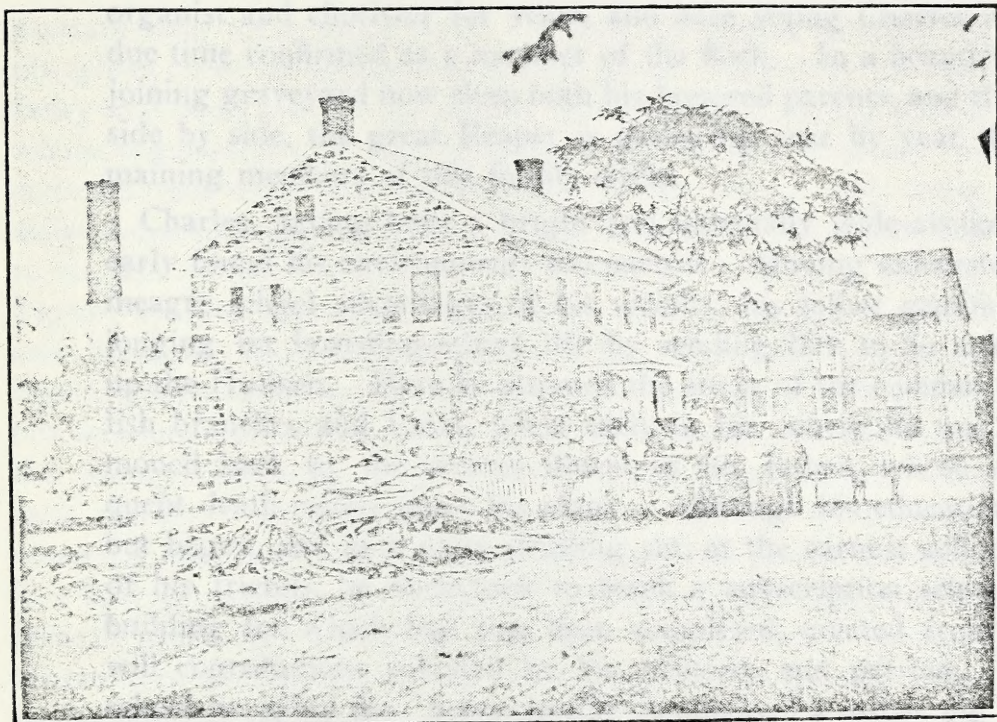
IN 1893 a cablegram from Paris announced to the world the death in that city, on June 1st, of a man, whose remarkable career and brilliant success in the field of education invests the story of his life with intense interest. Although having been a resident abroad for more than thirty years, the fact that he was a born American, who never renounced his citizenship, should add for the American reader a new charm to the recital of his life's struggles and successes. And while the results of his marvelous achievements are known to the world at large, and his influence and the benefits of his labors have become international, yet that class of worthy and honorable Americans, known as the Pennsylvania-Germans—among whom he had his humble origin—may pride themselves especially upon the distinguished prominence that has come to one of their number and shall boastfully claim him as one of their own. We refer to the late celebrated Prof. Charles Rudy, Ph.D., Founder and President of the "International Institute" of Paris, a school whose reputation has filled all of Europe, and whose students have been scattered to, if not attracted from, all the ends of the earth. His career is a wonderful exemplification of the success that is apt to crown pluck and perseverance in any calling, and the signal honor that has, in his case, rewarded a life of very humble beginnings, makes his biography more interesting than a story—a verification that "truth is stranger than fiction."

The writer well remembers as a boy this future illustrious foreign professor, then a youth in this country, who as a common school teacher frequently visited our parental abode, a bosom companion of an older brother. Our own youth was spent amid the scenes and associations in which Mr. Rudy spent his earlier years, among whose relatives—some still living*—we were for

*His only living brother, Israel Rudy, is at present proprietor of one of the hotels at Slatington, Pa.

years most intimately connected in doing school and church work. It affords us pleasure, therefore, to briefly sketch the life of one to whom has come such great honor and success.

About seventy-five years ago Durs Rudy, a native of Switzerland, immigrated to this country and settled in the northern portion of Lehigh county, Pa. There, about a dozen miles north of



THE RUDY HOMESTEAD IN WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, LEHIGH CO., PA.

Showing members of Rudy family, during one of the Professor's visits to America.

the present city of Allentown, near the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains, at a rural cross-roads, he built a small store and hotel and began doing business. Having previously married a plain, German farmer's daughter of this community, he here reared a family of children of whom the subject of this sketch was the youngest born. The elder Rudy soon succeeded in building up a successful business, his uprightness winning for him confidence, and his shrewd business qualities gaining for him influence and a small competency. Although the place has several times changed hands since, yet the original owner's name is still frequently associated with it, as one is wont in this vicinity to hear it spoken of as "Rudy's Old Stand."

Here Charles, born in 1837, grew up to young manhood. Here he first found aught to occupy his ever active brain. From hence he was carried as a babe in his parents' arms to the nearest church—the union church of Neffsville—to receive the rite of Christian baptism, administered by the late Rev. Joseph S. Dubbs, the German Reformed pastor. In this church the father had been organist and chorister for years, and here young Charles was in due time confirmed as a member of the flock. In a beautiful adjoining graveyard now sleep both his honored parents, and thither, side by side, the great Reaper is gathering year by year the remaining members of this family circle.

Charles, having been a bright and unusually wide-awake boy, early found his environments too narrow. Having exhausted the meagre school advantages of his vicinity, his father gratified his longing for boarding-school life by sending him to an academy up the Hudson. Here he pursued the study of the common English branches and Latin, when early in his course he was summoned back by the serious illness of his father, whose subsequent death rudely upset his plans. Although his education was but begun, and he a mere stripling yet, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he undertook to teach a subscription school, the building for which had just been completed, erected from free-will contributions solicited by his relatives and patrons. This school he called the "Schnecksville Academy," a rather big name with which to designate a room thirty by forty feet in dimensions, or characterize a band of about three dozen village school children. But this name was even to play a bigger part yet in the future *role* of this plucky young teacher.

Under his enthusiastic guidance this new "Academy" at once began to flourish. New life pervaded the scholars. Young Rudy was venturesome. Constant departures from the old routine of teaching were made. His pupils caught the inspiration and studied with fresh and purer incentives. The room filled up with scholars, and when the first term closed it was punctuated with a successful exhibition of the work that had been done. On this occasion the room was crowded with visitors and patrons, the day was spent in the recital of declamations, the singing of songs, and a thorough examination in all the branches of study. The pastor was present, upon special request, to make an address.

The village doctor made complimentary remarks, and the teacher himself made a speech to the parents and friends of the school. It was the first public school exhibition in all those parts, and it may well be imagined that it gave the school and its young teacher a fair name. The same was repeated for several terms, and young Rudy soon became the peer of any teacher in the county.

But the success of his first endeavor only made the young aspirant long for a wider field. Within the narrow confines of his school-room he dreamed of far-off lands. Lured by his own fancy and beckoned by the urgent invitation of a young friend, whose acquaintance he had formed in the Hudson academy, he consents, and these two companions, scarcely out of their teens, sailed for foreign ports, bent on seeing the world. The plan was to see the countries of Europe, much after the fashion of Bayard Taylor, by traveling afoot. Having so passed through England and Scotland, they went to Spain. But here that mysterious Hand, which often dashes down our fondest hopes and guides our feet into ways we knew not and dreamt not of, was laid upon the young wanderers. The friend's health began to fail. He sank rapidly. They hastened together to the isle of Madeira, where he soon died, leaving Rudy friendless and almost penniless in a land of strangers, for he had almost simultaneously with his friend's death been robbed of what little cash he had. It was a crucial test of his courage and came nigh crushing him. But summoning all his bravery, the young adventurer philosophically met the problem that confronted him. He soon found a solution. His plans must be changed so as to make his hitherto aimless travels serve a fixed purpose. He must do something that will bring him an income. The best place for this, he concludes, is some large city. So he started out for France and its beautiful capital. In due time he reached Paris, without knowing a soul in all that vast city, nor the language of its people. What little Latin he knew helped him some, but his distress for a little while was almost overwhelming. Finally he found employment in a restaurant, where he was quick in catching the language and manners of the people. One day it was his fortune to come in contact with an elderly gentleman of some culture, to whom he made known his distress in the best Latin and French he then knew, whose benevolent heart responded by giving Rudy a letter

of introduction to a young lady teacher of German employed in a rich and influential family of his acquaintance. From this circumstance dates the turning-point in Rudy's life. The cultured German teacher secured him a few pupils in English, while her society enabled him to carry on conversation in his vernacular as well as to hear the purest French. Besides he had found something to do that was congenial to his tastes. His drooping spirits, therefore, soon revived. His former enthusiasm came back to him. He strove to equip himself for the best work, and thus began to push himself onward. Accordingly he applied himself assiduously to master the French tongue. Through Fraulein Notzen, the German teacher, and his own efforts, the circle of his acquaintance gradually widened and the number of his pupils constantly increased.

A pet idea that had long been vaguely lying in his brain now began to form itself into something of a definite shape. The plan was to associate with himself a few other teachers of different nationality and form an alliance of professors to furnish linguistic instruction. But many months of hardship, study and self-denial must yet be gone through before his fondest ambition could be realized. By and by, however, he began to see his way clear to venture upon his cherished plan. He had now taken a course of study in the College de France, had become acquainted with many students of note, and been thrust in contact with many learned men. The celebrated St. Julien had interested him in the study of Chinese. Other languages had received his closest attention. His own teaching of English and German had brought him some revenue, and he felt the plan had sufficiently matured and the time had come to make the effort of bringing into reality a long-cherished dream. Accordingly early in the sixties, several professors of language having been found willing to participate in the enterprise, three little rooms were rented in Rue St. Honore and the school was named the "Association Internationale de Professeurs." It is not surprising to find Fraulein Notzen one of the instructors, engaged to teach German. Their former acquaintance had meanwhile ripened into friendship, and this in turn developed into a happy romance and marriage.

Sudden success, however, was not destined to crown this novel educational enterprise. The rooms of their school fronted upon

a dingy court, at which entrance hung a green sign, giving the proper direction. Such beginnings soon wearied and discouraged most of Rudy's associates and he was obliged to buy out their interest.

Undaunted by these reverses, and with Fraulein Notzen remaining firm, he now assumes the sole control of the school, and from it dates the success of his scheme. He chooses a new corps of instructors, retaining only his professor of German, and stubbornly bends every energy to win favor and success. He advertises freely. He even plays adroitly upon his former connection with the Schnecksville Academy in this country—a humorous and rather naive specimen of blowing one's own horn, and which may illustrate the man's shrewdness rather than his honor. Knowing the importance attached to the word "academy" in France, he hits upon a rather bumptious method of publishing his own attainments and place. Along every boulevard and in multitudes of the prominent business places of the city he had placed his green posters, calling attention to his institution in the following manner:

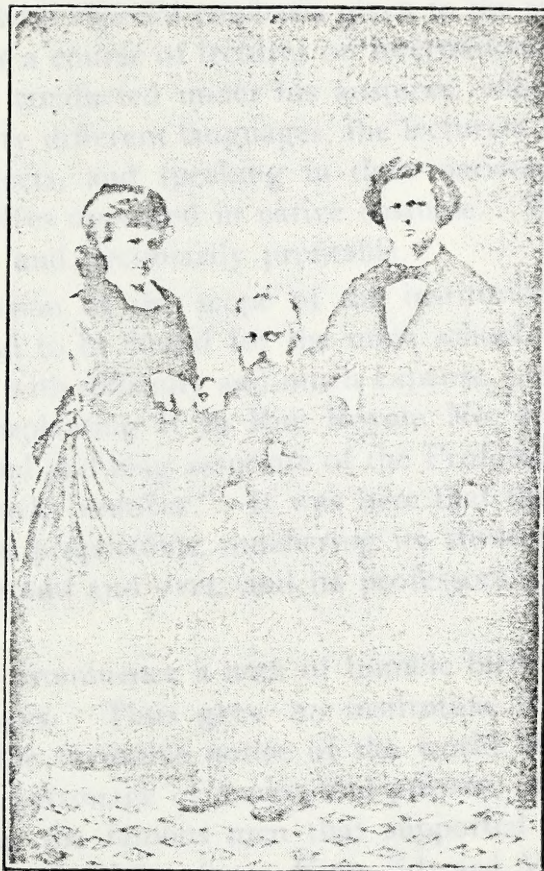
"Association Internationale de Professeurs;
Directeur-Foundateur: Charles Rudy.
Anciennement de l'Academy de Schnecksville."

It must be said in justice of the man, however, that he was not happy in after years whenever allusion was made to this shrewd trick, and he preferred not to have it mentioned. Yet it served its end and was withal a happy inspiration, characteristic of the man's pluck and resources. It attracted attention and brought the institution pupils, thus helping it to grow apace.

Having sufficiently prospered in his efforts, and having learned thoroughly to love and trust his faithful teacher of German, the two in 1867 left for the lady's home in Nuremberg, Germany, where, surrounded by her relatives and old-time associates, they were married. On returning, after their summer's travels, they pursued their now united life-work with still greater assiduity and earnestness, and found yet greater prosperity to come to them.

A cruel interruption, however, came with the Franco-German

War of 1870. French defeat and the reign of the Commune in Paris necessitated their flight to London, where they remained until a serener sky again smiled upon France. But on their return only desolation met their wondering eyes. Their home and school had been laid waste. Life was to be begun anew. Yet we find Mr. Rudy and his equally plucky wife sufficient for the test.



PROF. RUDY, WIFE, AND NEPHEW, JOSEPH P. GROSS.

While a student at Paris.

With heroic courage they begin to battle for their former prestige. Before long they have regained their old place. New life comes to their school. The quarters in Rue St. Honore are again filled with pupils, drawn from the best families of Paris and beyond. The phenomenal growth of the work called for more professors and for branch schools throughout the city. In course of time five such "succursales" or branches were established in

Paris, and by and by a few more in neighboring cities and towns. Mr. Rudy gives himself henceforth exclusively to management, leaving the teaching entirely to others. Yet he personally superintends every department and frequently visits every branch school. The teachers employed were the very masters in their varied departments. He often found valuable assistants in the *attaches* to the different foreign legations resident in the city. The courses of study included a wide range, embracing all the arts and sciences, with especial emphasis given to the modern languages. One year a course of lectures on international literature was arranged and conducted under his auspices, which included not less than twenty different languages, the lecturers being masters of their subjects, and speaking in their national language while they themselves appeared in native costume. The venture was both popular and pecuniarily profitable.

With the extension of the scope of the institution, new and better quarters had to be found for the main school. Although this was attended with difficulty and much expense, yet Mr. Rudy succeeded in transplanting it to Rue Royale No. 7, which my informant—a friend and long associate of the Professor—declares to have been a “lucky number.” It was here that the institution grew to its largest proportions, numbering its students for many years at two thousand and over, and its professors at a hundred and fifty.

Thus rose into prominence a man of humble birth and of few youthful advantages. Thus grew an institution from smallest beginnings into the favorable notice of the world of letters and art, enjoying the patronage of counts and princes, of priests and prelates. Among the famous men that supported it are mentioned the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII of Great Britain), and Pere Hyacinthe, while scholars in all parts of the world remember the “Rudy Institute” with pride as their nourishing mother. All Paris gave personal honor to its distinguished head.*

Prof. Rudy, though possibly not a highly educated man himself, knew how to direct the education of others. He possessed natural endowment and was a man of rare tact and executive ability. He was largely a self-made scholar, while his distin-

* See Appendix.

guishing traits seem to have been a shrewd insight into men, and a rare tact of seeing and grasping opportunity. Force of circumstance which brought him in contact with men of every station and degree of culture, gave him polish. The same cause, seconded by study and travel, made him the linguist, who had mastered many of our modern tongues and dialects. He could fluently speak not less than a dozen languages. Besides some translations into Chinese and Sanscrit, he was author of a Chinese Grammar in the Mandarin dialect. His travels led him as far east as Thibet, where he was enabled to extricate himself from personal danger by his ability to read the sacred books in the original, after which the natives looked upon him as a superior being. He wrote occasional articles for our American magazines. He was a Fellow of the French Academy, or *Institut National* as it is generally known, while Franklin and Marshall College, of Lancaster, Pa., conferred upon him, in 1879, the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Although Mr. Rudy had so thoroughly identified himself with Paris that few persons on casual acquaintance would have seen in him any traces of the American, yet he always took especial pride in his American citizenship. "American visitors, and especially Pennsylvanians, were always greeted by him with a hearty welcome," writes the Rev. Prof. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., of Lancaster, Pa., son of his old pastor, who visited him about fifteen years ago.

EXTRACT FROM REV. DR. DUBBS' LETTER.

"It was during this Oriental journey that he first seems to have become aware of his wonderful talent for learning languages. He studied them grammatically but his vocal organs were so wonderfully constituted that there was hardly a sound that he could not pronounce. He acquired dialects as well as languages, and took great pleasure in conversing with country people. His acquisition of such languages as Manchu, Cingalese, and Chinese Mandarin astonished the foremost scholars of Germany.

"In Paris he had to fight a hard battle, but will and perseverance gained him the victory. His institution was an innovation, and there was a strong prejudice against foreigners, but he accomplished his purpose and at the time of my visit (1878) there were 156 professors and 2,050 pupils.

"That Prof. Rudy was a man of extraordinary talent no one will now presume to deny. In addition to this he possessed a wonderful power of organization, which enabled him to retain his hold on the minutest details of his undertakings. He had also made himself familiar with American methods of advertising and did not neglect to employ them. In his later years he was regarded as a great musical critic though he could hardly sing a note. Prospective prima donnas sang to him and he magisterially decided

on their prospect of success. His skill in this respect I conceive to have been chiefly due to his remarkable familiarity with the capacities of the human voice."

Prof. Oliver Holben, another Pennsylvanian, who was for eight years associated with him as teacher, and to whom we are largely indebted for the facts in Mr. Rudy's Parisian life, says that he was an American to his heart's core. "On fete-days the star-spangled banner ever waved by the side of the French flag from his window."

As he remained true to his American citizenship, so he was ever loyal to his church. The religious training which he received in the old home under the shadow of the Blue Mountains and in a plain rural church of Pennsylvania, had sunk so deep into his heart that it could never be effaced. Among the most cherished relics of his childhood's home—the dearest memento of his pious mother—was a little German prayer-book. This *Habermanchen*, laid into his hand by his mother in childhood, became his religious *vade mecum* to the grave. Having become a member of one of the French Reformed churches, he and his wife were regular attendants at worship, frequently attending the American chapel. The memory of his parents was most fondly cherished, of whose counsel, given in his boyhood, he often loved to speak. He is said to have made frequent and tender reference to his early associates, and often while alluding to his first pupils in America, the mention of their names caused his lips to quiver and his eyes to fill up with tears.

In personal appearance he was prepossessing. The writer distinctly remembers his ruddy cheeks, his genial eye, his wealth of black hair—in later years bleached into the whiteness of snow—and the quick, nervous movements of his body, of but medium height and slender in form. Later years added much to his weight, and he died quite corpulent. His picture reveals a full-bearded, high-browed, scholarly face, betraying a genial and companionable mien—a countenance that is indicative of the strong and open character that was his.

His last illness was brief, dying from some pulmonary affection. According to a previous wish and decree, he was buried in Switzerland, in the same village, whence his father had emigrated, and in the same churchyard where sleep the Rudy ancestors. He died childless, but, according to the most reliable accounts, left

his wife with a handsome fortune and the control of a most flourishing institution—the matured child of his own brain. To his American relatives and friends, and to all ill-favored youth, who may chance to know or read the story of his life, comes as with an inspiration, the legacy of his distinguished career, and the brilliant example of his unfailing courage, his indomitable energy and his marvelous success.

Lebanon, Pa.

(APPENDIX.)

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSORS OF PARIS AND ITS FOUNDER, CHARLES RUDY.

[From “*L’Univers Illustré*,” of Dec. 4, 1876, of Paris. Kindly translated by the late Prof. W. J. Burnside, of Lebanon, Pa.]

We offer to our readers a group of selected professors [The picture shows portraits of eleven Oriental Professors, Dr. Rudy in the midst.—Editor.] in the Oriental division of the International Association of Professors of Paris. The advancement that the study of living languages has made in France, and notably in Paris since the war of 1870, and the distinguished services rendered in that respect by the Association, and the eminent philologist, Mr. Charles Rudy, who is its founder, lead us to believe that the accounts which follow in regard to the career of that scholar will be read with interest.

Charles Rudy was born in 1838, at Washington, Lehigh county, (Pennsylvania). He did brilliant work in his studies in New York, and returned at the age of nineteen to his native village. A few months later, notwithstanding his youth, he was called to superintend the Schnecksville Academy.

But this career at a fixed place of residence did not satisfy his desire for the study of languages. An invincible longing urged him to travel in order to satisfy his passion for his favorite study—the knowledge of the various races of humanity, and various languages. Renouncing the brilliant future promised to him in his own country, and despite the urgent wishes of his friends, who would have preferred to retain the young scholar in their place, he tendered his resignation at the end of a year, crossed the sea, and resided successively in England, in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, Spain, Germany, and other countries. His wonderful aptitude for languages enabled him in a short time to become familiar with the idioms of those countries, and in the midst of his studies, he found time to lighten the labor (co-labor with) of American newspapers by frequent correspondence.

In 1860 he came to Paris. There he soon noticed the inefficiency of our university course of instruction at that period, in respect to the study of languages, and he conceived the project of creating an establishment for the study of languages, more in accordance with his own views. The enterprise was, to say the least, venturesome, if we consider the indifference shown by the French for foreign languages fifteen years ago.

Devoted to practical methods, and convinced that our course of instruction in languages showed a great lack in this respect (a recent circular of Mr.

Walten has shown this too plainly, and ought to attract the attention of teachers to a matter so serious). Mr. Rudy founded the International Association of Professors, the exclusive object of which (institution) is to facilitate the practical study of living languages. The new institution soon developed under the able superintendence of that energetic philologist. In order to accommodate the overwhelming patronage, Mr. Rudy established successively four branch schools in the most populous quarters of Paris. The professors in charge of these divisions represent more than twenty different nationalities, and have the purest accent of the languages they teach.

More than 2,000 pupils have pursued the courses of study of the Association in the last scholastic year and strangers who reside in Paris for the study of languages, find in the establishment of this Association facilities which no other city in the world can offer, and these advantages often tend to prolong the stay of strangers in the capital.

The knowledge of European language was not sufficient to satisfy such a spirit of investigation as that of Mr. Rudy. Attracted to the study of Asiatic languages, he added successively Sanscrit (Pali), Thibetan, Mongolian, Mantchoorian and Chinese to our school of Oriental languages. His aptitude for languages attracted the attention of our most celebrated Orientalists, Gimblot, Pauthier, Foucaux, and especially of Stanislus Julien who, until the time of his death, showed the strongest interest in the young philologist. The letters of this regretted sinologue (Chinese-ologist) to Mr. Rudy form a valued collection which show the exalted esteem which this illustrious professor of the French college bore in the relations of private life.

The Asiatic mythology, ethnology and comparative religions, studied by Mr. Rudy, led him to devote himself exclusively to the study of Buddhism for a number of years.

This last study made in conjunction with Mr. Grimblot, afterwards interrupted by the death of the latter, was returned by Mr. Rudy with Stanislus Julien. It was at this time that he began his labors in the Chinese language, the researches into the texts and manuscripts on the subject of Buddhism having made it necessary to be familiar with that language.

In 1866, imbued with enthusiasm for his studies of the pagan religions, he betook himself to Central Asia in order to make himself familiar with their practices, in the midst of their adepts. He brought back from that journey a large number of books and precious manuscripts in the Thibetan, Mongolian, Calmuck and Chinese languages and a number of sacred books of Buddhism, of which he translated several volumes.

His journey was marked by some curious incidents. In translating to the barbarous tribes of Central Asia their sacred books which most of the natives were unable to read, he was regarded almost as a demi-god. Ovations of all sorts, dances and processions were held in his honor. Compelled to withdraw on account of the pestilence, he returned by way of the dangerous deserts of Astrochan, Mount Ararat, Caucasus and Anatolia, and on his return to Paris he pursued his labors with renewed activity and energy. It is from this period that we may date the courses of Oriental languages now

pursued in his institution, the chief professors of which form the group published in our journal.

About the same period he contributed as a charter member, to the establishment of the society of languages in Paris.

Two years after his wanderings in Asia, Mr. Rudy resumed his travels and went to study in the New World among the Rocky Mountains and the territories occupied by the Indians, the new sects, especially the Latter Day Saints (Mormons), on the shores of Salt Lake, Utah. [The writer is evidently under a misapprehension here. The Mormons are the only new sect that have sought the west for their home. Most of the other new sects remained where the the doctrines originated.] Mr. Rudy has lately published a new method for the study of Chinese. He has preserved in this great work the practical method which he has made the basis of his system of instruction. One is astonished in analyzing this work, to see a language so difficult reduced to such simplicity. This method will no doubt be made to occupy an important place among the works of our chief sinologues.

In making Paris the field of his labors and enterprises Mr. Rudy has earned the right to our gratitude. The services rendered by the association which he has founded, and which he directs, following the system which he discovered are too well known to need our approbation.

We will confine ourselves to say that if the practical study of languages has been able within four years to extend so rapidly among us we are in a great measure indebted to his institutions and to the methods which he has adopted.



Through the kindness of Dr. George Hetrich, an antiquarian of Birdsboro, the Editor was recently treated to a sight and examination of a rare old German document. This is nothing short of a printed "Protest against the Appointment of Benjamin Franklin as the agent of this Province" to Great Britain, when, in 1764, our Provincial Assembly appointed him as their representative to the English Parliament, to present in person the grievances of the province, because of the discrimination in taxation shown by the exemption of the proprietaries, manor lands and possessions. This protest was made by such distinguished citizens and members of the Provincial Assembly as John Dickinson, David McConaughy, John Montgomery, Isaac Saunders, George Taylor, William Allen, Thomas Willing, George Bryan, Amos Strettell and Henry Keppele, and the objections to Franklin are filed in seven separate counts, and is dated October 20, 1764.

Inasmuch as the same paper contains the lengthy defense by Franklin, refuting the objections raised, it is very probable that the latter put the same into circulation in this German form to set himself straight in their eyes. A proof, this, of the influence that our German population wielded in things provincial at that early date of our Commonwealth's history. The closing paragraph alludes to his—perhaps final—departure from his beloved land and he asserts his devotion to it by the wish of its perpetuation in Latin—*Esto perpetua*—wishing all prosperity to his friends and declaring magnanimous forgiveness for his enemies. Dated Philadelphia, November 5, 1764.

Poetic Gems

AN DER FAIR.

BY REV. DR. J. MAX HARK.

From Vol. X, Proceedings Pennsylvania-German Society. (In different style of spelling and illustrated by Editor.)

Was der Jake over heit net so grossfühle dut,
In sein'r besht, neue Sonndag's Suit!
'Sis weil er die Kate uf die Fair nemme will,
Im neue Wägelie un 'em grohe Füll.

Die Kate is noch ürger gebutzt as wie er.
Ich wees net wie's gar möglich wär
Mee Feddre un Blumme uf ihr Hut zu du;
Oder 'n schöneres Mädeche zu finna dazu!

G'wiss sehnt mer net oft 'n schmert-guckicher Paar
As wie des an dem Morge war,
Wie sie in der Fair-grund nei g'fahre sin—
'S war Donnerstag Morge, so wie ich mich b'sinn.

Was ware aver schon 'n Lot Mensche dort;
Un 'n Zucht un Gegrish alsfort!
'S war 'n Huckster un Gamler un allerhand Shows;
Mer het denke kenne der Deivel wär loss!

Die Ochse hen geblarrt un die Hahne gekräht;
Mer hut schier net g'wist wo mer seht.
Un noh kummt die Band noch un spielt uf 'm Schtand!
'S war ewiger Lärm, awer doch war's ah grand.

Zu erscht hut's die Kate schier-gar bang gemacht;
Der Jake awer hut juscht gelacht.
"Nemm du juscht mei Hand," sagt der Jake; "un noh
Geht's ab zu sehne was zu sehne is doh."

'N Sackvoll Grundnüss wern g'kauft fer'n Stärd—
Sie sin wuhl ken fünf Cent werd—
An der Fair awer guckt mer net uf die Expense!
Un der Jake fühl heit ah so reich as 'n Prince.

Sie steht 'n weil an der Schliffil-mühl
 Von die Buwe un die Mäd sin viel
 Was druf fahre; die Kate awer will 's net du;
 Sie sägt 's macht sie därmlich, un koscht noch dazu.



Doch iwwer e'weil gnickt der Jake sie so weit—
 Enich Mäd'el werd verschwetzt mit der Zeit—
 Das sie 'n gut Dutzend Mol mit em rum g'fahre is;
 Er hut sie feschet g'halte—wegem Darmel war's gewiss.

Noch dem sin sie gange mitnanner die Kùh'
 Zu begucke, un 's annere Vieh.
 Von Schof un von Sei, 's nix aberdich zu seh';
 Die Geil sin recht gut, un die Hinkel sin schö.

Die Kate bleibt 's lüngst beim Hammele steh',
 Sie kann gar net fert davon geh'.
 Sie streichelt's un schwetzt zu'm; noh schämt sie sich halb
 Wie der Jake zu 'hrer sägt, er wot er wär 'n Kalb!

Ihn suit seller sheckige Hengst es mesht;
 Er sägt er wär eens von de grösht
 In der Welt; un 's war ah en mächtiges Dier,
 Zu gross un zu schweer fer viel use, meen ich shier.

Bei der Zeit nau muss es bal Middag sei;
 So gehne sie in e' Stand nei
 Wo mer Oyster-stew kriekt, mit Crackers un Kraut
 Fer 'n Verdel; un 's schmakt 'ne beede juscht 'bout.

Nechst bei, fer'm 'e Zelt, jumpst 'n Hanswersht rum,
 Un 's spielt e' jung Weibsmensch die Drum.
 Sie hen grosse Bilder uf 's Zelt-duch gepaint
 Von wilde Kreatur, un was mer drin sehnt.

"Dort gehne mir nei," sägt der Jake; un sie sin;
 Awer frog 'hn mol was sie dort drin
 Hen g'sehne! Es macht en bis heit noch als bös!
 "En verdult B'scheisserei 's was ich so ebes hes'!"

'S war interesant ah die Races zu seh';
 Was kenne die Trotter net geh!
 Ebwohl as der Jake mehnt es wär viel im Dreck,
 Un ah net e' wenig im Driver sei Neck.

Sie stehne so lang dort am Race-grund draus,
 Es wert ne zu spoot fer in 's Haus
 Nei zu geh, wo die Store-sache sin, un 's G'näh,
 Un Gebäk, un die Jelly, un allerhand meh.

As der Jake sägt am beshte wär 's doch net so gut—
 'S het änyhow ihn net so g'suit—
 As es Brodt un der Butter as die Kate selver macht,
 Un von wellen er 'xpect noch zu esse fer Nacht!

"Awer 's G'xpecte is net immer 's Hawe!" sägt sie;
 Und er meent as er hüt sie noch nie
 So g'gliche 's wie nau, wie sie 'n a'geguckt hut
 As deht sie ihn froge ob er sie hawe wöt!

Es macht ihn sich dummle zu shtarte fer Häm,
 So 's er g'schwindt von der Crowd eweck käm.
 Es remt ah net lang sin sie 'm Wägelche dre',
 Un safe uf em Weg noch der Bushkill be.

Sei Arm hut er semehow nau g'schlippt um sie rum,
 Un die Kate is of course net so dumm
 Net zu wisse 's er's duht weil der Owet is kühl
 Un es gebt eem jo ah en Art saferes G'fühl!

Uf e' mol no hut er sie g'busst as es kracht,
 Un g'sagt—un hut laut dazu g'lacht,
 "Es Hawe kummt oft ohne 's G'xpecta fer Mäd!"
 "Des haw ich schon lang awer g'xpeckt!" sägt die Kate.

Fer en lang Story kerz mache: Vor der nächste Fair
 War die Kate die Mrs. Jake Lehr!
 Un der Jake next sie oft, un sägt 's düt ihm leet
 As er net an die Fair meh kann geh mit die Mäd.

DIE NEIE SORT DSCHENT'L- LEIT.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH, D.D.

O heert, ihr liewe Leit, was sin des
 Zeite;
 Dass unser eens noch dess erlewe
 muss!
 'N jeder Baurebuh muss Kärri-dsch
 reide,
 Un Baure-Mäd, die schleppe rum in
 Seide
 Un Niemand nemmt an all dem
 Schtolz Verdruss.
 'N eegne Boghie hot 'n jeder Bau-
 rebuh,
 'N schpreier Gaul un G'scharr mit
 Silberb'shlege druff,
 Un plenti Zehrgeld ah im Sack—do
 is kee' Ruh,
 Am Samschdag gehn die Dshent'l-
 leit 'm Schtadt'l zu
 Un schtelle dort am deirschte
 Wertshaus uf.

Wie is des junge Baurevolk doch uf-
 gedress',
 Wie beewa sie die Kepp so schteif
 un hoch!
 Wie dhun sie in die schtolze Fäsch'n
 renne,
 M'r kann sie nimme vun de Schtadt-
 leit kenne,
 Sie mache all ihr Hochmuths-wege
 nooch.

THE NEW SORT OF GENTLE- FOLK.

TRANSLATED BY H. A. S.

O list, good people! I'm in sore dis-
 tress,
 To think that I must live and see
 all this!
 Each farmer's boy now must a coach
 possess,
 And farmer's girls in silk and satin
 dress,
 And no one finds this foolish pride
 amiss.
 Just look at those young farmers,
 how they're dight!
 How stiff they hold their heads,
 how proud their gait!
 How do they rush up to the fash-
 ion's height!
 You can't tell them from city-folks
 by sight;
 These have no airs which they
 don't imitate.
 Each farmer's boy a buggy owns,
 a new,
 Fine silvered harness, with a horse
 as well.
 There's plenty "spending" in his
 pocket, too.
 On Saturday you see them driving
 through
 The town and stopping at the best
 hotel.

Der Vatter denkt: Was hab ich
schmörte Sehne;

Die Mutter sagt: Mei Mäd die
kumme raus!

So Schteil koscht Geld. Ja well, m'r
kann jo lehne.

Sell ghet 'n Weil, bass uf, du
werscht's ball sehne,

Der Vatter "geht d'r Bungert
Fens ball naus."

Vor Alters was es als en Sind un
Schand,

Meh' Schulde mache as m'r zahle
kann;

'Sis net meh so; m'r gebt juseht
Notis dorch die Editors,

M'r het geclos't, un dhet cumpounde
mit die Creditors,

Wer so betriegt, der is en Dshen-
t'lmann.

Wie lebt m'r nau? Ich sehn du
weescht noch nix!

M'r lebt jusch wie d'r vor; des
fixt die Lah!

M'r eegent nix—die Fraa hot's all
in Hand—

M'r is ihr Edschent, mänedscht Geld
un Land

Un geht nau in die Koscht bei
seiner Fraa!

"Eh!" thinks Papa, "my boys are
smart, indeed!"

"Look," says Mamma, "my girls
are coming out!"

Such style costs though—"Ha, bor-
row what you need!"

That works quite well awhile; but
ah, take heed!

We soon shall hear Papa's "gone
up the spout."

In olden times it was a sin and
shame

To sink in debt beyond one's
means to pay.

'Tis not so now. You just give notice
through the editors

That, business closed, you will com-
pound with all your cred-
itors.

You're still a gentleman for all
this play.

But how do you live then? Just as
before.

The law will fix all that. You just
transfer

Your property all to your lady's
hands;

You act as agent, manage funds and
lands,

And in return you live and board
with her.

WIE MER GLEE WARE.

Der Mensch guckt oftmols gern zu-
rick,

Un wunnerd aw über sein Glück

Des ihn begegnet hot.

Mer war so Kinnisch und so dumm,

Hot net gewist ferwas, warum

Mer sich beheefe sut.

Die Antward war uns oft net klore,
Hen oft g'mante es wär net wore,

Wie sie's uns gevva hen.

Mer hen, of course, knaps no ge-
guckt,

Un unser Köp dazu genuckt,

Un ernstlich g'sawt: Ahmen!

An wunnerfits huts uns net g'fehlt,

Mer hen knaps alles noh g'zehlt,

Hen alles garn g'wist.

Mer hen aw alles aus gefrogt;

Die Eltra gans ubnatig g'blogt,

Un hen gar nix g'mist.

Wan mir nixnu'zig ware, dann

War's g'sagt: "Es kumt en Böser
Mann,

Un nemt Euch all mit ferd."

Sell hut uns schrecklich bang
g'macht,

No hen mir nimme laud g'lacht,

Un nimme meh g'zerdt.

Un fremme Leit hen zu uns g'sagt—
 "Wan du net gescht un duscht sel
 grad,

Schneid ich dei Ohre ab;"
 Do is mer ab in aller Eil,
 So schnell ab gschprunge wie 'n
 Pile—

Un in der Hand die Kap!

Es war uns Kinner oft ferlate,
 Hen net gewist wie's uns noch gate,
 Bis mir emole grose sin.
 Die Bückel hen sie uns gewipt,
 Un oftmols hinne druf gekiekt,
 Wan mir net grad ob sin.

Un in der Schule war 's grawd des
 same,
 Mir hen 's grieckt dert grawd wie
 deheem,
 Un hen aw no gebrillt!
 Der Meschter war net hoch gelarndt,
 Wan er fascht war, hut's ihn fer-
 zarndt;
 No hut er uns gedrilldt.

Winters sin mir als nous ufs Iee,
 Mit Schnee war oft der Bodde weis,
 Die Füß und Finger kalt,
 Mer ware oftmols draus zu lang,
 Für Schläge war's uns no als bang;
 Am Kop huts oft geknoldt.

Un wan en Bawie kumme is—
 War es en Buh oder en Sis—
 Hen mir gewunnerd, glei—
 Wer hut uns des lieb Kind gebrocht,
 Un was hut es der Pap gekoscht?
 'N jeders sächt: "Sis mei!"

"Fum Dockter hen mirs Bawie
 grieckt,
 Die Grandmam hut ihn mit ge-
 schickt;"
 So hen sie uns gesagt.
 "Der Dockter is en gooter Man!
 Er bringt uns alles was er kann;
 Er werd net ferd gejagt!"

"Wie wees der Dockter wo sie sin?"
 "Er fangt sie tief im Wasser drin,
 Un nemt sie no mit ferd."

"Oh mei! Die arme kleene Dreb;
 Die Schwimme bei de' Mulie-köp.
 Hot er uns ah grieckt dert?"

Der wunnerfitz, der dreibt em hie
 Ins wasser, bis nuf an die Knie,
 Dann werd all rum geguekt.
 Sie ware almol tief im Dreck;
 Doch hut mer g'sagt: "Ich ga net
 weck;"

Un hut sich net fermuekt.

Doch kumt kens raus, 's hot nix
 gebot,
 Das mer sei Zeit ferlohe hut
 Mit gucke unnig der Brick.
 Sie ware all im Dreck fersclupt,
 Ken Eens hut drunner raus geguekt,
 Mer hut ken amol's Glick.

Noh war der Beltznickel aw noch!
 Am Christtag kumt er aus seim Loeh
 Un hut 'n G'sicht, kole-schwärtz.
 No sin mer dopper unnich's Bett
 Un hen gewinscht er find uns net,
 Un hart klopt unser Hertz.

Now sin die Christtag uns en Frade,
 Es hut sich alles rum gedrade;
 Mer hen ken ängsichte meh!
 Des Christ-Kind is gar weit bekannt,
 Sei Name lebt im Heide-land,
 Sis alles gute und schö.

Mer bräuche's aw net all ferschteh,
 Un alles wisse jung un klee,
 Was Kinner gar nix bott.
 Un wan mer mol gawaekse sin
 Un hen Ferschtand un guter Sinn,
 Huts uns aw gar nix g'schadt.

Wie schö hats doch der Herr gemacht,
 Ken Mensch het alles so bedacht;
 Un alles so am Platz!
 Sei Allmacht is unendlich gross,
 Weisheit gebt er uns aller moos,
 Den Himmel, unser Schatz.

Un so doots immer noch ferd geh;
 Fiel alte Sache bleiwe sehteh,
 Fiel neue gebts dazu!
 En Jedes sut du was es kann
 Un-lewe wie 'n Gottes-mann,
 Sel bringt em gute Ruh!

Den alles kumt emol zum end,
 Die Freund un Feinde werre g'drent,
 En jeder find sei Haus.
 Un wie mer's do macht kumts em zu,
 Wann mer mole schloffe in der Ruh;
 No find mer alles aus!

JOHN SCHUMACHER.

WAECHTERRUF.

VON FRIDA SCHANZ.

Hört, ihr Leute, und lasset euch
 sagen:
 Das Jahr, das Alte, hat ausge-
 schlagen!
 Die Glocken läuten von nahe und
 fern.
 Glück und Segen, ihr werthen
 Herrn!
 Von ganzen Herzen, in Gottes Na-
 men,
 Heil und Freud euch, ihr lieben
 Damen!
 Frieden im Reich. Ruhe im
 Städtchen!
 Myrthen und Rosen den schönen
 Mädchen!
 Gesundheit dem Alter! Ruhe dem
 Leid!
 Frohe Herzen und frohe Zeit!
 Sonne am Himmel! Segen auf
 Erden!
 Was noch nicht gut war, mög bes-
 ser werden!
 Was euch beglückt mög' bleiben
 wie's war!
 Gott walt' es, ihr Leute! Prosit
 Neujahr!

WATCHMAN'S CALL.

TRANSLATED BY ERNST HELD.

Hear, ye people, and let me be tell-
 ing:
 Old Year is dead, its bells have ceas-
 ed knelling!
 The New Year belis ring now, far
 and near;
 It means good luck and blessings,
 dear sir!
 With all our heart and in God's
 name,
 It means great joy to you, good
 dame!
 And peace in the realm and in the
 town,
 And orange-wreath, a maiden's
 crown!
 And health to old age, and relief to
 all pain,
 Joyful hearts with a merry strain!
 Sun in the heavens and blessings
 on earth!
 What was not right, should sink
 in dearth!
 What gave you joy, may stay right
 here!
 God grant it, ye people, happy New
 Year!
 —From The Wilkes-Barre Record.

DRAUSS UN DEHEEM.

BY CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER, ESQ.

Oft wann mer weit is vun deheem
 Kumme Gedanke iwwer e'em
 Wie mer 's deheem so gut hot g'hat,
 Un wie die Mammie oft e'em gsaat:
 "Wart—drauss is net deheem!"

Mir Buwe hen als juscht gelacht
 Un unser Kschpuchte fort gemacht;
 Vun heem geh hen mer net geahnt;
 Now bin ich's awwer gut bekannt
 Dass drauss is net deheem.

Ich bin getraveled east un west.
 Bin zimlich iwwerall gewest,
 Hab Häuser g'funne schee, bequem,
 Kee Harze awwer wie deheem—
 Drauss is net wie deheem.

Bleib, bleib deheem, O Kind! Es
 Nescht
 Fer's Veggeli is doch's allerbescht;
 Drauss in de raue, weite Welt
 Sin Sektarm un Blitz un grosse
 Kelt—
 Ach, drauss is net deheem!

Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

A TOWN AND COUNTY OF THE OLDEN TIME

Historic York, Pennsylvania

BY DR. I. H. BETZ.

EVERY now and then letters come to the postoffice of York, Pa., addressed "Little York, York County, Pennsylvania." The designation "Little York" has never been used by its residents. Elsewhere, somehow or other, the term was frequently used and is still more or less current.

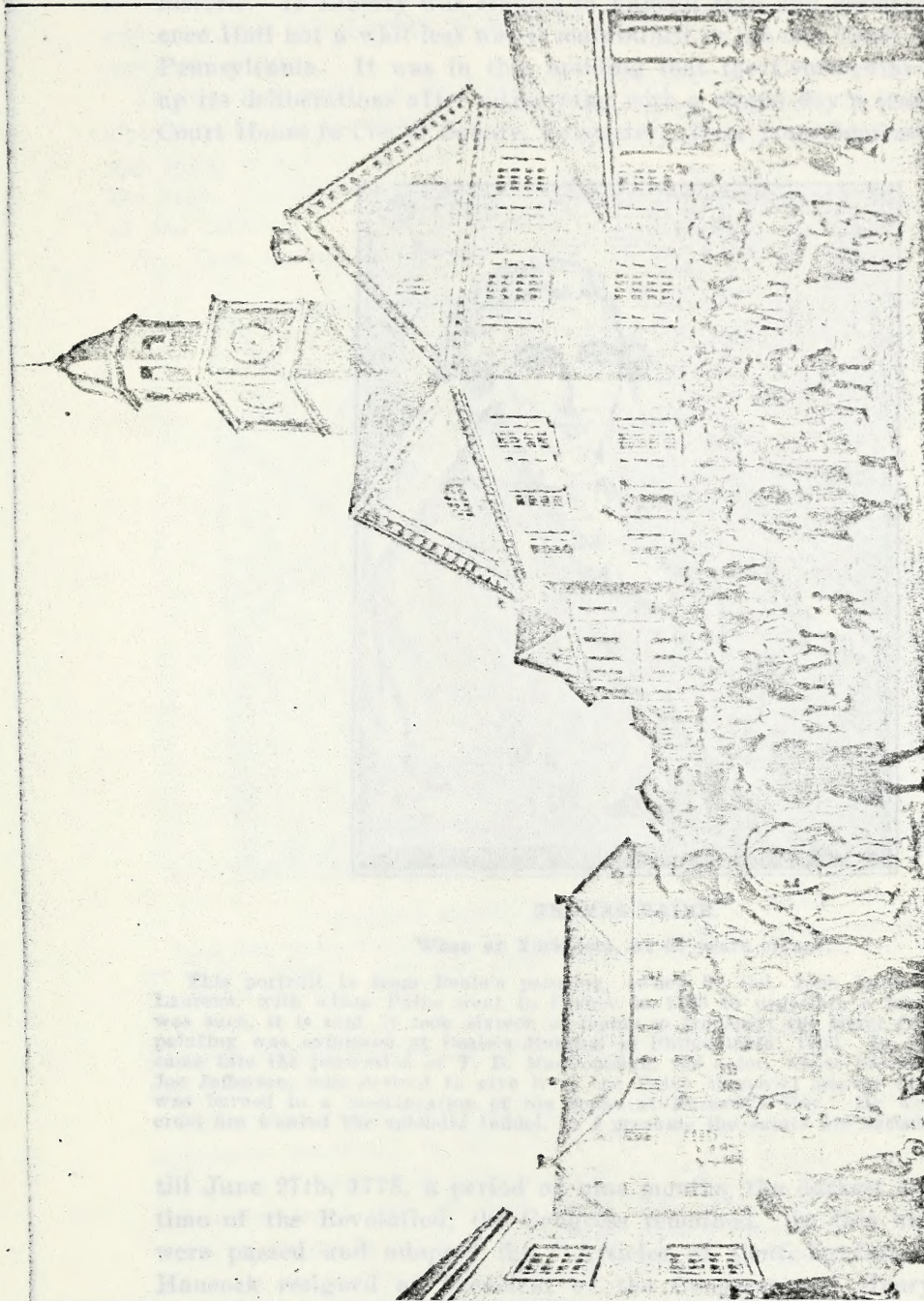
A visit to this bustling, active city, which is now the third manufacturing town in the State in variety of its manufactured products, will speedily serve to dispel all illusions and allusions bearing upon the aforesaid point.

How this particular designation arose is not so clear. Probably the older and larger New York may have suggested that a still later and embryo York should have its pretensions rebuked by a humorous appellation. Undoubtedly the original intent was that the town should be called York just as its older sister town across the river had been christened in honor of Lancaster, England.

York was laid out in 1741. It is the oldest town in the State west of the Susquehanna river. Shippensburg comes next, being founded in 1749, although a nucleus of houses existed a good while before. Still it was not formally laid out as a town until some years later. However, the former newly laid out town became known as Yorktown. Just as some ambitious newly laid out western towns have "City" appended after their names, so our more ancient town may have taken this addition. At any rate it was thus known and popularly termed until it was incorporated as a borough in 1787, which event at the time was celebrated in great style. The "town" was then dropped. Another "Yorktown" in Virginia had just become a landmark in history, and it was but fitting that our new borough should return to its earlier designation. There was a centennial celebration of this event in 1887 in which year the borough also became a "city."

York county was set apart from Lancaster in 1749. The sesqui-centennial of this event was fittingly celebrated in 1899. From 1741 till 1749 the growth of the town was very slow, but sixty-three houses having been erected.

After the formation of the county in 1749, which also made York the county seat, the growth was more rapid, so that in 1754 there were 210 houses, of which three were brick, two were stone and the remainder were mostly log, with some frame structures.



Treasury Department. State House.

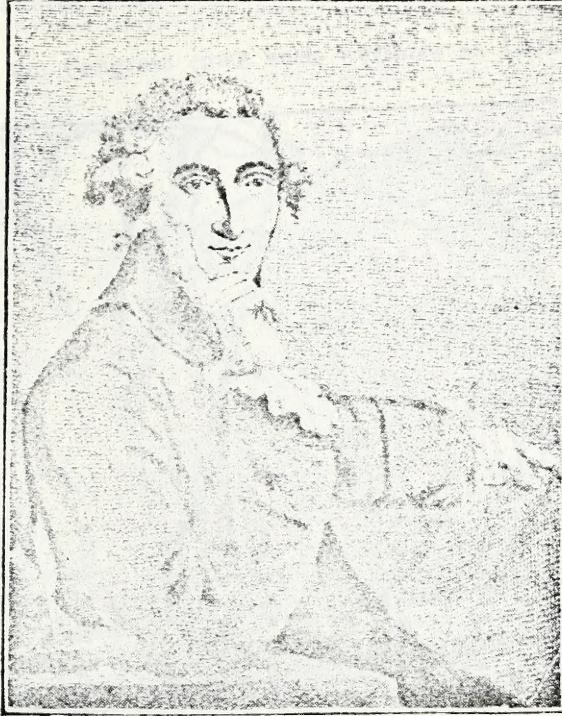
Court House.

Market House.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AT YORK, PA., FOR A DAY, NOV. 1, 1777.
ON RECEPTION OF NEWS OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

By permission of the "Spangler Annals."

In 1754-6 the first Court House was erected in the middle of Center Square, which in less than a quarter of a century was destined to become historic. If Liberty was cradled in Faneuil Hall and declared in Independence Hall not a whit less was it maintained in the Old Court House in York, Pennsylvania. It was in this building that the Continental Congress took up its deliberations after adjourning with a single day's session in the Old Court House in Center Square, Lancaster. Here from September 30th, 1777,



THOMAS PAINE.

When at Yorktown, at 40 years of age.

This portrait is from Peale's painting, owned by Col. John Laurens, son of Henry Laurens, with whom Paine went to France in 1780 to negotiate a loan. Their success was such, it is said, it took sixteen ox-teams to transport the silver from Boston. This painting was exhibited at Peale's Museum in Philadelphia, 1803. In 1854 was sold and came into the possession of T. B. MacDonough, the actor, whose brother later sold it to Joe Jefferson, who desired to give it to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, when it was burned in a conflagration of his house at Buzzard's Bay. He wrote later: "The cruel fire wanted the splendid Infidel, so I presume the saints are satisfied."

till June 27th, 1778, a period of nine months, the darkest and most trying time of the Revolution, the Congress remained. In this historic building were passed and adopted the "Articles of Confederation." Here John Hancock resigned as President of the Congress and Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, was chosen as his successor.

Henry Laurens was destined to have an interesting career. He was captured on the sea while on his way to Holland in 1779 and was confined in the Tower of London for fifteen months. He died in South Carolina in 1792, and according to his will was cremated. This was the first cremation in

America. His son, Colonel John Laurens, who spent at least six months at York during the stay of the Congress, took part in nearly every battle of the Revolution and was killed at the skirmish of Campahee in South Carolina, which was the last fighting of the war. Thus ended a promising life at the early age of 26.

At Chew's mansion in the battle of Germantown, in 1777, with Count or Chevalier du Plessis Maudit he forced one of the windows of the house but not being supported by men with combustibles, they retired leisurely from the lawn, notwithstanding a heavy fire from the upper and lower windows of the building.

To York during the Congress came such worthies as Lafayette, Baron



COOKE'S HOUSE—ERECTED IN 1761. YORK, PA.

Here Tom Paine lodged in 1777, and kept his chest of papers, and wrote Parts V and VI of his "Crisis." Here met Congressional Committees, and at this place were kept the horses of many Congressmen.

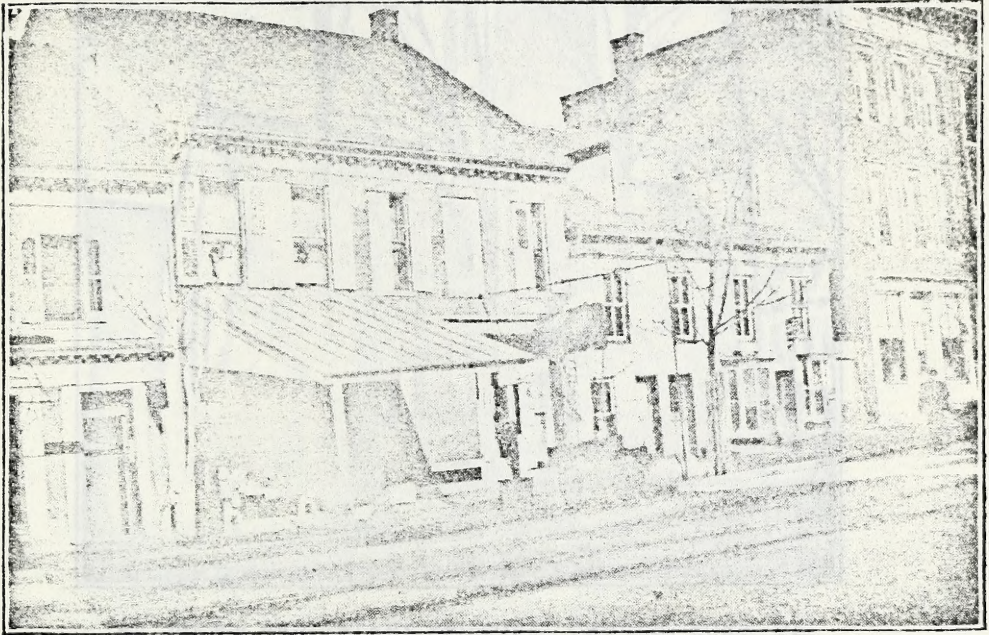
Steuben, Count Pulaski, Alexander Hamilton, General Gates, Thomas Paine and many others.

Paine was a man about forty years of age, and had in April of 1777 been appointed Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs. He also had charge of a chest of important papers belonging to the Congress which John Adams declared were of more value than the Congress itself. They were taken by Paine in a round about way from Philadelphia to York to a stone house on the banks of the Codorus, which house is still standing and is in an excellent state of preservation.

Paine had electrified the country the previous year, in 1776, by writing "Common Sense," a pamphlet which had an enormous circulation and prepared the way for the Declaration of Independence. At York he finished No. 5 of the Crisis, which was begun at the house of William Henry, at

Center Square, Lancaster. This number was printed at York. No. 6 of the Crisis was begun here but finished at Lancaster, and printed at Philadelphia.

Paine, after the American Revolution, went to England and wrote a reply to Burke, entitled "The Rights of Man," which was prosecuted by the government. He, however, escaped to France and was elected a member of the French Convention. He was later imprisoned and narrowly escaped the guillotine. While in France he wrote "The Age of Reason," which produced a storm of opposition and alienated many of his former friends. He returned to America in 1802, and died in New York City in 1809. Nine



CONWAY CABAL HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GEN. GATES, 1777-8.

The house has awning and stands 2d door above Water on Market St., York, Pa.

years afterward his bones were removed clandestinely by the celebrated William Cobbett, and taken to England with the purpose of giving them a public funeral.

It was in this town also, while the Congress remained that General Gates on his return as the capturer of Burgoyne and his army was received by the Congress and appointed as head of "The Board of War." He rented and occupied a house on West Market street which is still standing. This house was also used as the office of the Board of War.

Here was formed the famous intrigue known in history as the "Conway Cabal," which received its name through an Irish soldier of fortune—General Conway. Undoubtedly its chief aim was to remove Washington from command of the army and appoint Gates as his successor. The full extent of this disaffection will probably never be known but that it had a considerable following is more than probable. It was in this house that Lafayette was

present at a banquet and unexpectedly by his attitude gave a death blow to the hopes and expectations of the conspirators.

Gates was very popular and, as the conqueror of Burgoyne, had dazzled the minds of a great number. His local prestige and influence remained for a long time afterwards.

In the church yard to the rear of St. John's Episcopal church Gates and Wilkinson met to fight a duel which was averted at the last moment.

Near the close of the Congress Philip Livingston, a member of Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence, died and was buried in the



ST. JOHN'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, YORK, PA.

The original church was erected, 1769, on same site. Used as an arsenal during Revolution. In rear yard of this church, Gens. Gates and Wilkinson met to fight a duel. In its steeple swings today the historic Congressional Court House bell.

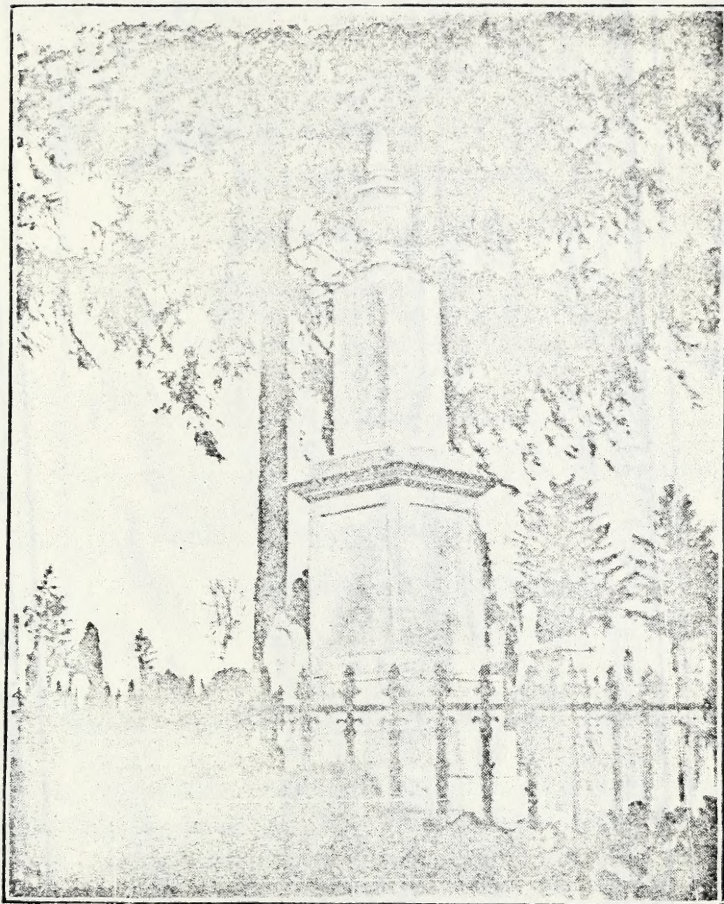
German Reformed church yard. His remains were removed nearly a century afterwards to Prospect Hill Cemetery. A tasteful monument was erected to his memory there by his grandson, Stephen Van Renssellaer.

The Old Court House was demolished in 1840, but not without strong protest. Would that the pleadings of a Morris and an Holmes had been added, and spared it till the nation's centennial, and its future would have been secure. The bricks of which it had been constructed were used for the enclosure of the second Court House which was built several hundred feet to the east of the square on East Market street, in 1838-40. This second building, after a lapse of sixty years has given way to a third Court House (1899-1900) commensurate with the increased demands of the county.

Before the Revolution there was a broad arrow used as a vane on the spire of the old Court House. This was replaced by a gilded dragoon in full panoply in compliment to the dashing legions of cavalry that were partly recruited here by Count Pulaski and Armand. The following year Pulaski

fell at the siege of Savannah. On the demolition of the old Court House in 1840, this emblem fell uninjured to the ground and now graces the tower of the Laurel Engine House on Duke and King streets, and is revered as one of the most priceless relics of the Revolution. It was then and is now popularly spoken of as "the little man."

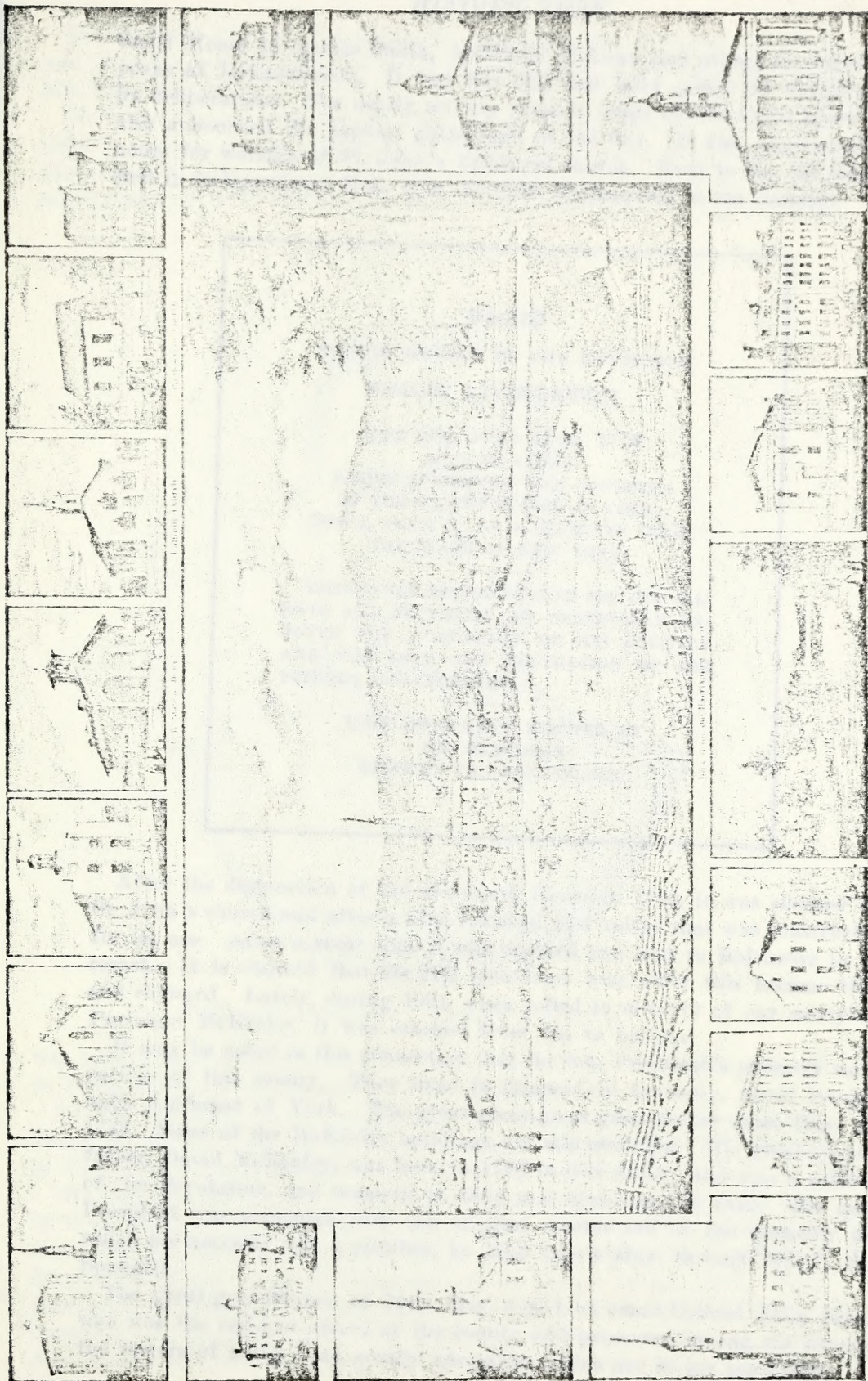
Another emblem, the figure of Justice—in the Court room was saved and at times graces historical meetings. The royal Coat of Arms of Great Britain



TOMB OF HON. PHILIP LIVINGSTON,
In Prospect Hill Cemetery, York, Pa.

was destroyed. To the north of the square on the Spahr corner on North George street stood the house of Archibald McLean, which was used as the Government Treasury. Its coffers at times were scantily filled. Michael Hillegas had been chosen Treasurer in 1775 and retained the office continuously until 1789.

A bell had been procured for the use of St. John's Episcopal church in 1774. The church not yet having a belfry for its accommodation it is related that it remained on the pavement of Joseph Updegraff for a time. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence it was placed on the



Christ's Luth. Ch.

Odd Fellows' Hall.

M. E. Church.

Codorus.

Zion Luth. Ch.

S. W. Cor. Square.

Court House.

From "Springer Annals" by p. c.

VIEW OF YORK IN 1850, FROM CEMETERY HILL.

Court House by James Smith, Archibald McLean and others to sound the peans of Independence. It was this bell that later called the Congress to its deliberations. For nearly seventy years it tolled off the Court hours and also announced the popular gatherings of the day. It also announced the hours for worship of St. John's Episcopal church. Next to the old Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, it is the most historic bell in the country.

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HONORABLE

PHILIP LIVINGSTON

WHO DIED JUNE 12TH, 1778

AGED 63 YEARS,

WHILE ATTENDING THE CONGRESS
OF THE UNITED STATES AT YORK-
TOWN, PENN'A., AS A DELEGATE FROM
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS TAL-
ENTS AND RECTITUDE, HE DESERVEDLY EN-
JOYED THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY
AND THE LOVE AND VENERATION OF HIS
FRIENDS AND CHILDREN.

THIS MONUMENT ERECTED BY
HIS GRANDSON
STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

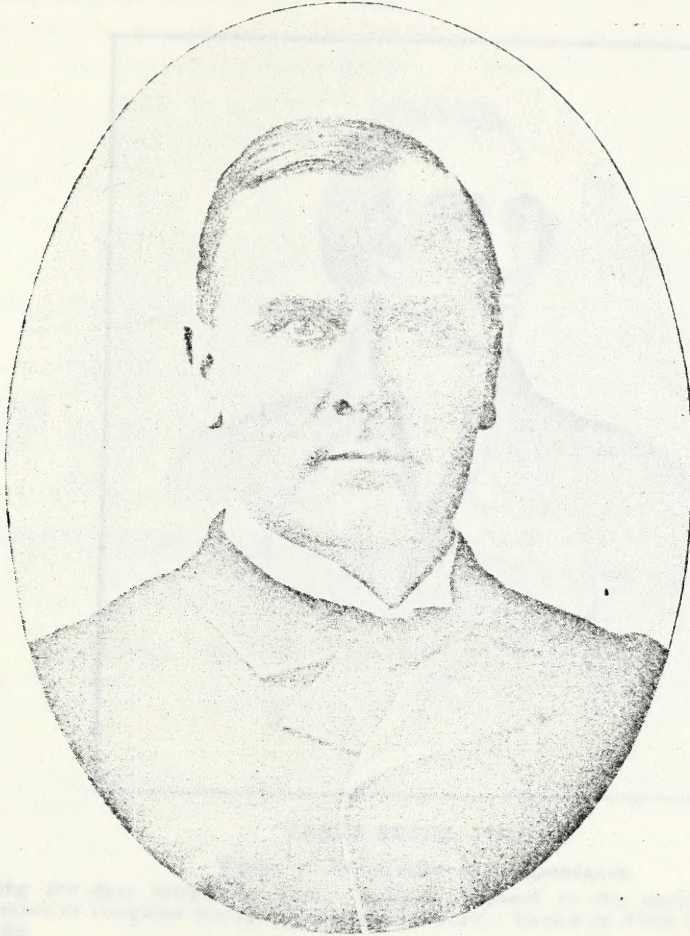
After the destruction of the old Court House in 1840, it was claimed by St. John's church and after a time removed to a belfry that was constructed for its use. After a short time it was cracked and sent to Baltimore to be recast. It is claimed that its full melodious tone after this became thin and changed. Lately, during 1901, when tolled in memory of our martyred President McKinley, it was cracked from top to bottom.

It may be noted in this connection that the late President's ancestry were natives of this county. They lived in Chanceford township, about twenty miles southeast of York. The great-great-great-grandfather came there in 1743. Some of the McKinley buildings are still standing. His great-grandfather, David McKinley, was born in 1755 in this county and was a soldier of the Revolution, and removed to Ohio and died there in 1840. The late President was presented with the original muster roll of the company of which his ancestor was a member, by Miss Carrie Hay, through Mr. E. W. Spangler.

The great-grandfather of Miss Hay was Lieutenant-Colonel John Hay, who was the resident officer of the county and preserved among his papers the rosters of many York county companies which are in her possession.

Several times President McKinley had partially fixed dates to visit York and the homes of his ancestors which the exigencies of the time prevented him from fulfilling.

In Center Square were erected the printing presses brought from Philadelphia for Government and Public Printing and to convey intelligence of the work of Congress. No paper had yet been printed in the town and none was printed till 1787 when a local paper was established. On these presses



THE LATE PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY.

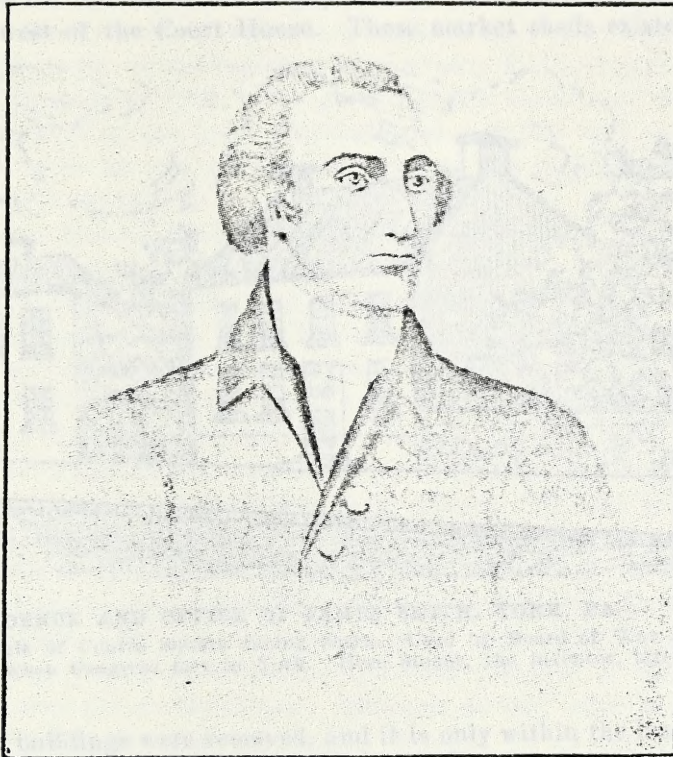
was printed the Continental money of the period. They were again removed to Philadelphia on the departure of the Congress.

Of the immortal fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence James Smith was from York. He was born in Ireland in 1713. He died in York in 1806 at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

His remains were interred in the First Presbyterian church burying ground in York, where a fine monument graces the spot. His house was situated on South George street above Mason alley. His law office was a two-story frame building at the southwest angle of the square facing north. Like Archibald McLean, he generously placed his office at the disposal of the Congress. In the lower story was quartered the Board of War of which John Adams was the head, being later succeeded by Gates. The upper story

was used by the Committee of Foreign Affairs, of which Paine was secretary. This building remained for many years afterwards and was used as a tailor shop in which it is said that Singer, the inventor of the sewing machine, once worked as a journeyman tailor.

James Smith, however, had a later office adjoining his home, which was destroyed by fire in 1805 and which destroyed many valuable papers of family and revolutionary interest. James Smith had a family several mem-



JAMES SMITH, 1713-1806.

Signer of Declaration of Independence.

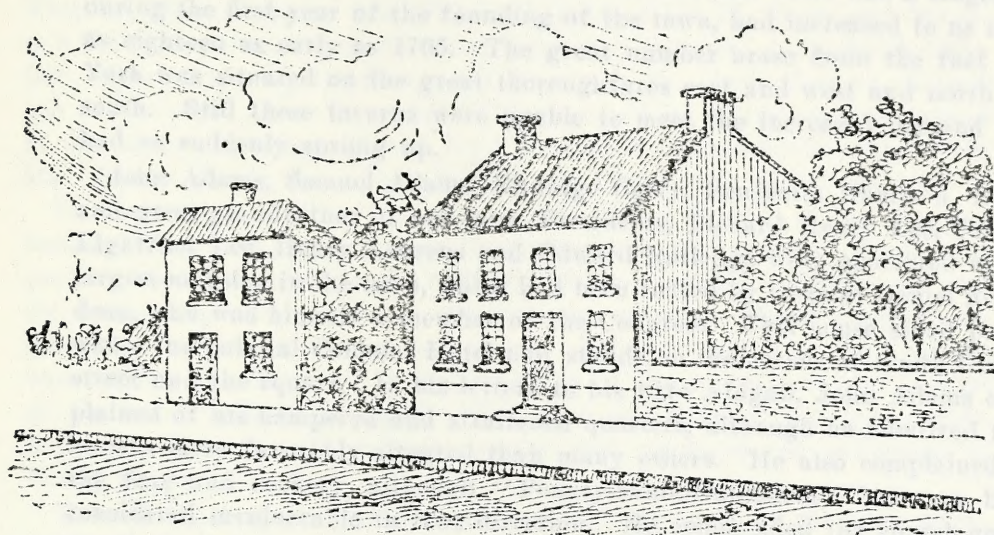
Long the only lawyer in York. Actively opposed to the oppression of the crown. A member of Congress during its sessions in York. Buried in First Presbyterian burying-grounds.

bers of which survived him. These historic buildings and this hallowed ground are now invested with new surroundings. The old buildings have passed away and but few of that period now remain. The York of today with its suburbs is an elegant town of well on to 50,000 inhabitants, and in the battle of life the great multitude scarce give a thought to "the times that tried men's souls."

However one custom remains whose origin can be traced to the very dawn of Independence. Nowhere else is the din of bomb, rocket and fire work more scrupulously emphasized than in this old town. It is a legacy that has been handed down in unbroken sequence and its origin is unconsciously overlooked by the great multitude of actors.

The original streets of York were named George, King, Queen, Princess,

Philadelphia, Water and High or Market—colonial names which they retain to this day. George and Market crossed at right angles, the former running north and south, the latter east and west. These streets were laid out eighty feet in width and at their intersection four plots, each sixty-five feet square were to be added from the adjoining lots. This area made a large square of 210 feet on each side embracing about an acre. This was named Center Square, and later contained the Court House and still later, in 1793, another building to the east of the Court House known as the State House. This building was for the use of the county officers. Still later market sheds extended to the west of the Court House. These market sheds existed long



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF JAMES SMITH, YORK, PA.

Stood S. W. angle of Centre Square facing north. Used by Board of War and Com. on Foreign Affairs when Congress met in York. Here Singer, the inventor, later worked as a tailor.

after the former buildings were removed, and it is only within the last fifteen years that they were removed surreptitiously by night. Of this old Market House, H. L. Fisher, the Pennsylvania-German poet of York, sings as follows:

“Es waer ken leichte Sach zu mir
 Wan 's Marik-Haus müsst dort week.
 Mei Herz hängt dra, as wie 'n Klett
 Es macht mich krank, ich muss ins Bett!
 Ich schlupp mich in 'n Eck!
 O move sell Marik-Haus nimmermehr
 Eweek fon sellem Center-Schquare!

“Sel Schquare war g'macht for 'n Marik-Haus nei;
 Der William Penn hot 's g'sad.
 Er hot die Inseching g'frogd dafor—
 Sie hen 's gegrant forevermore,
 Un 's nuss ah nau dort sei.
 Was waer 's dann for 'n Marik-Haus Schquare
 Wan 's net for sel alt Marik-Haus waer?”

Center Square is a spot of historic memories and probably no place of equal extent in the country exceeds it in interest. It is to be regretted that the materials of its inside history are so scanty, and that so many that were recorded have through the mutations of time been destroyed whether by request or by accident.

When the Congress came to York with its retinue of followers great demands were made upon the resources of the place for quartering and entertainment. Almost every private house, if at all suitable, was pressed into the service. The taverns, of which it is recorded that there was a single one during the first year of the founding of the town, had increased to as many as eighteen as early as 1765. The great number arose from the fact that York was situated on the great thoroughfares east and west and north and south. Still these taverns were unable to meet the increased demand that had so suddenly sprung up.

John Adams, Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Harrison, father and great-grandfather of our later Presidents, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Henry Laurens and Edward Rutledge were quartered at the largest mansion in the town, which had been rented by General Daniel Roberdean, who was himself a member of the Congress. This house stood partly where the palatial Colonial Hotel now stands on the corner of South George street and the square. In his letters to his wife Abigail, John Adams complained of his hampered and straitened quarters, although he admitted that he was more favorably situated than many others. He also complained of the fare and cookery, although "Pennsylvania-Dutchdom" has ever been considered invulnerable in that direction. He commended the church-going proclivities of the people and alluded to the tenacity with which they clung to their language. He lamented their apathy and indifference to public affairs, although York and the county had been foremost in the support of men and measures for the Revolution. However in 1800 while President, and stopping in York, he must have materially changed his opinion judging from his address to the inhabitants.

So much was Washington impressed with the loyalty and public spirit of the inhabitants of York County, that he is claimed to have recommended that the seat of Government be located at Wrightsville on the banks of the Susquehanna. This proposition, it is claimed, was lost by a single vote and the banks of the Potomac were chosen instead. However, the same claims have been made for Columbia on the opposite bank of the river.

It is worthy of remark that Wrightsville was the farthest point north and east reached by the Confederate forces in 1863. On this occasion General Early made the York Court House his headquarters, and laid a tribute upon the inhabitants. It was believed that the banks of the Susquehanna were safer as a location for the Capital than other points that had been suggested. It was of course unforeseen that an enemy would approach in a reverse direction almost a century later than when the sites were discussed.

When the Congress adjourned at Lancaster after a single day's session it was resolved "that the river should flow between them and the enemy." About twenty-five members of the Congress came in a body to York. On

the Sunday previously they attended the Moravian church in Bethlehem, in a body, and next day proceeded to Lancaster. Lafayette, who had been wounded at Brandywine, was taken to Bethlehem for treatment in the carriage of Henry Laurens.

At the first session of the Congress in York there were present the following members: From New Hampshire, Folsom; from Massachusetts, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Lovell and Gerry; from Rhode Island, Marchant; from Connecticut, Law and Williams; from New York, Duer and Duane; from Pennsylvania, Roberdean; from Maryland, Chau and Carroll; from Virginia, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, R. Jones and Benjamin Harrison; from North Carolina, Penn and Harnett; from South Carolina, Henry Laurens, Middleton and Heywood, Jr.; from Georgia, Brownson and Walton. New Jersey and Delaware had no representatives present at this time. Gouverneur Morris, from New York; James Smith, from York, Pa.; Robert Morris, from Philadelphia, and others soon joined the number.

The number of members that was present during the stay of the Congress varied. Sometimes not more than twenty members were present. Forty were present when the Articles of Confederation were passed. Enthusiasm was for a time especially at a low ebb over the country. Disaffections as regards the conduct of the war had arisen. Going to and from the Congress was difficult and laborious in the condition of the country and on account of the usual methods of travel. The place was isolated and inaccessible. Moreover, that was the rigorous winter that produced the sufferings of Valley Forge.

The old Washington House which preceded the house of the same name, which occupied the site where the Small building now stands, quartered a number of the members of the Congress. Rev. George Duffield with Rev. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) White were chosen chaplains of the Congress. Rev. White was entertained by Rev. Kurtz, pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, who later entertained other officials.

Charles Thompson had been chosen secretary by the first Continental Congress which met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. This position he retained in every succeeding Congress till 1789, when the Federal Constitution was adopted. His last service was to notify General Washington of his election to the Presidency, when he declined from any further public service. The members of the Continental Congress were chosen by the States yearly, and thus the personnel was continually changing. Some of the members were re-elected by the colonies. It is interesting to compare the names of the Congress that convened at York with the previous Congress which met at Philadelphia.

Prof. George R. Prowell, to whose knowledge and studies we are so greatly indebted for the advancement of our local history, has collected the portraits of all but four of the forty-one delegates that were here during the sessions of the Congress. He has also procured all but six of the engravings or etched portraits of the forty-eight members who signed the Articles of Confederation on meeting at Philadelphia, July 9th, 1778.

(To be continued.)

LAST WILL OF CHRISTOPHER STUMP

PRELIMINARY AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS by the Editor.—1. Without giving this rather curious yet typical Colonial Pennsylvania-German Will in English, it will help readers to know that “vermache” means bequeath; “Ligen’em und Beweglichem Vermögen” is real and personal property, and “farbigten Bub” is colored boy.

2. This will was copied from the original, now in possession of Mr. Henry Stump, now a resident of Stouchsburg, Berks county Pa., aged 83, the great-grandson of the original testator, through Leonhart’s line.

3. The “house” spoken of in will, where testator lived is still standing, and it, with the farm bequeathed to Leonhart, is now the property of Mr. Thomas Becker, of Millbach, Lebanon county, Pa., where estate is located.

4. Quite a number of present day prominent families of Lebanon and Berks counties are connected with original Stump.

5. The original testator is said to have been a man of remarkable physical strength, being over six feet in stature. He accompanied Conrad Weiser to the Midwinter Indian Conference of the Six Nations in Northern New York.

6. The testator was twice married and his frequent reference to and conditions concerning inheritance of second one, as widow, is noteworthy. He had sixteen children in all, several sets bearing same name, and owned several colored slaves as per his will. He left eldest son one shilling as birthright.

7. The second son, Frederick, is doubtless the celebrated founder of Fredericksburg, formerly Stumpstown, of Lebanon county, whose questionable escapades there made him flee his native heath to appear later in the wilds of Tennessee as a notorious pioneer. See former issue of magazine containing pilgrimage article “Over an Old State Road.”

Copy of the Original

Im Namen des Herrn, Amen!

Heute, den acht und zwanzigsten Tag Februar, im Jahr unsers Herrn, ein tausend, sieben hundert und neun und sechzig, Ich Christopher Stump, von Heidelberg Taunschip, im County Lancaster, im Staat Pennsylvanien: Bauer; der ich zwar gebrechlich krank und schwach bin; albein meinen völligen Verstand, Erinnerungs-Vermögen, Gedächtniss und Beurtheilungskraft noch eben so gut wie in meinen gesunden Tagen besitze und geniese, wofür ich Gott herzlich danke, dass wir alle sterblich sind, dass die Zeit unsers Todes ungewiss ist und dass der Mensch zu jeder Zeit bereit seyn sollte diese Welt zu verlassen, mache und erkläre hiermit dies Gegenwärtige zu meinem letzten Willen und Testament, nämlich:

Zum ersten empfehle ich meine unsterbliche Seele der Hand meines Gottes zu seiner ewigen Barmherzigkeit, und meinen Leib der Erde, welche meine

hiernoch benahmte Executoren auf eine Christliche Art und so wie es für gut befunden werden mag begraben lassen sollen. Es ist mein Wunsch und Willen, und ich befehle es auch dass alle meine rechtmäßige Schulden und Leigen Unkosten so geschwind als möglich nach meinem Tode bezahlt werden sollen.

Item. Ich vermache an meinen Sohn Georg Adam Stump die Summe von ein hundert Pund in gangbarem Gelde von Pennsylvanien, welches er mir schuldig ist auf ein gewisses Land—besagtes Land soll ihm übergeben werden in foll, für seine Erbschaft—beides vom Beweglichen und vom Liegenten Vermögen, meines—Ferner habe ich noch ein Land in Besitz welches ersagter Georg Adam Stump zu bezahlen hat, welches Land fünfzig Pfund ist, versagter Georg Adam Stump soll die Summe zu meinen Executoren über bezahlen. Und ferner vermache ich noch an meinen Sohn Georg Adam die Summe von einem Schilling Sterling, und nicht mehr, für sein erstgeburts-Recht mit dem obengemelteten Lande von ein hundert Pfund.—Item. Ich vermache an meinen Sohn Friedrich Stump ein gewisses Land von achzig Pfund, welches er an mich zu bezahlen hat. Ich befollmachtige meine Executoren besagtes Land an Friedrich Stump in foll zu überreichen für seine Erbschaft vom Ligenten und vom Beweglichen Vermögen, und nicht mehr.—Item. Ich vermache an meinen Sohn Georg Stump, die Summe von Siebenzig Pund gangbares Geld von Pennsylvanien und nicht mehr, in foll für seine Erbschaft beydes vom Ligenden und von Beweglichen Vermögen, daher autorisire ich meine Executoren zu erst abrechnen von besagtem Lande solche Summe welche er mir schuldig ist, und überbluph ihm Georg bezahlen in Zwey Jahren nach meinem Tode.—Item. Es ist mein Wunsch und Willen und ich befehle es dass meine Executoren, dass sie an die Representanten des verstorbenen meinen Sohn Christopher Stump bezahlen sollen die Summe von Zehen Pfund, Geld wie oben gemeldet, und nicht mehr für seine oder ihren Erbschaft, beydes vom Ligenden und Beweglichem Vermögen sogliech wenn es gefordert wird.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Maria die Frau von Johannes Schener, die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, wie schon gemelten in gutem Gelte, für ihr theil, beydes von Ligendem und vom Beweglichem Vermögen. Ich befollmachtige meine Executoren ihrer, der Maria, das abzuziehen von den fünfzig Pfund was ihren Mann, Johannes Schener mir schuldig ist, und dass übrige sollen sie ihr bezahlen zwey Jahre nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Susanna, die Frau von John Leineweber die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, und nicht mehr, in foll für ihr theil von meinem Beweglichem und von dem Ligenden Vermögen, und dass soll ihr Erbschft werden, in einem Jahr nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Margaret, die Frau von Ludwick Maris, die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, und nicht mehr in foll für ihr theil, beydes von dem Beweglichem und dem Ligentem Vermögen, welche Summe ihr bezahlt werden soll in einem Jahr nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Representanten von meiner verstorbene Tochter Catharina, letzthin die Frau von Georg Adam Bush, die summe von einem Schilling Sterling, und nicht mehr, in foll, für ihr theil, beydes vom Ligentem und vom Beweglichem Vermögen, welche Summe

ihr bezahlt werden soll zu einigen Zeit nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache an meinen Sohn Henry Stump, die Summe von ein hundert Pfund, wie schon gemeldet, welche Summe er mir auf ein gewisses Land schuldig ist, welches Land ihm, dem besagtem Henry Stump in voll überreicht werden soll für sein theil, beydes vom Ligentem und vom Beweglichem Vermögen. Ferner habe ich noch ein Land in Besitz von fünfzig Pfund von dem ersagtem Henry Stump, welches er an meine Executoren bezahlen soll.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter, Magdalene, die Frau von William Frymer, die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, und nicht mehr, für ihr theil vom Ligenten und vom Beweglichen Vermögen. Ich bevollmächtige meine Executoren von besagten fünfzig Pfund abzuziehen solche Summe die sie mir schuldig sind, und das übrige soll ihr bezahlt werden in einem Jahr nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Susanna Stump, die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, und nicht mehr, in voll für ihr theil, beydes Ligentem und Beweglichem Vermögen, welches ihr bezahlt werden soll in einem Jahr nach meinem Tode.—Es ist mein Wille das alles was ich oben an meine Kinder Representanten vermacht habe, dass sie alles richtig empfangen sollen durch meine Executoren was ihnen zu geschrieben ist, und Keinen weiteren anspruch soll mehr von ihnen gemacht werden.—Und was die Kinder von meiner jetzigen Frau anbetreten, zu denen vermache ich wie folgt, nämlich: Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Catharina, die Frau von Leonhart Strickler, die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet; diese fünfzig Pfund ist ersagter Leonhart Strickler mir auf ein Land schuldig, welches ihm übergeben werden soll, für ihr theil von meinem Ligenten und Beweglichen Vermögen.—Item. Ich vermache an meine Tochter Julianna Stump die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, in voll für ihr theil von meinem Ligenten Vermögen welches ihr bezahlt werden soll, ein Jahr nach meinem Tode.—Item. Ich vermache meine Tochter Margaret Stump die Summe von fünfzig Pfund, Geld wie schon gemeldet, in voll, für ihr theil von meinem Ligentem Vermögen, welches ihr bezahlt werden soll, sobald als sie ihre geherige Aelte erreicht.—Und ich bevollmächtige meine Executoren zu bezahlen die verschieden hierin angeführten Legacies, ich thu daher sie bevollmächtigen in voll, meine ersagte Executoren und die nachfolger ihrer, zu verkaufen meine Stone Messuage und Lotte Grund, gelegen in Reading, im County Berks, so geschwind als es schicklich seyn mag, nach meinem Tode, für den besten Preiss. Daher authorisire ich meine Executoren, oder die nachfolger ihrer, für besagtes Vermögen einen Died an den Kaufman zu geben.—Item. Ich vermache meine ganze Plantasche worauf ich jetzt wohne in Heidelberg Taunship, enthält ungefähr zwey hundert und siebenzig Aker, an meine zwey Söhne, nämlich Leonhart Stump und Christopher Stump, und zu ihrer Heirs und Assigns für immer. Dies ist zu sagen, der oberste theil oder das siedliche theil, der eine theil davon, so wie es jetzt vertheilt ist, das vermache ich an Leonhart Stump, oder an seine Heirs und Assigns für immer, auf die Bedingungen dass besagter Leonhart Stump, rauszugeben hat an meine Executoren ein hundert Pfund, also soll Leonhart Stump mit hilfe seines Bruter Christopher Stump, meiner hinterbleibener Witwe Margaret eine hinlänglich

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Wohnung verschaffen, so lang als sie meine Wittwe bleibt, und nicht länger.— Obiges Stük Land soll daher das Eigenthum von Leonhart Stump seyn, in voll für sein theil von meinem Ligentem Vermögen.—Item. Ich vermache an meinen ersagten Sohn Christopher Stump der unterste theil, oder der nörthliche theil, des obengemelteten Landes—die eine hälfte wie es jetzt vertheilt ist, das soll er halten als sein Eigenthum, ersagter Christopher Stump, oder seine Heirs und Assigns, für immer; auf welches Land er nichts rauszugeben hat, nur dass er mit hilfe seines Bruders Leonhart Stump meiner hinterbleiben eine hinlängliche Wohnung verschaffen soll, so lang dass sie meine Wittwe bleibt und nich länger; welches Stük Land er haben soll für sein theil von meinem Ligenem Vermögen.—Item. Ich vermache an meinen Sohn Michael Stump zwey hundert und fünfzig Aker, Patentiertes Land, gelegen über dem Blauen Berg in Berks County, an Machanoy Creek, welches ersagter Michael Stump halten soll für sein Eigenthum, oder seine Heirs, Assigns für immer, frey ohne etwas rauszugeben für besagtes Stük Land in foll für sein theil von meinem Ligentem Vermögen.— Und im fall einer von denen oben gemelteten von meinen Söhne, nämlich, Leonhart, Christopher und Leonhart, sterben sollten ehe sie ihre Aelte erreichen sollte, ohne Erben, dann sollen die Nachfolger ihrer, die Heirs und Assigns, sein vorbesagtes Land, und die ersagten Nachfolger sollen berechtigt an Leonhart Strickler fünfzig Aker Land abmessen von dem an welchem ich jetzt wohne grenzent an Land von Leonhart Strickler, George Holstein und Michael Miller, un an ersagten Leonhart Strickler, oder an seine Heirs und Assigns einen guten Diet zu geben, für immer.— Ich authorisire daher meine Executoren, oder ihre Heirs und Assigns, solche Dieds, oder Conveyances, das hinlänglich seyn wird, nach meiner Meinung Willen und letzten Testaments, zu machen und zu geben. Also vermache ich noch an meinen Sohn Leonhart Stump, mein farbigten Bub namens John, und an mein Sohn Christopher Stump mein farbigten Bub Adam, welche Nüger meine Söhne sollen Laben wenn sie Besitz nehmen von ihrem Lande, wenn sie einst ihre geberige Aelte erriechen.—Ich vermache an meine Wittwe Margarette, das völlige dritte Theil von allem bein Vermögen, (ausgenommen die Schwartzen) und befehle sogliech das meine Wittwe alles unter ihren Commando haben soll, das ist zu sagen, die ganze Bauerey, und dieselben fort treiben mit hülfe ihren Söhne, bis Leonhart und Christopher ihre Aelte erreichen, und vom Profitt und Einkommen soll sie ihre Kinder aufziehen, Schulden lassen ohne eine Anfor'ung dafür zu machen.—Und nachdem mein Jüngstes Kind auf Aelt ist, dann soll meine Personal Estate vertheilt werden zwischen meinen sechs jüngsten Kindern, in gleichen theilen, zuerst muss aber der Witfrau ihr trittel weggenommen werden.—Ferner befehle ich noch das meine Wittwe Margaretta ihren Sitz haben soll auf der Plantaschen wo ich jetzt wohne, und auch in demselben Haus. Und sobald als meine Söhne Leonhart und Christopher Besitz nehmen von der Plantasche, sollen sie meiner Wittwe eine Wohnung verschaffen, so lang das sie meine Wittwe bleibet und nich länger.—Sollte sie, meine Wittwe, aber hierathen, dann soll sie das tritte von meinem Personal Vermögen empfangen und nicht mehr, und soll sogliech ihre Wohnung, Haus und Bauerey verlassen.—Und

zum letzten erwahle ich meine Executoren, nämlich, Leonhart Strickler und Geo. Smith in diesem meinem letzten Willen und Testament, und erwähle sogleich auch Leonhardt Strickler gurdian über meine Kinder.—Bezeigt das dies mein letzter Willen und Testament ist—zum Zeugniß dessen habe dieses Testament eigenhändig unterschrieben und derselben Signal beygefügt, im Jahr wie oben gemeldet.

his
CHRISTOPHER × STUMP [L. S.]
mark

Signed, sealed, published and declared
by the said testator as his last will and
testament in the presence of us the sub-
scribers. P. S.— The part on the first
side where the testator bequeaths to
Susanna, the wife of Lineaweber, being
first enrazed.

his
JOHN × MYER,
mark
his
HENRY × MYER.
mark



GENEALOGY

The word genealogy is derived from two Greek words: one signifying birth, race, descent or family; the other a saying, word or account.

Hence, genealogy, in general, is an account of the descent or family of a person or persons. The subject is commonly treated under three headings: (1) Biblical, (2) Classical, and (3) Modern Genealogy.

(1) The genealogies of the Bible are in a number of instances merely classified registers of the people according to "houses," "families," and "tribes." Other instances seem to show a classification of nations or races. Even the genealogies beginning with Abraham and that of the house of David are differently viewed by historians and critics; some treating the names as those of persons, and others regarding many of the names as those of tribes or nations. A peculiarity in biblical genealogies is the symmetry of numbers, the names being given in series of seven, ten or three.

(2) Classical genealogy relates to the remarkable pedigrees of gods and sons of gods in classical literature, and also to the lines of descent of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is enough to state that most of these genealogical accounts are mythical or altogether unreliable. Many of the Greeks traced their ancestry through a great hero to some deity. The genealogies of the Romans are, however, more trustworthy.

(3) Modern genealogy is a tabulated and, as far as possible, complete statement or account of a series of generations coming down from the first known ancestor. It possibly had its origin in the aristocracies of modern Europe, where the principles of "hereditary privilege" made it necessary to determine with accuracy who were and who were not entitled by birth to hold the high offices of state or to engage in certain privileged pursuits of life.

Very few genealogies can go back of the year 1050 A. D. At that time began the custom of using surnames or family names. But it was not until

the 14th century that the use of surnames became general. Hence it is not surprising to learn that in the tracing of ancestry beyond that period, much of it is based on conjecture and imagination.

Therefore in genealogical research, two essentials must be kept in mind. The first of these is the surname or family name. This often varies in form and orthography, even in records of the same period of time, and occasionally is completely changed in succeeding generations.

Authentic records or documents are the second essential, and are no less important than the first. Where authentic documents are wanting, it is hardly possible to build a complete and accurate family-tree of the last four generations met with in a person's life time.

Tradition and hearsay are to be tolerated only when confirmed by authentic records.

Records of this kind may be classified as follows: (1) Official documents, such as wills, land grants, deeds, assessment and tax lists, agreements, court records and the like. (2) Church records, such as records of births, baptisms, marriages and deaths; lists of communicant members, etc. (3) Inscriptions as found on tombstones, monuments, etc. (4) Private records, such as private family accounts of births, baptisms and deaths; diaries, correspondence, etc.

Among the very early documents, classed as authentic, to be found in England, are the Domesday books, (the "Exchequer Domesday" having been completed about 1086), registers, calendars, chronicles of various monasteries, title deeds, charter rolls, tournament rolls, and coats of arms. On the continent of Europe somewhat similar documents exist, but, as a rule, are not as accessible as those of England. Of course, a number of these are of benefit principally to the nobility of Europe and to the descendants of titled ancestors; and, in this country, apply chiefly to those early American settlers who descended from some old or distinguished European family.

It is a remarkable coincidence that when America was being discovered and explored, the subject of genealogy began to be thoroughly investigated, and the first tolerably accurate genealogical publications appeared. At first the works on genealogy related to rulers, as kings, princes, etc., and to the foremost families of "noble birth." Afterwards all families of "noble blood" as well as those that attained to social or political distinction, were treated by genealogists. But it is only within a very recent period that attempts have been made to trace the ancestry of the common people—the farmers, the mechanics, the professional men, the business men, and the laboring men in general,—among whom is to be found the really noble blood of our great Republic.

As an aid to genealogical research in our country a number of historical and genealogical societies have been formed. One of these, "The New England Historical and Genealogical Society," has done much towards the compilation and preservation of the genealogies of the principal families of New England.

"The Pennsylvania-German Society" is nobly doing and encouraging a similar work in the case of the Pennsylvania-Germans, the great frontiers-

men of Pennsylvania civilization, who received the treacherous blow of the Indian's tomahawk so that the historian can record the fact that the Indians never shed a drop of Quaker blood. For let it be remembered that these thrifty, sturdy Pennsylvania-Germans, who settled around the Quakers, made possible the beautiful fact of the bloodless Quaker-Indian verbal agreement.

County and local historical societies are also rendering great service in this direction.

A number of books have been published on the subject of American genealogy. Among them may be mentioned Holgate's American Genealogy, Whitmore's American Genealogy, and Webster's Genealogy; also Dr. Egle's Notes and Queries, comprising twelve volumes of historical, reminiscent and genealogical information relating chiefly to the southeastern fourth of Pennsylvania, as bearing upon the Scotch-Irish and German settlers and their descendants. There are also a few local newspapers devoting a column or two to the worthy object of gathering and preserving historical and genealogical material. It is to be regretted that many more are not engaged in this praiseworthy and noble cause. Every county should have a paper of this kind.

In regard to the Pennsylvania-Germans, the early records are generally very meagre; and that is probably one reason why so little has been done in the direction of preserving family genealogies. However, it is not too late for every one to lend a helping hand and to do as much as time and means will permit. It is really a pleasant duty we owe to the memory of a patient, revered and pious ancestry; and if we care anything for our forefathers who patiently braved the trials and hardships of the wilderness and who fitted up homes in the forests, meadows, hills and valleys so that their descendants can live in peace and security, the gathering and preserving of what records there are, is a matter worthy of our most earnest and filial consideration.

M. A. GRUBER.

Washington, D. C., July, 1902.

PENN'A-GERMAN HEROES BURIED IN NEW YORK TRINITY CHURCHYARD

Noble Appeal of J. Barnitz Bacon, Asking for the Repeal of the Ordinance Relative to the Extension of a Street Through the Hallowed Spot—Important Facts of History

Note 19 of the "Spangler Annals." From the People's Advocate (York) February 21, 1854.

"The project of opening a new street through the cemetery attached to Trinity Church, New York, and the consequent disturbance of the dead, has sent a shudder through the entire country. All are interested in preserving the graves of kindred and friends inviolate. The following appeal to the Common Council of New York City was published in the New York Herald, and was written by Jacob B. Bacon, Esq., a son of the late Rev. Samuel Bacon, of this place, and a grandson of the late Jacob Barnitz, Esq. It possesses considerable local interest, and is worthy of perusal:

‘To the Honorable, the Common Council of the City of New York:

The undersigned respectfully joins in the prayer of many of his fellow-citizens to your honorable body, asking for the repeal of the ordinance of the late Common Council relative to the extension of Albany street through Trinity Churchyard.

In support of his position, the undersigned begs leave to present the following facts connected with our Revolutionary history:

Among the earliest of the patriotic spirits who marched from their homes to defend the City of New York against the armies of Great Britain in 1776, were the regiments contributed by the counties of York and Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. They were composed entirely of young men, the majority of them of German descent, and animated by that hatred of oppression and enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, which distinguish their race at the present day.

Five regiments marched from the county of York to New Jersey, in July, 1776, and of these two were detached to form part of the “flying camp”—a corps of 10,000 men, voted by Congress on June 3, 1776. These two regiments were stationed in the vicinity of the City of New York. A portion of them were killed or taken prisoners at the battle of Brooklyn Heights, and the balance either fell on the field of battle at the taking of Fort Washington, on the 16th of November, 1776, or were captured on that disastrous occasion, and marched down to the city. Here they, in common with thousands of their fellow-patriots, suffered unheard of cruelties in the prisons and sugar houses of New York.

The regiment of Colonel Michael Swoope, consisting of eight companies, suffered severely at Fort Washington. Death on the field or by wounds, or from horrors of the prisons, left but few to return to the green hills of the Codorus.

Ensign and Adjutant Barnitz of this regiment, then but eighteen years old, fell at Fort Washington with a musket bullet in each leg. Being carried to the city prisons with the survivors of his regiment, he was soon afterward removed to comfortable quarters in the old house formerly standing at No. 9 Bowery, in consequence of the severity of his wounds, and at the intercession of an old family friend—Major General William Alexander, Lord Stirling, who was then also a prisoner, having been shortly before captured on Long Island. Adjutant Barnitz here lay with unhealed wounds for fifteen months; but during that time he was not insensible to the still greater sufferings of his companions in arms and with the help of the noble-hearted officer just mentioned, he was enabled to alleviate their captivity and to care for their remains when dead.

Being generally of the Lutheran faith, the graveyard of that denomination, adjoining the Trinity Church (subsequently the site of Grace Church) would have been their appropriate burying place, but the church had been destroyed in the conflagration which occurred shortly after the occupation of the city by the British army, and the burial ground was unprotected.

A successful effort was therefore made to obtain a place of sepulture in Trinity Churchyard. Adjutant Barnitz was attached to Captain Christian Stake’s company, of Swoope’s Regiment, composed of young men of the best families of the town of York. To these more particularly, as being his more immediate comrades, such care as he could afford was given.

Of this company the following were buried in the northwestern portion of the grounds, at that time bordering on the water, viz: Sergeant Peter

Haak; Sergeant John Hicks, Privates Hugh Dobbins, Henry Hoff, David Parker, and probably one or two others. Captain M'Carter, (of Colonel Richard M'Allister's Regiment, from the same county), died of wounds received at Fort Washington, and was also buried at Trinity graveyard.

It may be proper to state that these facts are derived partly from the History of the County of York, by A. J. Glossbrenner, Esq., (now Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives of the United States) and partly from the papers and reminiscences of the old veterans who, in the winter, were wont to relate the stores of their battles, and each "to shoulder his staff and show how fields were won."

To the soldier, the last resting place of his comrade is consecrated by the memory of the trials, the conflicts, the sacrifices, and the sufferings which they have, shoulder to shoulder, encountered. He feels that his honor rests by that mound of earth, and must guard it from violation while life shall last. He bequeaths its care to his countrymen as a place of sacred memories, and never for a moment dreams that future years may bring spoilers of the tomb, who will forget their duty to the blood which cemented the foundations of the republic.

The Mexican war was prolific in instances where those who fell were exhumed by committees sent by their surviving comrades, and received a soldier's burial at home.

Permit me to relate a fact in this connection:

At the call for volunteers for the Mexican War, William Eurich marched with his company from the town of York, and joined the Pennsylvania regiment. In the battle which occurred before the walls of Puebla, Eurich, with others of his company, having charged close up to the Mexican lines, saw his friend and comrade shot dead by his side. A superior force compelled them to retreat, but Eurich paused, and shouldering his friend's body, was bearing it off to a place of safe sepulture, when a ball struck him, and the brave fellow sank in death by the body of his much loved friend. Eurich was a grandson of Michael Eurich, one of the captured soldiers of Fort Washington.

Shall the stern heart and rough nature of a soldier beat with so hallowed a feeling, and shall the citizen, the merchant, and the legislator repudiate it?

Shall it be said that the city of New York desecrates the graves of her defenders, and, at the bidding of the money god, scatter to the winds the ashes of the soldiers of liberty?

These patriot soldiers who now repose in the churchyard of Trinity, died far from friends and home. They laid down their lives in their youth. They left no sons to speak for them. Their silent dust cannot plead to you for rest.

It therefore becomes my duty and privilege to address you.

I was born where they were born. Their friends were my friends, and my early days were familiar with the green hills which they last looked upon when they marched to defend your city.

My earnest petition to the Common Council of the City of New York is, that the remains of those martyrs of our independence may be left in peace in the graves where their comrades laid them.

Respectfully,
J. BARNITZ BACON.

BOOK



NOTICES

The Spengler Families.
WITH LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCHES.
1150—1896.

This is a voluminous work on the annals of the four Spengler families, whose ancestors, Casper, Henry, Baltzer and George, settled in York county, Pa., respectively in 1729, 1732, 1732 and 1751. We have seen many family histories, but never any one that excels this in completeness of research, scope of investigation, clearness of presentation and mechanical attractiveness of publication. To an outsider it seems to lack nothing. Its author has gone away back to first sources and traced the genealogical streamlet from its German springs to the present sweeping American river, requiring a ponderous quarto of many pages to give it only a fair outline sounding. When we look at the enormous work it must have involved, we wonder that its author is not an incurable invalid or hopelessly insane instead of the burly, able-bodied, well-poised and brilliant lawyer that daily helps to add to the renown of the York bar. But if the Spengler descendants in all parts of America do not now patronize his successful efforts and hereafter erect a memorial to his honor on one of the most conspicuous spots of "Little York," they should be disinherited of their share of the glory of their fair family name, and banished back to Germany. Talk about price! Five dollars is a pittance for such a work! Twenty times five, every worthy and able-bodied son of this stock should be willing to pay to preserve such invaluable annals and to have been saved the Herculean task of gathering, arranging and composing the material himself. Better, and more valuable than a grandfather's clock or any other heirloom that might have descended from one of these pioneer ancestors, must prove a copy of this book, wherever the present and coming generations may take up their abode. The book contains about 125 illustrations, and is well indexed genealogically and historically. Besides 232 large quarto pages devoted to family history, with complete tables of descendants, intermarriages, etc., etc., almost 400 more pages are devoted to historical memorabilia covering mostly their American history and contemporaneous local events about York, of the most intense interest and of untold value to the historian. The first edition being exhausted, a new edition is now ready and copies may be had for \$5, from the author, Edw. W. Spangler, Esq., of York, Pa.

Henry Melchior Muhlenberg,
BY
REV. WM. K. FRICK, D.D.

This is the latest issue of the Lutheran Hand Book Series, published by the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia, one of the most excellent conceptions of this Board of Publication. The volumes are handy, printing neat, themes the biographical cornerstones of the Lutheran Church, and treatment concise yet intensely clear and interesting. This last number could not be excelled, its authorship having been committed into most excellent hands. Dr. Frick has a strong, clear and graphic style, a vivid imagination, an enthusiastic love for his church and was in possession of a fount of original information to draw

from. The result is a sketch of this patriarch of American Lutheranism that makes the subject live over again his eventful and successful life. We play with him as a child, attend school and university with him, help him get ready for his American "charge," and journey with him across the stormy sea and over his many and long trips through Penn's forests and beyond in the planting and care of the American Lutheran Church. We sigh for him in his earlier discouragements but admire his zeal, wisdom, patience and piety more than ever, as through this "Window in Thrums" we get a clearer vision of his noble soul. Every Pennsylvania-German interested in the colonial history of our State, every student of our early civil and ecclesiastical history, and especially every American Lutheran, young or old, English, German, Scandinavian, Danish, Swede or Dutch, should read this book. If our young novel readers would lay aside nine-tenths of the trash now offered by a mercenary press and read these thrice more thrilling sketches of our greatest actors, they and our country would be the better for it. Pp. 200; 40 cents. Lutheran Publication Society, 1424 Arch St., Philadelphia.

"Drauss un Deheem."

POEMS IN PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN,

BY CHARLES C. ZIEGLER.

This collection of poems in the Pennsylvania-German dialect takes its title from the first one included, which we give in "Poetic Gems" of this number. Doubtless many readers have realized its truth as the author must have, who left his home "yun Brush Valley," Center county, Pa., for St. Louis, Mo. The booklet is beautifully printed and bound by a Leipzig firm, copyrighted in 1891, and contains quite an array of meritorious original effusions, together with a number of translations from the choice lyrics of Longfellow and Bryant. It contains 51 small quarto pages and, while price is not given, sells for about 50 cents by the author. Care of American Brake Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Luther, Zinzendorf, Wesley.

BY

REV. P. ANSTADT, D.D.

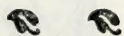
This brochure is the outcome of a paper by the author, read before the York Ministerial Association, being an account of the conversion of John Wesley through hearing Luther's Preface to Paul's Epistle to the Romans read in a Moravian prayer-meeting. To this is added a new translation of Luther's Preface to the Roman's and the Reformer's views on the doctrine of predestination, with portraits of Luther, Zinzendorf and Wesley. Bound in cloth with gold side-stamp. 112 pp., 16mo, 25 cents. P. Anstadt, & Sons, York, Pa. We cannot too highly commend this booklet to Lutherans, Moravians, Methodists and all.

Schlaraffiade.

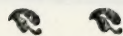
VON

HILARIUS ANTHROPOS.

This is a collection of German poems of some imaginative and humorous writer, whose nom-de-plume is here given, and who, under the garb of Meister Urian and the ostensible purpose of discovering origin and destiny of the world, especially mankind, makes his journey into the land of Lazybones, whose wisdom he suffers himself to hear, but burlesques it, and indirectly, much of the spurious philosophy of the day, in a very satirical and meritorious way. This journey is made in nine stages, covered by so many chapters, which makes a booklet of 72 pages, issued in pamphlet style by Pilger Buch Handlung, of Reading, Pa., for 25 cents.



LITERARY NOTES



The initial number of the *The New Era* for December, (the excellent illustrated monthly published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia) opens with a copiously illustrated article on summering in winter, that brings our own Southland with its continental and island ports and domestic life so vividly before its readers that one is tempted to run away from his winter work in the north and bask in the cheering sunlight and play in the lazy sands of these Southern climes. The number is chuck full of interest and the magazine is getting better than ever.

Miss Maude Roosevelt offers three very valid claims to attention this month. She is, first of all, a cousin of the President, and has won repute as an able actress; secondly, she may sign herself by the sounding German title—Baroness Mumm von Schwarzenstein, and lastly, she has written as takable a society novel as any of recent years. The novel is called “*The Price of Fame*,” and appears in full in the December—Christmas—number of Lippincott’s Magazine.

Christmas thoughts dwell on hearty fare, and hence there will be many readers of Mrs. E. S. Bladen’s toothsome paper on “*Dinners of Fifty Years Ago*” in the December Lippincott.

THE COMPANION’S CHRISTMAS PACKET.—Can you think of a gift more certain to be acceptable than a year’s subscription to *The Youth’s Companion*? Is there any one, young or old, who, having once had the paper in his hands and looked through it, did not wish to possess it for his very own? It is a gift which, far from losing its freshness as Christmas recedes into the past, grows more delightful, more necessary to one’s enjoyment week by week. If you wish to make a Christmas present of *The Youth’s Companion*, send the publishers the name and address of the person to whom you wish to give *The Companion*, with \$1.75, the annual subscription price. They will send to the address named *The Companion’s Christmas Packet*, all ready for Christmas morning, containing the Christmas number, *The Companion Calendar* for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and subscription certificate for the fifty-two issues of 1903. Full illustrated announcement of the new volume for 1903 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free. *The Youth’s Companion*, 144 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass.

The Pennsylvania- German

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 2.

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THE
PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. D. ENGLISH, A.M.,
Editor and Publisher

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LEBANON, PA., APRIL, 1885

No. 3



REV. PAUL HENKEL

1754-1825

Since our last issue three events of the Keystone State have attracted considerable attention. One, the inauguration of a new Governor; another, the discussion of the coal controversy; and a third, the discussion of the public school advancement, with a

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
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Vol. IV

LEBANON, PA., APRIL, 1903

No. 2

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WHOM IT MAY CONCERN



HE probabilities are that this article will be read by those whom it does not directly concern, while those whom it does concern may skip its perusal, or reading it, fail to heed it. We trust it may be otherwise. Let a minister make a pointed remark in his sermon, looking towards immediate and personal application by a certain class of his flock, the chances are that the faithful will take it devoutly and seriously to heart and bend their best energies to carry the wish, not meant for them, into effect; while the depraved, sleepy sinner never stirs in his pew, nor gets warm under his vest. The driver of a six-horse team cracks his whip to waken up the lazy shirk under the saddle, but the leader which has already worked himself into frothy foam, will grow nervous, jump into his traces and pull as if he meant to work out his collar that day. So it is when an Editor calls attention in general terms to a few delinquents. Can any one whom this concerns guess why this paragraph is written? If not let him hunt up his January number and consult the pink insert.

PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS IN EVIDENCE

Since our last issue three events of the Keystone State have attracted considerable attention. One, the inauguration of a new Governor; another, the discussion of the coal controversy; and a third, the discussion of the public school advancement, with a

more just remuneration of the teacher. This brought three men prominently before the public eye, viz: Samuel W. Pennypacker, George F. Baer and Nathan C. Schaeffer. We are happy to number all three among our full-blooded race kin and glad to say all are subscribers to this magazine.

A HINT

If any of my readers will find time to make leisurely strolls over ancient Pennsylvania-German burial grounds and will kindly take the trouble to make a brief record of such of our early stock as they find sepultured there, and send same in to our sanctum, it may help the cause of genealogy in years to come. Let tombstone inscriptions be abbreviated thus:

Johannes Schmidt,
Son of Peter and Mary Schmidt.

b. May 15, 1740.

d. January 2, 1815.

Let none be sent born later than 1800.

A NOTED HISTORIAN GONE.

In the death on January 11th of Mr. Henry S. Dotterer, of Philadelphia, the cause of local history, especially as it pertained to our Pennsylvania-German life, has lost one of its most scholarly and faithful devotees. His works and publications will not let his name perish. Had he lived he would have been Governor Pennypacker's private secretary.

Dauphin County mourns the loss of its presiding judge, Hon. J. W. Simonton. He was an able and worthy man. The cause of local history lost a devout friend. His place as President of County Historical Society is filled by Mr. J. P. Keller, and as Judge by M. W. Jacobs, Esq.

For many of the fine cuts which illustrate the article on York, Pa., we are indebted to the kindness of E. W. Spangler, Esq., author of that most excellent and voluminous work, "The Spangler Annals." (See Book Notices in January issue.)

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

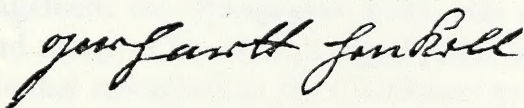
REV. GERHART HENKEL

AND HIS DESCENDANTS

BY REV. A. STAPLETON, A.M., M.S.

THE opening years of the eighteenth century were full of stirring events, and fraught with momentous consequences to the Germanic States contiguous to the Rhine. Alsace and Lorraine had just been seized and incorporated into the French Empire by the intolerant and despotic Louis XIV. Mannheim, Speyer and Heidelberg had been sacked and partly burned; and the field of Lindau was still red with the blood of Germans, shed in the defense of their very existence, and the best terms possible secured by the Peace of Ryswyck (1697), were far from satisfactory. Quite unworthy of the German character it became the fashion of the smaller German courts to ape after French manners with the result that debauchery followed, the Protestant faith was subverted, and the civil and religious interests of the people were betrayed. This sad condition of the Palatinate which precipitated the great German emigration to Pennsylvania was also the occasion, in an aggravated sense of the coming of Rev. Gerhart Henkel to the New World.

The importance of this pioneer in the history of the Lutheran Church in America is just beginning to be realized. About one



hundred years ago, when

Dr. Solomon Henkel, a

Virginia descendant, and

his brother Ambrose, the printer, sojourned in Philadelphia, they became acquainted with a granddaughter of the exile who had in her possession the diary and some manuscripts of her grandfather, besides some of the family plate. She presented Ambrose with a silver plate and spoon. On the latter are stamped the arms of the city of Frankfurt, and the date 1685, the date of the pioneer's marriage.

The Henkel brothers had access to the diary of their ancestor

but did not then realize its importance in elucidating the family history, and strange to say failed to preserve the name of the granddaughter to posterity which makes the rescue of the precious records hopeless. From the foregoing source, besides the Halle Reports ("Hallische Nachrichten"), and the data preserved in the Geiger branch of the family the following facts concerning Gerhart Henkel are gathered.

The Henkel family belongs to the nobility of Germany, as may be seen in any German armorial work. There are two branches: the Counts, Henkel von Donnermark, who were elevated to the rank of Princes of the Empire in 1900 by the Emperor Wilhelm, and the Counts, Henkel von Pöltzeig. From the latter branch the pioneer Rev. Gerhart Henkel came. He was a descendant of Dr. Johann Henkel, D.D., LL.D., of Leutschau, that old stronghold of Lutheranism in Hungary. At the opening of the Reformation the Royal Court of Hungary was not averse to the dawning light. The Court was in correspondence with the great Reformer, Martin Luther, on the subject of procuring a suitable exponent of Evangelical truth. On Luther's recommendation Dr. Johann Henkel was appointed Court preacher to Louis II., of that kingdom. About this time began that strange series of national disaster by which the Reformation in Hungary was checked and her national independence lost.

On August 29, 1526, a Turkish army of 200,000 men led by the Sultan Soliman, invaded Hungary. Against this great array King Ludwig advanced with his small army of 26,000 men. The hostiles met on August 29 at the town of Mohacs. In this engagement the Hungarian army was routed. The king was slain, and many of his church dignitaries, and dire disaster ensued. Dr. Henkel remained as the Confessor to Queen Marie, the widow of King Ludwig II. for many years, and was the author of several theological books. The Henkel family of the Pöltzig branch were very prominent in the early days of the Lutheran Church. It is said that one of the name figures in the promulgation of the Augsburg Confession. They were among the chief supports of the celebrated Aug. Herman Francke (1663-1727), the founder of the great orphanage and missionary institute at Halle. It will be recalled that it was under the auspices of this institute that Dr. H. M. Muehlenberg, the organizer of the Lutheran Church

in America was educated and sent here. Dr. Gerhart Henkel's birthplace is unknown. He received a thorough theological training, and in February, 1692, was ordained to the office of the Lutheran ministry.

Some years prior to his coming to America he became Court preacher to one of the lesser nobility in the vicinity of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The immediate occasion of Henkel's coming to America was as follows:

The Court to which he was attached was very profligate and corrupt, and true to the faith of his fathers, and with unflinching fidelity to duty Henkel denounced the iniquities of the Court in a public service, whereupon the prince who was present, raised his finger in a menacing manner, and by his looks betrayed his anger at his chaplain. Henkel knowing that he had forfeited the favor of the Prince immediately resigned. The statement* that he was chaplain to Duke Moritz, of Saxony, "who becoming a Catholic, exiled him," is therefore not contradicted by the foregoing statement. The expulsion of Henkel occurred in 1716, at which time he was well along in years. In 1717 he came to America with his entire family of seven adult children, several of whom were married.

The statement of Dr. Ratterman in "Deutsche Pioneer" (1880), that Henkel came to Virginia in 1717 and lived there in 1735 is quite erroneous. After many great trials and vicissitudes the party arrived in Pennsylvania and proceeded to the Falckner Swamp in (now) Montgomery county, where they located on the Frankfort Land Company's Tract. In the spring of 1718 Hendrick Pannebacker (the ancestor of Governor S. W. Pennypacker), surveyed 250 acres each for Anthony Henkel, one of the sons of the pioneer, and Valentine Geiger, a son-in-law. The father, Gerhart Henkel, lived a few miles farther west, in Colebrookdale.

HENKEL AS A PIONEER PREACHER.

When Henkel arrived there were only two or three other German Lutheran ministers in the Province, and with the exception of occasional visits from the Swedish pastors of Molatton on the

*Vide: "Lutheran Cyclopaedia," p. 219.

Schuylkill, the German immigrants were until now, almost destitute of ministerial service.

With the advent of the Henkel family a new chapter opens in the history of the Lutheran Church in America, as the first church of German origin, having a continuous existence was organized by them in the Swamp quite soon after their arrival.

There is a tradition not authenticated to our satisfaction, that the German Lutherans had a small house of worship in the Swamp as early as 1704. We cannot in this brief article give our objections to this claim, but certain it is that the present Swamp church which is recognized as the oldest Lutheran church of German origin in America dates from the arrival of the Henkel party. Family tradition has it that Gerhart Henkel gathered his family and neighbors into a congregation upon his arrival and that they erected a small church.

This tradition is fully borne out by the following statement:*

"The Lutheran people near the Swamp in New Hanover township, in 1719, having associated themselves into an ecclesiastical community, determined to purchase a piece of land whereon they might erect a place of worship and a grave yard for burying their dead, and it so happened that John Henry Sprogell, one of their community and persuasion, being at that time possessed of a large quantity of land in these parts, did willingly make a true Gift and Donation of Fifty acres of his land, appropriating the same for the use and behoof of the said Lutheran community forever, requesting the said Lutheran community to build a church, a school house, a grave yard and what other suitable conveniences they thought proper."

This land was surveyed April 17, 1719, by Henry Pannebecker, and the society took possession.

The church was soon afterwards begun but not completed until a year later. It is a family tradition that when the church was in course of erection the wife of Rev. Gerhart Henkel pledged her silverware for the payment of the mechanics.

The ministerial operations of Gerhart Henkel embraced a wide field. He is recognized by some authorities as the founder of the Lutheran church in Germantown and Philadelphia, and was prob-

*Judge Pennypacker quoted in "Perkiomen Region," Vol. 1.

ably the first to minister to the settlers in the Oley and Manatawney Valleys, and also in the Tulpehocken region.

THE VAN DÖREN AFFAIR.

Gerhart Henkel's reputation has been clouded somewhat by a supposed indiscreet ordination of a certain Van Dören, of Raritan, New Jersey, about 1725. The essential facts in the case are as follows:

This man, Van Dören, who was the cause of much trouble in ecclesiastical circles, came from Holland to New York with recommendations with a view to the ministry. The Church authorities of New York refused to ordain him to the ministerial office because of some irregularity in his life. He next applied to the Swedish clergy on the Delaware, with the like result. Later he exercised the regular functions of the ministry in New York and New Jersey, claiming that Rev. Gerhart Henkel had ordained him. This provoked a bitter controversy. The Swedish pastors of Pennsylvania under date of October 31, 1727, protested against the ordination, claiming unworthiness on the part of Van Dören, and want of authority on the part of Henkel. The situation is relieved somewhat by the statement of the Swedish pastor of Molatton on the Schuylkill, who asserts that Henkel had solemnly declared to him that he had never ordained Van Dören.*

The gist of the controversy was published in pamphlet form by the German printer J. Peter Zenger, of New York, in 1728. The published accounts we have of the character of Van Dören are not favorable, and inasmuch as Henkel disavowed the ordination, and the question becomes one of veracity, the reader is left to form his own conclusions in the matter.

GERHART HENKEL'S DESCENDANTS.

Rev. Gerhart Henkel was born about 1658, married in 1685, and died about 1732 in consequence of a fall from his horse at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. He continued to exercise his ministerial office as occasion afforded to the time of his death. The last record we have of any of his official acts was the baptism of Jchannes Ramsauer, son of Dietrich, 1728, as found in the register of the Trappe church. In the baptismal records of Rev. John Casper Stoever occurs the name of Gerhart Henkel and wife

*Vide: "Hallische Nachrichten" New Ed., Vol. 1, p. 473.

as sponsors on December 10, 1733. It is, however, a fair presumption that this was the eldest son of the pioneer.

As already stated, the family of Gerhart Henkel consisted of seven children, four sons and three daughters as follows:

I. Gerhart Jr., whose children were: (1) George; (2) John; (3) Maria Elisabeth, m. John Theobald Schultz; (4) Susanna, m. ——— Leison; (5) Anna Maria, m. John George Yunt.

II. Justus (Yost). This son took up land in Pennsylvania, but abandoned it prior to 1740, and removed to (now) Rowan county, North Carolina. When the French and Indian War broke out he removed to Virginia for safety. His posterity throughout the South and West are "legion." His children were: (1) Mary, m. ——— Ellsworth; (2) Jacob, of Hardy county, Virginia, of whom presently; (3) Rebecca, w. of Paul Teater; (4) Catharine, m. to ——— Biffel; (5) Margaret, m. Geo. Teater; (6) Magdalene, m. ——— Skidmore; (7) Abraham; (8) Sunna, m. Peter Teater; (9) Justus; (10) Hannah, m. ——— Johnson; (11) Elisabeth, m. ——— Pulman; (12) Isaac.

III. George, the third son of the pioneer, in 1737 emigrated to the "Monceacy Settlement," near (now) Frederick City, Maryland. The children were: (1) George, b. 1734, and who in 1784 removed to Allegheny county, Maryland, where he established a great posterity; (2) John Baltzer, b. 1737; (3) Philip Christoph, b. 1740; (4) Jacob, and (5) Margaret, m. ——— Smith.

IV. Anthony, who seems to have been married prior to coming to Pennsylvania. In 1718 he purchased 250 acres of land in the Swamp. Later he is believed to have removed to Germantown. Children: (1) Anthony Jr.; (2) John Christopher, of Germantown; (3) Peter, of Chestnut Hill, who died in 1801 leaving a large family; (4) Charles, of Germantown; (5) Michael; (6) Benjamin; (7) Philip, died in Windsor township, Berks county, 1793. In his will he says he is "old and feeble in body." He left a large estate and family. (8) Henry of Germantown.

V. Fredrica ("Freka"), was b. about 1690, and in 1715 m. Valentine Geiger, and bore him five children. She died prior to 1742, and Geiger married Maria Elisabeth, the daughter of an unknown clergyman, with whom he had four children. Valentine Geiger was b. 1685, and died on his estate at New Hanover in 1762. He was the pillar of the old Swamp church. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the patriarch, officiated at his funeral and prepared a fine sketch of his life for the church authorities of Halle.* Valentine and Freka Henkel Geiger had children: (1) Anthony, b. 1717, married 1746, died 1753 in New Hanover; (2) Christopher, in 1753, m. Barbara, the widow of his brother Anthony, and died in Rebeson township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, in 1805, leaving a large posterity; (3) Valentine Jr., m. in 1747; Sarah Widatul, a widow; (4) Maria Magdalena, b. 1720. On March 10, 1747 she m. John Stapleton, son of Robert, the immigrant of Oley. They had two children. Maria Elisabeth, accidentally

Vide: "Hallische Nachrichten," I., p. 830.

drowned in 1759, and John Jr., b. Sept. 29, 1751, and died May 17, 1820. He served as First Lieutenant in Captain George Focht's company of the First Battalion, Berks county militia, Colonel Daniel Hunter commanding, and served in the New Jersey and other campaigns in 1777-'78. He m. 1780, Rosina Miller, daughter of the immigrant John William Miller, of Oley. They had one son who married, viz, William Sr. (b. 1781, d. 1849), whose son William (b. 1815, d. 1899), was the father of the writer. (5) Anna Barbara, who m. at Germantown in 1755, George Kast, a widower.

VI. Mary, the second daughter of the pioneer, was married to Elias Kuhn.

VII. Anna Catharine, youngest child of the pioneer, was married prior to 1737, to Peter Apple. Prior to 1740 they removed with their brother, George Henkel, to the "Monocacy Settlement," in Maryland. Peter Apple died in 1779, and his wife Catharine in 1785. They left an honored posterity.

NOTABLES OF THE FAMILY.

A large number of Gerhart Henkel's descendants have achieved distinction, among them the late General C. P. Henkel and Dr. C. C. Henkel, Division Surgeon under General "Stonewall" Jackson, C. S. A. Also Prof. W. D. Henkel, the noted mathematician. Like their ancestor, a large number of descendants have become clergymen, in which profession some have achieved national distinction.

From George Henkel, son of George, of Maryland, comes Rev. George B. Hinkel, D.D., (b. 1828), of Reno, Nevada, and his brother, Rev. Richard Hinkel, D.D., (b. 1830), both of whom are prominent in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The most remarkable branch of the family is that of Jacob, son of Justus (II, 2), of Hardy county, Virginia. In 1753 he was married to Barbara Teeters, of North Carolina by whom he had six sons, all of whom were ministers, five were Lutheran and one a Methodist. They were Paul, D.D., (b. 1754, d. 1825), of whom presently. Moses, the Methodist, of whom presently. Benjamin, who rests under the pulpit of St. John's Lutheran church, Rockingham county, Virginia. Isaac, who also labored in Rockingham county. John, who rests under the pulpit of Zion Lutheran church, in Shenandoah county, Virginia, and Joseph.

Of the foregoing brothers, Moses was born about 1760 and died about 1830, and was one of the pioneer Methodist preachers of the South. It is related that upon one occasion his brother Paul came to hear him preach at a campmeeting, whereupon Moses asked his opinion of the sermon, and received the laconic reply:

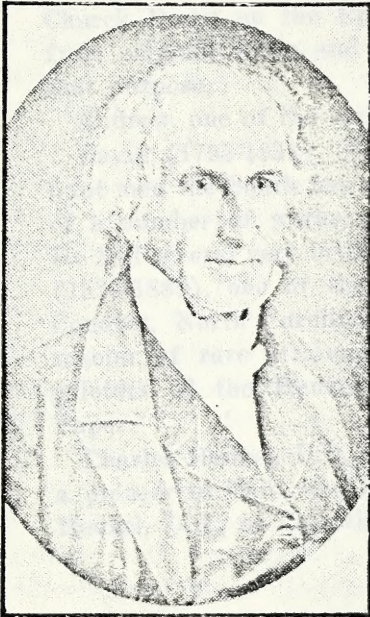
"Sometimes too high, sometimes too low!

Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow!"

Moses, like his father, also had six sons, all of whom were Methodist preachers. During the agitation in the Methodist Episcopal Church which led to the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, Moses and his sons were prominent in the movement. Three of the sons rank among the

founders of the latter church. They were Saul, who died in 1837, Moses M., a man of great literary ability and biographer of H. B. Bascom; leader of the "Reformers," and Eli, (b. April 15, 1787, d. August 24, 1867), who was several times President of the Conference. Of him his biographer says: "He was the John Knox of the Methodist Protestant Church."

Returning now to Paul it is safe to say that no other family has done more for the founding and development of the Lutheran Church in the South than this. He began to preach in 1781, ordained in 1792, at which time he located at New Market, Virginia. From thence he removed to Staunton, thence in 1800 to Rowan county, North Carolina, returning to New Market in 1805. From that date until 1812 he was an evangelist,



REV. AMBROSE HENKEL,
Founder of the Henkel Press, 1806

traveling and founding societies in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, North and South Carolina. In 1812 he removed to Point Pleasant, Virginia, where he organized several congregations, returning to New Market in 1815. His labors were truly apostolic in character. In 1803 he, with a few others, organized the North Carolina Synod. In 1818 he took part in the organization of the Ohio Synod, and in 1822 he and others who were mostly his sons and relatives, organized the Tennessee Synod on the distinctive basis of the Unaltered Augsburg Confession. This organization for many years was entirely independent of the General Synod and was known as "The Henkelite Synod." The great work which Paul Henkel and his distinguished sons did for the maintenance of the original Lutheran standards is now fully recognized, "Being in this respect, as well as in their unreserved acceptance of the Confession far in advance of the other Lutheran Synods of America."*

In view of the arduous itinerant character of his labors it seems almost incredible that Paul Henkel should be no less distinguished as the pioneer of Lutheran literature in the South. In 1805 he was instrumental in having John Gruber print the Unaltered Augsburg Confession, which was its first appearance in the New World.

In 1809 he published a work on Baptism and the Lord's Supper in the German language, followed by an English edition later. In 1810 appeared his large Lutheran hymn book in German, followed in 1814 by another in English. Many of the hymns were his own composition. In 1814 appeared his Catechism in German, followed by an English edition. Besides the foregoing, he published some other notable works.

*The Lutherans in America, p. 375.

Of the six sons of Dr. Paul Henkel, five were distinguished Lutheran ministers and one a physician, and publisher of Lutheran books. They were Solomon, M. D., (1775-1847), a noted original investigator, author, and for many years proprietor of the famous Henkel Printing House. His sons were all noted men, and one, Eusebius, was a Lutheran minister.

Rev. Philip (1779-1833), one of the founders of the Tennessee Synod; Rev. Ambrose (1786-1870), founder of the Henkel Press at New Market in 1806, author of numerous juvenile and other books both in the German and English languages; joint translator and publisher of the Unaltered Augsburg Confession, the Apology, the Smalcald Articles, the Appendix, and Articles of Visitation, all of which appeared in a large volume called the Book of Concord, published in 1851. Next he translated Luther's Church Postil on the Epistles (1857-1858). These works were translated from original Latin and German copies which they specially imported for that purpose.

Andrew, one of the early and prominent members of the Ohio Synod.

David (1795-1831). Of him it is said that he was one of the most brilliant men the South has ever produced. He was a great scholar, and author of a number of works, and one of the founders of the Tennessee Synod. He had several very brilliant sons, his eldest, Rev. Polycarp C. Henkel, D.D., (1820-1889), one of the founders and President of Concordia College at Conover, North Carolina, and Rev. Socrates Henkel, D.D., (1823-1901), a scholar of rare attainments, author of important works, one of the proprietors of the Henkel Publishing House, and editor of "Our Church Paper."

Charles Henkel, D.D., (1798-1841), the fifth ministerial son of Paul, was a pioneer in Ohio, and is survived by a son, the now venerable Rev. D. M. Henkel, D.D., of Catawissa, Pa.

THE HENKEL PRESS.

The Henkel printery is the oldest continuous printing and publishing house of German origin south of the Mason and Dixon Line. It was founded in 1806 by Ambrose Henkel, a son of Rev. Paul Henkel, and great-great-grandson of Rev. Gerhart Henkel. In 1802, when a lad of sixteen he apprenticed himself to John Gruber, of Hagerstown, Md., to learn the trade of printing. After a few years of service there he worked as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia, Reading and Baltimore, learning the art in all its branches including binding and illustrating.

In 1806 he purchased the bed and irons of a Ramage press, and with some old type and cuts made by himself, set up a printing office in his father's house in New Market, Va. He at once began a job and book publishing business, which has continued in unbroken succession in the family until the present time, the present proprietors being Ambrose L. and Elon Henkel, grandsons. The issues of the press were both in the English and German language. Scores of the latter are unknown to Northern scholars, and are not described in Prof. Seidensticker's "First Century of German Printing in America." This printing house was regarded for many

years as the regular publishing house for the Southern Lutherans as may be seen on the title pages of many issues.

Beginning with 1806, the proceedings of the Southern Synods were published here in the German language. These issues are octavo in size, and vary from forty to seventy pages. In 1807 Henkel began the publication of a German weekly paper called "Der Virginische Volksberichter." We will here append in the order of their issuance such works as we have been able to rescue, omitting many small publications of recent years. The present firm have no records from which the earlier publications could be determined and the titles we give in briefest form, have been gathered by the writer in the course of several years of research. Besides the annual Synodal publications and the newspaper mentioned we have found the following:

1807.—"Die Fromme Zwilling" (Erst Virginische Kinderbuch), "Unterredung über die Feier Tage."

1808.—"Das Erste ganz neu Virginische Kinderbuch," "Geistlicher Irren Garten."

1809.—"Das Virginische Kinderbuch," "Ein Christliches Geschenk für Knaben" (Dritte Virginische Kinderbuch), "Treatise on Baptism and the Lord's Supper," "The Shaking Quakers," "Eine Kurtze Betrachtung der Heilige Tauf."

1810.—"Gesang Buch" (by Rev. Paul Henkel), "Zeitvertreib," "Ein Christags Geschenk für Mädlein" (4th Va. Kinder Buch), "Mennonite Confession of Faith."

1811.—"Der Christliche Catechismus" (Rev. Paul Henkel), "Abend Gespräch," "Ein Neu Jahr's Geschenk für Kinder" (5th Vir. Kinder Buch), "Das Neu Allgemein Hoch Deutsch A B C Buch," "The First Chief Head of the Christian Catechism," "A Choice Drop of Honey from the Rock of Christ," "Familien Register" (a fine genealogical chart with marginal pictures of Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man).

1812.—Gesang Buch (second edition), "Zeitvertreib" (third edition), "Ein Gespräch zwischen ein Pilger und Bürger."

1813.—"Catechismus" (third edition), "Eine Unterredung," "Reise Beschreibung," "Eine Rede über die Rechtfertigung," "The Christian Catechism" (third edition).

1814.—"Kleine Catechismus," "The Drunkard's Emblem" (by Dr. Benj. Rush, of Philadelphia).

1815.—"Die Todes Glocke," "Constitution and Canons for the Government of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia."

1816.—"Der Christlicher Catechismus" (second edition), "Das Grosze A B C Buch," "Church Hymn Book" (by Rev. Paul Henkel).

1817.—"Das Kleine A B C Buch," "A B C und Bilder Buch."

1819.—"Das Kleine A B C Buch" (second edition).

1820.—"Das Kleine A B C Buch" (third edition).

1822.—"Kinder Zucht," "The Heavenly Flood of Regeneration, or Treatise on Holy Baptism" (by Dr. David Henkel).

1823.—"Dr. Martin Luther's Predigten."

1824.—“Eine Auserwählte Sammlung Gebeter und Lieder für Kinder,” “Abendmahl Predigt.”

1825.—“Answer to Joseph Moor the Methodist.”

1827.—“Eine Sammlung Auserlesener Geschichten” (edited, illustrated and printed by Silon A. Henkel, a boy of fourteen, son of Dr. Solomon Henkel). “Luther’s Sermon on Faith and Holy Baptism.”

1828.—“A Treatise on Prayer” (by Dr. David Henkel).

1829.—“Gebeter und Lieder” (second edition), “Luther’s Smaller Catechism” (Trans. by Dr. David Henkel).

Since 1830 the publications have been mostly English, and we will note only the more important issues since that year.

In 1831 appeared Dr. David Henkel’s “The Person and Incarnation of Christ,” and the first English translation of “The Unaltered Augsburg Confession of Faith.” In 1838 the “New Church Hymn Book,” by Rev. Ambrose Henkel. In 1843 “The Liturgy or Book of Forms,” by the same author. In 1851 appeared “The Christian Book of Concord,” translated mostly, and printed by the Henkels. Its preparation took seven years. In 1852 appeared “Luther’s Small and Large Catechism.” In 1853, “Luther on the Sacraments.” In 1869, “Luther’s Church Postil.” In 1872 was begun the publication of “Our Church Paper,” and in 1890, “History of the Tennessee Synod,” by Dr. Socrates Henkel.

This brief outline will give some idea of the mighty influence of the Henkel family and printing house on the religious life of the South, an influence which we believe posterity will more fully recognize in coming years.

LEONHARDT RIETH

A NOTED PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN PIONEER.

NEXT to the Conrad Weisers, father and son, perhaps the most important and prominent personage in the celebrated migration movement of the Germans from the Schoharie, N. Y., to the Tulpehocken, Pa., Valleys in the twenties of the eighteenth century, was Leonhardt Rieth. He formed an integral part of that large exodus of Germans, favored by the beneficent Queen Anne of England about 1709, who arrived at New York in the spring of 1710, and took up abodes, many only temporarily, in the Hudson, and later the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys of New York.

While here many took out naturalization papers, as did also the subject of this sketch, the original of which is still in the hands of Mr. C. I. Lindemuth, one of his lineal descendants, residing at Stouchsburg, Berks county, Pa. A fac-simile reproduction is here given, reduced one half.

This document, with its old-time phraseology, its dates and recital of historic data and illustrious signatures is itself a study. It calls to mind some of the significant strivings of Great Britain in that colonization period and gives us the names of two conspicuous Knickerbockers of that

day. This paper was given in 1715, the second year of King George II. of England's reign, and seventeen years before George Washington was born.

When this pioneer started out for the wilds of Pennsylvania along the Tulpehocken creek, in 1723, he left his wife temporarily behind him in

City and County of Albany, ss.

I Peter Schuyler, Esq; Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, held for the City and County of Albany, Do hereby Certifie and make known to all to whom these presents shall come, or may in any wise concern, that on the Day of the Date hereof, in the Court of Record held at the City-Hall of the said City before the Court Personally appeared *Leonhardt Rieth of Schoharie in the County of Albany*

and then and there in Open Court, did take the Oaths by Law appointed to be taken, instead of the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, Subscribe the Test, and Make, Repeat and Swear to, and Subscribe the Abjuration Oath, pursuant to the Directions of an Act of the General Assembly of the Colony of New-York, made in the First Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith, &c. Entituled, *An Act declaring that all those of Foreign Birth, heretofore Inhabiting within this Colony, and dying seized of any Lands, Tenements or Hereditaments, shall be forever hereafter deemed, taken and esteemed to have been Naturalized; and for Naturalizing all Protestants of Foreign Birth now inhabiting within this Colony.* And that his Name is accordingly Entered on Record in the said Court. In Testimony whereof I the said Judge have hereunto put my hand and Seal in Albany, the *ninth* Day of *February* in the Second Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord King George, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Anno; Domini 1715/6.

Philip Livingston

P. Schuyler

NATURALIZATION PAPERS OF LEONHARDT RIETH.

Schoharie, where on the 10th of September of that year his son Leonhard Jr. was born. His tombstone records the fact that her name was Analisa Catharina and that they had eight children. These were intermarried with other members of this colony, and the Anspachs, Schaeffers, Kleins, Brun-

ners, Browns, Lechners, Scholls, Burkholders, Snyders, Royers, Zellers and Reeds of this community, and of Schaefferstown, Royersford, Palmyra and many other places, are lineal descendants, some in the seventh, some in the ninth generation. Here this pioneer ancestor took up about 1,000 acres of land at the junction of the Millbach with the Tulpehocken Creek, near the present village of Stouchsburg. Just above this spot, about twenty yards west of this junction, on the north side of Tulpehocken, he afterwards erected a mill, in the cogwheels of which he was caught and mangled to death in 1747. The old homestead is a short distance—about one-quarter of a mile—below this junction, and the house forms a portion of the residence of Mr. Franklin B. Reed, a descendant seventh in line, where are kept many heirlooms of the family and a vast number and variety of Indian relics secured on this identical plantation.

Many of these settlers—sixty families in all—being Lutherans (all were religious), an early effort was made to erect a Lutheran church, which project was initiated by the donation of seven or eight acres of land for church and burial purposes by Leonhard Rieth, and accomplished by the completion of a log church in the fall of 1727—the very first church edifice west of the Schuylkill, in the Lebanon Valley.* It is said that the Rev. Gerhart Henkel, of Falkner's Swamp, who is sketched in this number, had visited this new colony and advised the erection of a church building. The 175th anniversary of its completion was fittingly celebrated last 15th of November. It has had a long and checkered history and been served by some of the ablest pastors of the Church. To this day the German language is used in many of her stated services. Recently the congregation erected its fourth edifice, a fine brown-stone structure, removed from the original tract to the eastern end of the village of Stouchsburg, on the ground originally owned by our pioneer, after whom the church was named and is still known. The spelling of this ancestral name, Rieth, has been variously corrupted into Rith, Ritt, Riedt, Read, Rees, Reiss and Reed. The last spelling is the one now accepted and used by the direct descendants.

The Reeds have been of tall and herculean mould. Many have stood over six feet in their stockings and a few have thrown the beam of the scales above the 300-pound mark.

The family has been well represented in every war fought by our nation. About half a dozen grandsons was the quota this pioneer bequeathed to his adopted country to fight the battles of her freedom and independence, while fourteen Reeds from the Tulpehocken had participated in the preceding Colonial struggles.

It is said that death and burial of this pioneer had something to do with the final withdrawal of the Moravian pastors who had encroached, and the termination of the long and bitter ecclesiastical hostilities that prevailed here, historically known as the "Tulpehocken Confusion." Rieth had been a deacon at the time of his tragic death, and the family selected the Rev.

*For fuller account of the history of this early church see Editor's "Ancient and Historic Landmarks in Lebanon Valley."

John Nicolaus Kurtz, pastor of the Lutheran people here to officiate at his obsequies. The following inscription is engraven upon a very quaintly carved and ornamented tombstone that marks his grave in the old Reed church burial grounds:

1747
 HR LIGD BEGRABEN
 OHAN LOENHARD RITH
 ER IST GEBOHREN 1691
 UND GESTORBEN 1747
 ER HAT MIT SEINER HAUS FRAU
 ANALISA CATHARINA
 GEZEUGT 8 KINDER
 65 OENKELEIN.

- The following register of his family has been constructed. The children:
- I. JOHANN NICHOLAUS. Had three children, Jacob, and two daughters married to Jacob Anspach and Jacob Schaeffer. From them descended the Brunners, Kleins, etc.
 - II. JOHANN GEORGE. From him some of the Reeds of Stouchsburg descended. Also the Minnichs of Virginia.
 - III. JOHANN FRIEDRICH. Descendants of whom live at Royersford, Pa.
 - IV. LEONHART JR. From him descended the Browns, Scholls, Lechners, Burkholders, Snyders, Royers, etc., residing in Berks and Lebanon counties.
 - V. PETER. He occupied the old homestead.
 - VI. MARIA MARGARETHA married Heinrich Zellers. [In 1745 a Heinrich Zellers and his wife erected what is now known as the Zeller Indian fort. Was she this woman?—Ed.]

Two children unaccounted for. Did they die young and unmarried? There is strong evidence that they were minors at time of father's death.

LEGAL RELEASE.

The original document of the following legal release is now in possession of Mr. G. Groff, the present owner of the farm on which mill property was located:

KNOW all men by These Presents that Elisabeth Catrina Rith, widow of Leonhard Rith, late of Tulpehockin in Lancaster County, deceased, George Rith and Catrina Elisabeth his wife, Frederick Rith and Engel his wife, Leonhard Rith, Peter Rith, Henry Zeller and Maria Margared his wife, all of Tulpehockin and county aforesaid, for and in consideration of one hundred and sixty-seven Pounds Lawful money of Pennsylvania to them paid by Nickolas Rith of the same place, yeoman, the receipt whereof is hereby

acknowledged. HATH Relinquished, Released and forever quitted claim, and by these presents doth Relinquish, Release and forever quit claim unto the said Nickolas Rith, his heirs and assigns, A CERTAIN Grist Mill and saw mill on Tulpehokin Creek, belonging to goods, rights and possessions of Leonhard Rith, aforesaid deceased, and now in the occupation of the said Nickolas Rith, and on his ground TOGETHER also with all and singular, the Buildings, dam and dams, rights, members and appurtenances thereunto belonging. TO HOLD to him, the said Nickolas Rith, his heirs and assigns, to his and their own proper use and behoof forever, and the said Elisabeth Catrina Rith, George Rith, Frederick Rith, Leonhard Rith, Peter Rith and Henry Zeller, their or Either of their heirs the above mentioned Mills, Dams and appurtenances will warrant and Defend unto the said Nicklas Rith, his heirs and assigns forever. AND they do likewise for themselves and their heirs, Executors and Administrators, Covenant, promise and grant to and with the said Nickolas Rith, his heirs and assigns, by these presents, that they the said Elisabeth Catrina Rith, George Rith, Frederick Rith, Leonhard Rith, Peter Rith, Henry Zeller, or their Executors or Administrators, at the Reasonable Request and cost of said Nickolas Rith, his heirs or assigns, make, Execute and acknowledge such further and other Lawful and Reasonable aid and acts, Deed or Deeds whatsoever for the further and better assurance and confirmation of the said Mills, dam and premises hereby granted or mentioned as by the said Nickolas, his heirs and assigns, shall be reasonably Required. IN WITNESS whereof the aforesaid parties to these presents have Interchangeably set their hands and Seals. Dated the Twelfth Day of March, Anno Domini 1746-7.

Sealed and delivered in the

the presence of

CONRAD WEISER,
CHRISTIAN LAUER.

HENRY ZELLER

her

MARIA MARGARET X ZELLER
mark

FRIDERICH RITH

her

GEORGE RITH

her

ELISA CATRINA X RITH

her

ENGEL X RITH

mark

CATRINA ELISA X RITH

mark

mark

LEONHARD RITH

The men signed in German.

Poetic Gems

SAUER KRAUT.

BY LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Ihr möcht juscht schwetze wass ihr wet
 Fun wege Esserei,
 Wie Turkeys, Ente, Hinkel, Gäns,
 Fun pumpkin un mince Pie.
 'S gebt ke Gemüts wie Sauer Kraut,
 'S dut net, ich bleib debei!

Braggt juscht mit Oyshters aller Art
 In Pan un Shtew un Fry;
 Euer Ice Cream, Kuche, Zucker-sach,
 Un ew'ge Schleckerei.
 'S gebt besser's nix wie Sauer Kraut;
 'S dut net, ich bleib dabei!

Ihr möcht ah koche wass ihr hen
 Fun eurem süsse Brei,
 Corn Starch un Oat Meal, Grape-Nuts, Force,
 Un was sie Alle sei.
 Es hot ke Kraft wie Sauer Kraut,
 'S hot net, ich bleib dabei!

Un all des Obsht was wachse kann
 So lebbish un so fei,
 Bananas grü un Oranges,
 Pine Aeppel ovvedrei,
 'S hot ke Geschmack wie Sauer Kraut,
 O ne, ich bleib dabei!

Der Esau gab sei Erbrecht weck
 Fer Linse! Denk mol drei!
 A närrisher Ding mit so 'm a Taste,
 Des sag ich ohne Scheu!
 Fer Sauer Kraut könnt mer sel wahl du,
 Mer könnt, ich bleib dabei!

Juscht geb mer blenty Sauer Kraut
 Mit Shpeck fun fette Säü,
 A gute Shissel Grumbere
 Ferdrückt muss ah noch bei.

Sunsht wiil ich nix uf dere Welt,
Sunsht nix, ich bleib dabei!

Nemmt all die fancy Sache weck.
Sie wiege schwer wie Blei
Uf unsere arme Mäge, wo
Mer shtoppe Alles nei.
Ich hab genunk mit Sauer Kraut,
Ya shure, ich bleib dabei!

Un wann ich nix me esse kann
Un Alles is ferbei,
Es ich noch a wenig Sauer Kraut
Un sag der Welt good-bye.
Bis zu mei 'm letschte Augeblick
Bleib ich mei 'm Freund getreu.
'S gebt ke Gemüs wie Sauer Kraut,
'S dut net, ich bleib dabei!

Lititz, Pa.

HESSE-DHAL.

BY HENRY L. FISCHER.

O, warscht du nie im Hesse-Dhal,
Im Dunkle Welt dohaus?
Wan net, dan kum zu mir, e'mohl,
Dan geh ich mit d'r naus.

Es isch en wilter, rauher Blatz,
Umringt mit Berg un Bäm,
Wu Nachts en alte Wilte Katz
Ihr Junge lockert Heem.

Wie oft war ich dort bei der Nacht,
In meine junge Daag!
Mit alt Comrade, uf d'r Jagt—
Bassuf! was ich d'r saag.

Die Hund hen g'jcoolt, die Katz hot
g'heilt,
Die Nacht-eil hot gebrillt,
Un mir hen uns damit ferweilt—
Es war uns nix zu wilt.

Dort war der Hesse-galia noch—
En Schtang fon Baam zu Baam;
Wie halwer dunkel isch mer 's doch!
So halwer wie 'n Draam.

Dort hen sie neun uf e'mchl g'hängt
For Mort un Rawerey;
So laut des Rewolutz Legend,
Un 's wert a'h wohl so sei.

Un fiel sin an de Parple g'schtorwe,
Un annere Kranket, a'h,
Un fiel sin ah juscht so ferdorwe—
Wie 's geht, so ohne Fraa.

Sie hen sie wie die Hund ferkrawe,
Dort newe an dem Berg;
Die Doctor ware schlimm for rawe,
Zum Nutze ihrem Werk.

Sie hen fiel Hesse raus gekrawe
Un hen sie abgekoecht,
Es Fleesch, doch widder schö fer-
krawe—
Die Knoche Heem gebrocht.

Die Knoche kan m'r Heut noch
sehne—
Do glabscht 's net? geh un guck;
Dort in de dunkle Ecke sehtene
Sie, gans grimmig wie 'n Schpuk.

Ich war e' mohl im Hesse-Dhal,
Allee, uf Chrisch-daag-Nacht,
Ich hab 'n Schtimm g'hört, "Oberst
Rahl,
Bescht halt dich uf der Wacht."

Ich hab fiel Hesse Geischte g'seh,
All grimmig weis un kalt,
Mit Knoche weis un kalt wie Schnee,
Dort in dem dunkle Walt.

Sie hen 'n Schmauserey dort g'hat
 Fon g'sehtolene Gäns un Kraut,
 Un Aepel-wei un alt Muskat,
 Un 's G'sang war lang un laut.

Sie hen g'marschiert un z'rück
 g'marschiert
 Fon Zelt zu Haus zu Hüt,
 "Lang lebe!"—hen sie dan
 g'cheert—
 "O! König, Jerg der Dritt."

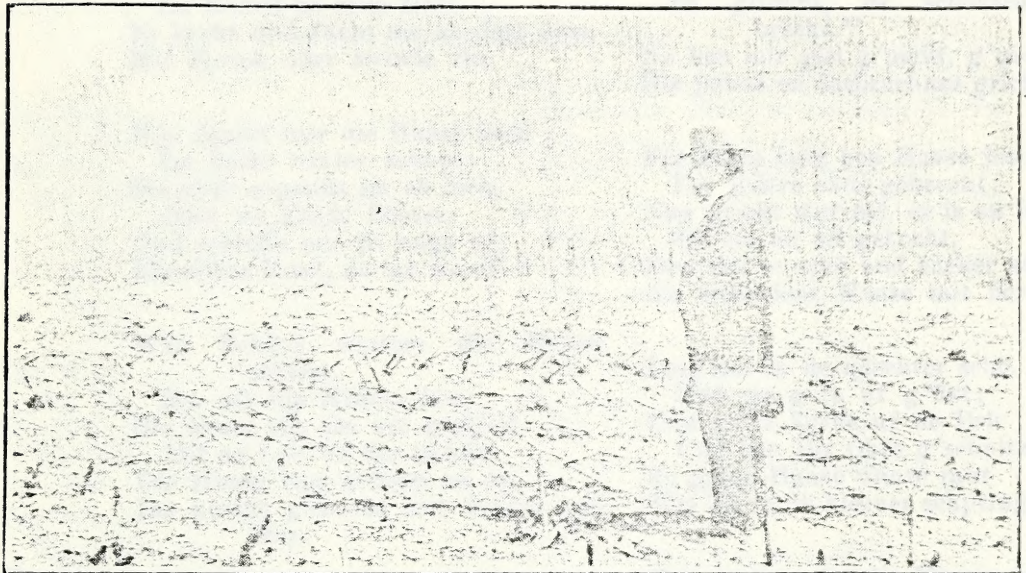
So hen die Hesse fert gemacht
 Mit ihrem Saus un Schmaus,

Hot müsse in die Schlacht.

'S war net der wert, 's war nau zu
 schpoot.
 'S hot alles nix gebatt,
 Der Hesse Oberst Rahl war dood,
 Un unser war die Schtadt.

En Dausend Hesse ware gfange,
 Im Winter—Schee un kalt,
 In Winter Quartier sin sie gange
 Do haus im Schwarze-Wald.

O won du geescht in 's Hesse-Dhal,



THE HESSIAN BURIAL GROUNDS.

Containing over 1,000 bodies.

Bis Morgets in der frühe Wacht,
 Un dan—"Der Feind! Heraus!"

Do war der braaf Held, Washington,
 Mit seiner braaf Armee!
 Eh' Daages-hell, do war er schon,
 Dorch Fluss un Eis un Schnee.

Dan noch e'mohl—des Hesse
 G'schrei—
 "Der Feind! Heraus! Heraus!"
 Do komme sie zu schprunge, bei,
 Fon Zelt un Hütt un Haus.

Kaum war ihr Saus un Schmaus
 ferbei,
 In jener Chrisch-daag-Nacht—
 Der Hess, fon Kraut un Gäns un
 Wei,

Allee, an Chrischdaag-Nacht,
 Dan hörseht 'n Schtimm, "Ach
 Oberst Rahl!
 Bescht halt dich uf der Wacht!"

Dan geh mit mir an Chrischdaag-
 Nacht,
 Do naus in 's Hesse-Dhal,
 Dan hörseht du a'h die einsam
 Jacht—
 "Ach Oberst, Oberst Rahl!"

"Ach Oberst Rahl! Ach Oberst Rahl!
 Dorch die Fahrlässigkeit
 Sin wir do feseht im Hesse-Dhal,
 Fon Heem un Freund, so weit."
 —From the author's "Kurzweil
 und Zeitvertreib."

OSCHTRE.

BY F. R. BRUNNER, M.D. Alias "John Shumacher."

Wie nächst sin schon die Oschtre do?
 Sie kumme alle johr;
 Sel macht die Kinner all so froh;
 Des is gewislich wohr.
 Es wunnerd mich ah net wans duth,
 Die Oschter oyer sin so guth.

Wer legt die Oschter oyer dan?
 Der Haas—so sagt mer als.
 Er nemt so fiel mit das er kan,
 Im Kessel an seim Hals.
 Er kocht und färbt sie ah dert drin,
 Mit Katuh oder zwiwle rin.

Wie dauert mer die Haase doch
 Im kalte winter schnee;
 Sie sitze ergends im eh loch,
 Oder im häufe Schtee,
 Und schloffe mit de auge uf,
 Bis ebbes kumt, no sin sie uf.

Wan Schütz winters die Haase
 schießt,
 Sin oft die Kinner bös;
 Sie daure sie, sin net gepliest
 Mit so Leit uf der tschäs.
 Die Haase lege jederm en oy,
 Ins nescht gemacht mit Schtro und
 Hoy.

So bal das es noch Oschtre geet,
 No is ah Frühjohr do;
 Sel meent das alles nau ufsteet.
 Wird gruh, bleibt nimme groh.
 No wachse ah die Haase 's bescht,
 Und wer sie schießt der wed gerescht.

Wan Newel schmokt am Berg dert,
 Dan wees mer was sel meent;
 Sie koche noh ehr oyer dert,
 No denkt mer—ehner keemt,
 Und wan's ah net gans Oschtre is,
 Macht mer sich redde—ja, gewis.

Und wan der Tag fer Oschtre kumt,
 Do werd gerischt und g'schaft;
 Die Haase sin all raus gedrumt,
 Und reddie fer die nacht.
 Die oyer hen sie all im sock,
 En jeder hot en groser pack.

Sie tschumpe um die Häuser rum,
 Und finne alle nescht;
 Ihr weg is oftmols lang und krum,
 Doch dunne sie es bescht.
 Sie finne oft die Buwe erscht,
 Doch griege oft die Mäd es merscht.

So bal mir mol geseene hen
 En oy in jederm nescht,
 Hot jeders g'sagt: "Ich wed ich hob
 Es grösch, es schönseht, es
 bescht."
 No hen mir glei g'pickt, g'pickt,
 Bis jeders en ferbruchnes griekt.

Fer Johre lang hen Haase juscht
 Fer jeders ehns gebrocht;
 Nau griekt mer fiel, es is en luscht,
 Sie sin ah all gekocht,
 Deel sin so schö und zucker süs.
 Ah tschacklat Haase mit fier Füz.

Deel leie in de nüschter schö,
 Und sin guth uf g'fixt;
 Und an're hocke uf de Beh
 Und hen Ihr Ohre g'schpitzt.
 So guthe Haase waare rahr
 Wie ich so 'n kleener schpringer war.

Ken wunner sin die Kinner bang
 En Hund fangt mol ihr Haas;
 Ken wunner werd die Zeit so lang,
 Und wissa net ferwas.
 En tzucker Haas mit tschacklät
 Hoor,
 Den liebt en Kind fun Johr zu Johr.

Und wer ferergerd en lieb Kind,
 Dem kents emol schlecht geh;
 So sagt der Heiland—sei werd bind,
 Sel kenne mir ferschteh.
 Der Haas hot ah an uns g'denkt,
 Und hot uns ah mit was beschenkt.

Den mit de Oschtre lerndt mer ah,
 Was jeder wisse sod;
 Mir werre all errinnerd dra,
 Was Christus gedu hot.
 Tod und fergrawe in der Erd,
 Is er raus kumme bei de Gärd.

En grosch sehteh war uf seim grab;
 En Engel rollt ihn weck;
 Saldate, mit Gewehr und Schtaab,
 Hen g'schloffe ohne Deck.
 So unferhocht, wie 'n Oschter Haas,
 Is Er doch raus fer irher Naas.

Des is des zeign's fun der Zeit,
 Das Leben aus der Erd
 Mol wider kumt zu all de Leit
 Die sind bei Christe Herd,
 Der Haas, foll demuth, lieb und guth,
 Lebt ah und scherbt fer mensche
 guth.

Drum sin die Oschtre all en Freed;
 Sie sin so Hoffnungs-foll;
 Die wo fiel hen, do geets "first-
 rate,
 Wan mer gebt was mer sol.
 Den wer nix gebt wan er fiel hot,
 Der raubt sich selwer und sei Gott.

Dan lost uns mensche Haase sei,
 Am Oschter morge, früh;
 Und gerne mit em Hertz gans frei;
 En jedes wees wo hie.
 De arme Kinner, arme Leit
 Macht eh guth Oy dië gröschte freid.

MER WOLLA FISCHE GEH.

BUWE:

Der Schnee is vergange,
 Die Kält is dehü,
 Der Bivi is kumme—
 Die Schwämm sin shun grü.
 Nau Dahdi un Mamma
 O, sagt uns net—Nee!
 Mer schaffe noch heut,
 No wärs widder Zeit,
 Mol Fische zu geh!
 Die Weide gewa Peife,
 Mer hen uns schun g'hollt;
 Die Erle hen Schwenzcher,
 Un funkle dehie;
 Nau Dahdi un Mammi, etc.
 Die Wassere rausche,
 Un funkle dehie;
 Die Staare besinge
 Ehr: Cudr-ruddal-lie.
 Nau Dahdi un Mammi, etc.
 Die Boxe sin fertig,
 Die Leine gedreht;
 Die Ang'le gebunne,
 Un alles—first-rate!
 Nau Dahdi un Mamma
 O, sagt uns net—Nee!
 Mer schaffe noch heut,
 No wärs gewisz Zeit,
 Mol Fische zu geh!

DAHDI:

Gewisz, ehr möchts broweere,
 Verleicht dasz ehr's packt;
 Was niemand noch versucht,
 Wees niemand wie's ah schmackt!
 Den Owed macht euch ready—
 Die Mess're un die Schnür—
 Grabt euch euer Wärm,
 Un stellt sie an die Dühr.

Wer ebbes rechts will fange,
 Musz früh schun uf die Bee;
 Wann mei Amschel singt,
 Dann sot ehr dapper geh.

Geht weit nuf in die Berge,
 Scheut net en bishe müh—
 Wu die Springe sin,
 Dort macht euch zeitlich hie.

Dert an de hoche Hemlocks,
 Mit Moos ganz nuf belegt—
 Dichter grüner Bucks,
 Hot Grass un Stee bedeckt.

Was haw ich dert doch Frelle,
 In Hengel ufgemacht—
 Grosse fette Karls—
 'S hot mer im Herz gelacht!

Dert schneid euch euer Gerde,
 Un schleicht hie an die Krick—
 Nau het ehr mohl die chance,
 Browirt ah euer Glück!

MAMMI:

Nau ehr liewe Kinner,
 Macht euch frisch derhinner—
 G'schwind die arwet weck geduh—
 Legt euch mol recht früh zu Ruh—
 Wann die erste Amschle singe,
 Will ich euch die Nochrict bringe.

Alte schlechte Kleeder,
 Wählt sich dann en jeder—
 Geht dann an der Kicheschank—
 Wasser—duds jo fer der Drank!
 Fleesch un Brod, un Käs un Butter,
 Alles sell—versorgt die Mutter!

In die frische Quelle,
 Sin die süsste Frëlle—
 Hoolet mer lange Hengel voll—

Meszt sie raus—bis zehe Zoll—
Ich will all die Panna schmeere,
Lost mich just gut neues høre!

O die schöne Frelle,
Dunkle gebts, un helle—
Schuppe, Hörner, so was! Nee!
Duppa hen sie, gar zu schö—
Roth wie Blut, un schwartz, un
gehle—
Ach! Ich kauns gar net verzehle!

Kummt dan widder zeitlich,
Sis mer so unleidlich—
Wann ehr in de Berge seid,
Vun alle Häuser, meileweit!
Gott beschütz euch uf de Wege,
Un geb selwer—recht viel Sege!

BUWE:

Wie ehr uns sagt, so wolle mirs ah
mache,
So was geht gut, mer duhn ah flink
mit lache!
Ruft uns just bei Zeit,
Weil der Weg so weit—
Mit de anre Sache,
Wolle mers schun mache.

Mer gehn net hie wu anre Leut
shun wohre—
Es macht sie bös, un neidisch wie
die Hahre.
Fangt mer sich eens raus,
Kreische sie em ous—

Kinner stehn un—gaffe—
Hundcher kummen un blaffe!

Mer wollen in de Berge uns ver-
stecke,
Hinner de Rocks, kann nix uns ver-
schrecke.

Felse hen ken Neid,
'S gebt ah dert ken Streit—
Wölf, un fuchs, un Bäre,
Kann mer leicht abwehre.

Weit vor der Sun, so sin mer an de
Springe,
Wu im Gebüsch, die Vögelcher lustig
singe—

Mosig, schwerz un grü,
Rollt die Krick dahie,
O, wie schö zu lausche,
Wie die Wassre rausche!

Ob sichs bezahlt, des werd sich zeit-
lich weise,
Sis alles recht—des is: wann sie
gut beisse!

Hen mer dann ken Glück,
S'n mer ball zurück;
Hen mer viel zu lache
Köne mers länger mache.

Nau Dahdi un Mammi,
Ehr sagt uns net—Nee!
Mer schaffe noch heut,
No is 's widder Zeit,
Mol Fische zu geh! E. K.

DER ALT FISCHERMAN.

Es war 'n alter Fischerman,
Ich hab ihn gut gekennt;
Er hot gewohnt net weit eweck
Von wu die Nordkill endt.

Wann Fischzeit war hot er die Gert
Und oftmohls drei genumma;
Er hot gewisst wu grossa Fish
Sin um der Kork rum
g'schwumma.

Er hot gewisst wu schwartza Wörm
Zu finna sin f'r "Bait;"
Und wann die Box foll Wörm war,
War's grad wie frische Wehd.

Sei Grubhaek war als reddi
g'schtelt;
Dann Ohwets is er naus
Und unnig Wah um, Dreck und
Liesch
Ziegt fetta Wörm raus.

Nach Schtaudta oder Kalbach's
Damm
Is er früh Morgets g'schtärt—
Ob Sun-uff an die Grick zu sei
F'r Fische is fiel werth.

Sin Plätz gewest am Tulpehack
Wu Fish, als wenn ferbannt,
Hen yuseht gebissa cert'na Schtun—
Die Plätz war er bekaunt.

Er hot gewisst wu nei zu schmeisa,
Wie hoch der Kork zu schtella;
Er war die diff'rent Schtun be-
kaunt
Wu Fish net beisa wölla.

Wenn eischt die Fish gebissa hen
Hot er no au' Fish g'fanga;
Dehl an'ra hen als schier nix griekt
Die mit ihm wara ganga.

Er hot ke' fäncia Leina g'hatt,
Und au' ke' deira Gerta;
'S hen awwer Leut gemehnt er het
Erbattig "Bait" und Wortä.

Er hot 'n langer Fedtler g'hat;
Und wie 'n Fish war g'fange
Hot er ihn gut und schö eig'fedtlet
Und f'r der nächst Fish ganga.

'N Hengel Fish mit Hehm zu bringa
War ihm 'n grossie Frehd;
Und wann er 's "Pavement" ruf is
kumma
War Hengel lang und brehd.

Doch alsemohl hot 's Zeita g'hot
Die Fish hen net gebissa;
No is er oft die "Alley" Hehm
Dass mir sei Glick net wissa.

Ins Brossman's Wiss, ans Kenny's
Arm,
Und au' am "Island" hinna;
Am Nordkill Fieder, am Foundry
Damm,
Und wu die Werwel schpinna;

Ans Koecha und ans Schaeffer's
Schliess,
Und wu der Riffel rührt;
Wu endlich in die Tulpehack
Die Nordkill sich ferliert;

Am ew'ra und am un'ra Damm,
Am Grossa Fieder drunna,
Ans Cunradt's Brick—an all die
Plätz
Hot ihn die Fischzeit g'funna.

'Sis awwer now 'n lehrer Platz
An all die guta Eckä
Wu er gewöhnt war Yahra lang
Die Fischgert hie zu schteeckä.

Die blotta Blackä an die Grick
Mit Gras sin a'fangs grüh;
Der Bullfrog kummt zum Wasser
raus
Und setzt sich nehwa hie;

Die Schillgrott schtreckt sich in die
höh
Und wunnert was is letz;
Die Gert und Lein is nimmie dort—
Am Endt is ihr Geretz.

Der Tod der mit seim Hammergarn
F'r Menscha immer fischt,
Schtellts Garn for'm alta Fischer-
man
Und hot ihn schö ferwischt.

Er hot gezawwelt mächtig hardt
Aus sellem Garn zu kumma;
Der Tod hot awwer annerscht
g'mehnt,
Und hot ihn mit genumma

Der gut alt Fischerman is fort;
Er hot die letscht Lein
g'schmissa;
'S lauft Niemand meh wie er als is
Die Tulpehackä Wissa.

[In kind remembrance of John Conrad,
for many years the champion fisherman
with rod and line of Bernville, Pa., and
vicinity. He died in February, 1902, at
the good old age of 79 years.]

M. A. GRUBER.

Washington, D. C. June, 1902.

ES BODT ALLES NIX.

Adapted from the Suabian, by Dr. E. Grumbine.

Im summer is my mad'l roat un
brow,
Im winter is se roat un weiss;
Im summer is ihr haertz so tza' wie
hickry holtz,
Un winter's kalt we schnae un ice.
My nuchber drivva, is a shtarr'ker
schmidt,
Daer nemmt 'n homme gross un
shwaer,

Pockt 's eisa mit'ra tzong, un hem-
mert's we aer's will—
Won duch my mad'l eisa waer!
Sei fire, des bloast der shmidt mi'm
blousbol'k aw,
Un broomt der bol'k, do brennt's
aw g'shwindt;
Awv'r ich,—was ich my'm mad'l
sing un sawg,
'S is alles, alles in der windt!

Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

A TOWN AND COUNTY OF THE OLDEN TIME

Historic York, Pa. (continued from last issue).

BY DR. I. H. BETZ.

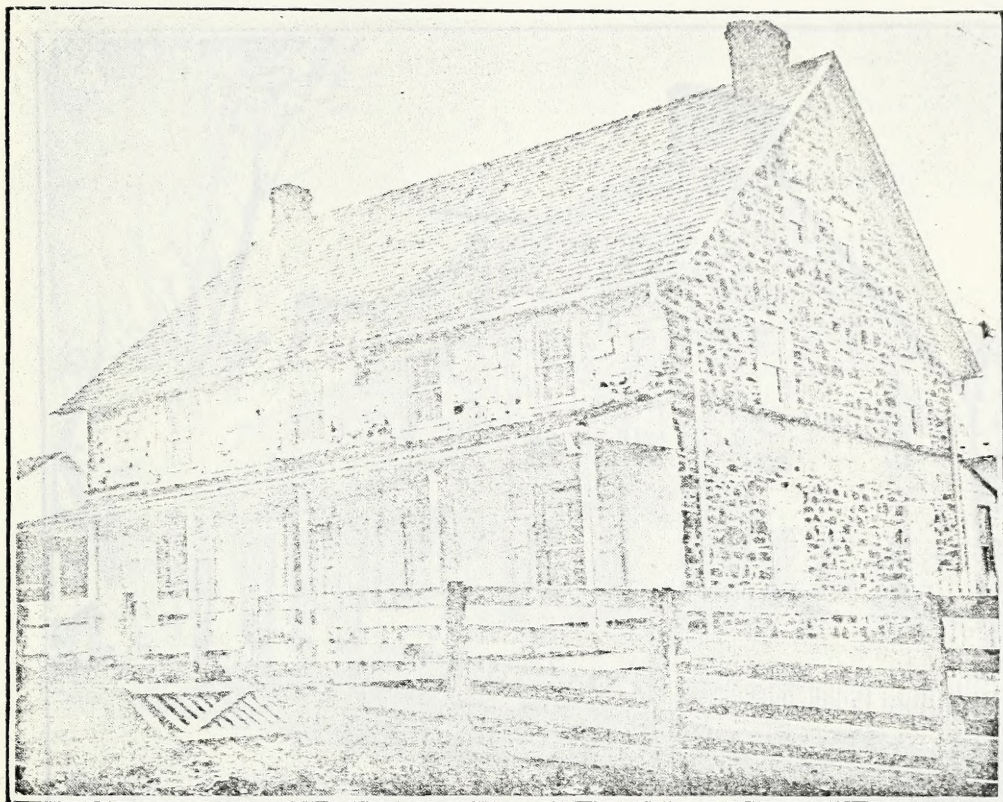
THE members of the Congress made the journey to York on horseback, crossing the river at Anderson's Ferry, now Marietta. They stopped to refresh themselves and their horses nearly midway between the river and York at a hotel which then stood on the main highway, but which in the march of improvement is so no longer. Pictures of this so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch tavern" show it to be still in an excellent state of preservation. It was probably the first two-story stone dwelling west of the river. It was built in 1734 by Jchannes Schultz and seine Frau Katrina Schultz, two years after Washington was born and fifteen years before York county was organized, and seven years before York was laid out. It was built one year after Baltzer Spangler's first house whose site is now within the limits of York.

The first house of Baltzer Spangler's still remained in 1799 according to the earliest chronicler and sketch artist of the time, Loui Miller. This house of Baltzer Spangler's was succeeded but a short distance west from the former by a commodious brick mansion then used as a hotel and built in 1760. This was one of the most finished houses of that day and is still in a fair state of preservation and used as a dwelling. The Schultz house is now the oldest house in York county. It stands a silent witness of the past, and could its walls divulge the secrets and story of their past, it would make a volume of rare interest. The Congressmen rode upon saddles which proved to be a great curiosity to the surrounding population which had assembled to see the notabilities as they passed through on their way to York.

In the vicinity west and southwest of the old stone hotel a large stockade containing about twenty acres was built for quartering prisoners. This site was chosen about four and a half miles southeast of York to guard the latter against contingencies that might arise. The stockade was enclosed by posts fifteen feet high closely set together and guarded by sentries. Within stone huts were erected by the prisoners who for a time were mostly Hessians. Evidences of this stockade were visible during the former part of the past century, even to an improvised gallows on which several prisoners were hung for murdering a resident by the name of Morgan, about two miles east of the stockade and a short distance south of Hellam. Word was sent to the stockade of the tragedy and the roll of prisoners being called

the missing ones were easily discovered which led to their speedy arrest and punishment. But today all traces of the stockade have disappeared and it is only through tradition among the older residents whose forefathers handed them down that facts can be obtained aside from those that have been more directly recorded.

A little above the stockade, on the brow of the hill which overlooks the beautiful Kreutz Creek Valley, a large Hessian burying ground is located. Small pox and a malignant camp fever produced no less than one thousand



THE SCHULTZ HOTEL, ERECTED IN 1734.

The oldest house in York County.

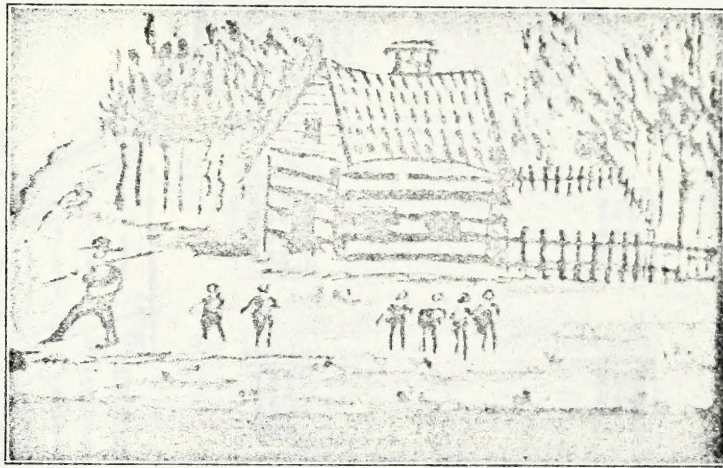
deaths among the large number of prisoners that were confined here. Rude stones marked the sites of the interments which can still be seen in all sorts of positions after a lapse of one hundred and twenty-five years. Many prisoners were passed on to Frederick, Md., and Winchester, Va. Some of the prisoners left interesting diaries. Mr. Henry L. Fisher in his "Kurtzweil un Zeitfertreib" in the poem "Hesse-Dahl," sets forth some of the wierd traditions that cluster around this gruesome spot.* But aside from historical associations nothing presents itself to the casual observer incidental to a locality that once teemed with life and energy.

See "Poetic Gems."

resolved "to attend the funeral at six o'clock p. m., with crepe around the arm and to continue in mourning for the space of one month." President Washington also attended this church on his visit here in 1791 and he records in his diary that he understood not a single word of the sermon, it being in German.

This building was succeeded by the present structure in 1800. The aforesaid Lutheran and Reformed churches stand laterally to the street which gives them a quaint and exceptional appearance. Both congregations still have German and English services.

The Moravians built a large stone building which was used as a church and a parsonage as early as 1755. This was on Princess below Water street. It was on a large plot of ground part of which was used as a burying ground. Later a separate church building was erected on the corner of



BALTZER SPENGLER'S FIRST HOUSE, BUILT IN 1733.

(From a rude imaginary sketch of Lewis Miller's.)

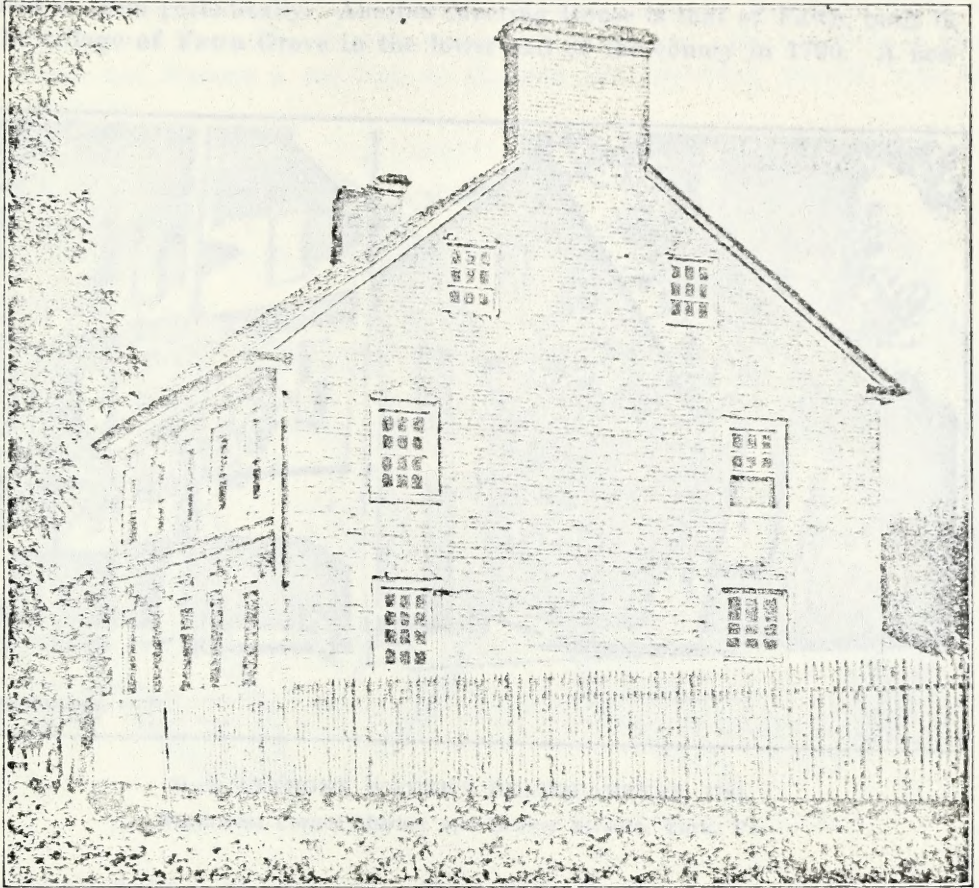
Princess and Water which was followed by a later church on North Duke street. The Moravian diaries that were kept by the pastors of the church are especially valuable in relation to the details of events that occurred here during the Revolution. They have been translated by Mr. John W. Jordan and Mr. E. W. Spangler. That of 1777 is missing and some other years are incomplete.

During the earlier part of 1781 "Mad" Anthony Wayne had his headquarters here. The Pennsylvania Line was quartered here on the Commons now Penn Park. Insubordination and mutiny occurred in its ranks. Wayne subdued the disaffection promptly and severely by drum head courtmartial. Several of the mutineers (some say four, others seven), were shot kneeling against the fence of the Moravian grounds. The troops were marched past the bodies. These prompt and severe measures struck terror into the ranks of the soldiery and no further trouble ensued.

The diaries record that the influx of heterogeneous elements had a very bad

influence upon the morals of the community. Frequent alarms and discoveries of plots among the prisoners for the capture of the Congress and the burning of the town were unearthed. These diaries are interesting reading and it is to be hoped that these and other documents may be published in full.

St. John's Protestant Episcopal church was built in 1769. It has since been a number of times remodeled but some of its original walls are still

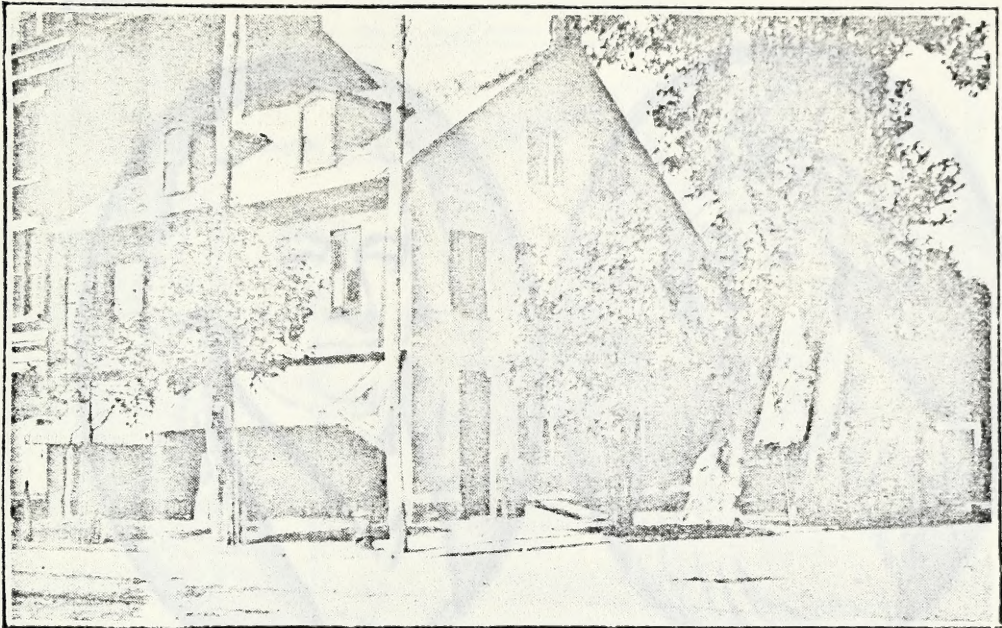


BALTZER SPENGLER'S SECOND HOUSE, BUILT IN 1760.

included. It is worthy of remark that this was one of the four Episcopal churches in the State outside of Philadelphia. It has many interesting historical associations connected with the Revolution. It was used as an arsenal. One of its rectors was a royalist. His convictions were so offensive that he was ducked in the Codorus. This was in 1776 and no clergyman served the congregation during the Revolution. Two noted soldiers of the Revolution who were in the warm confidence of General Washington are interred in the burying ground of the church. They were Colonel Hartley and Major John Clark. Their compatriot, General Henry Miller, who was long a resident here, died in and was buried at Carlisle.

Rev. Samuel Baeon, an Episcopal clergyman, established the first Sunday-school in York county in 1817. That of Christ Lutheran church dates from 1819. Others followed speedily afterwards.

The Friends were among the earliest settlers in the country. They erected the Meeting Houses of Newberry and Warrington already in 1745 and 1747. That at Newberry was succeeded by that of Redlands, near Lewisberry in 1811. These Meeting Houses have burying ground attached to them. The houses of Warrington and Redlands have been restored and services are held in them periodically. Another Meeting House is that of Fawn, built in the village of Fawn Grove in the lower end of the county in 1790. A new



MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S HEADQUARTERS, 1781.
Northwest Corner Market and Beaver Streets, York, Pa.

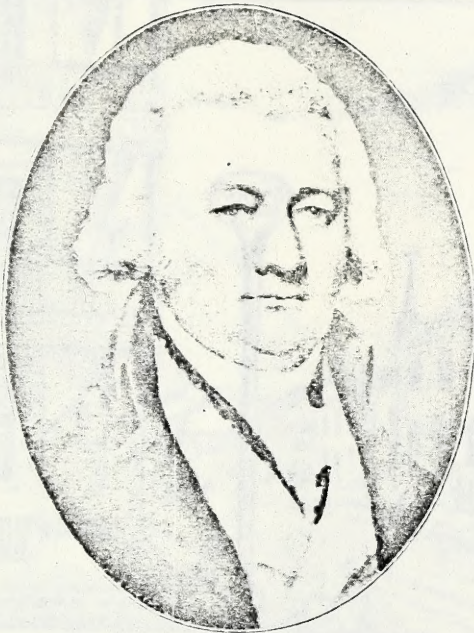
house was built some years ago. The meeting is in a prosperous condition services being held regularly.

The York Meeting House was built in 1766. It stands on Philadelphia street. It has been usually claimed that the bricks of which it is built were imported from England. However, this is now believed to be a misinterpretation of the facts. The walls were erected by a member of the Society, William Willis, whose business was that of a farmer and bricklayer. His farm contained the well-known Willis spring. Prospect Hill Cemetery, which was laid out in 1859, once formed part of his farm. The farm buildings are in a good state of preservation. His initials W. W., 1-7-6-7, extend over the south wall of the house. The barn was a commodious structure for that early time.

He also built the walls of the old Court House in 1754-6 and of the old

stone jail on the corner of George and King streets, which was built in 1769, or earlier. A later jail was built in the northeastern part of the town in 1855, which will be succeeded by a new or remodeled building shortly. The Willis farm remained in the possession of his sons for a number of years. William Willis died in 1801.

The Friends were among the first Abolitionists. The famous Protest at Germantown by the Quakers and Mennonites on April 18th, 1688, was the first made on the Western Continent. Undoubtedly this protest grew out of the advice and suggestions given to William Penn by Benjamin Furly, of Rotterdam, a wealthy English merchant of that city. He was born in England but became a resident of Holland and identified himself with the Friends.



COL. THOMAS HARTLEY.



CATHERINE HARTLEY.

Different lines of the Underground Railroad ran through this town and county. It is claimed that this odd term originated at Columbia. Runaway slaves could be hunted and traced as far as that place, but there all traces of them were lost. The slave hunters in their perplexity declared "there must be an underground railroad somewhere." The term caught the public fancy and passed into the literature of the day.

Many exciting adventures took place in this connection. On February 6th, 1840, a riot occurred at the old Court House on account of "Berley's Abolition Lectures." About 1830 a fugitive slave, who jumped from the garret of a two-story stone house, near Lewisberry (which is still standing), was shot by his pursuing Southern master. Sixteen shots were taken from the wounds. He recovered and was taken back South.

The history of the underground railroad from Harper's Ferry to Columbia,

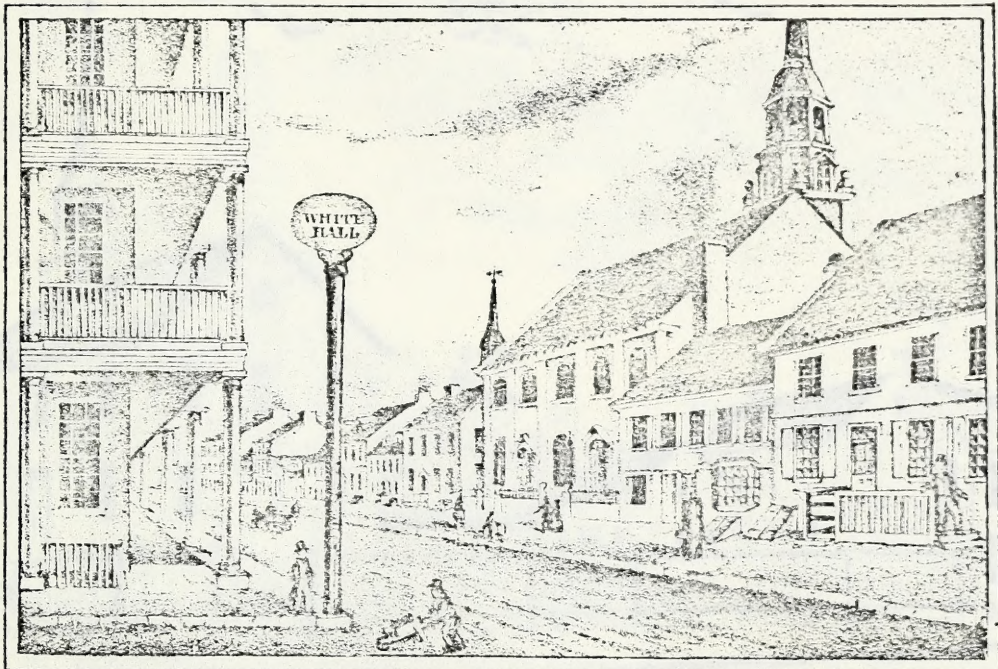
could it be written in all its details, would be as interesting as any romance. Even yet considerable material exists.

The Presbyterians built their first house of worship in York in 1790. They had been organized long previously. This church was succeeded by a later edifice.

The Roman Catholics remodeled a stone building into a church in 1779. This house was built in 1750. This was succeeded by a brick structure in 1810, and lately by an imposing edifice.

The Mennonites, and Tunkers or Brethren were here at an early period but their members have never been so numerous as in our neighboring county.

York county contains three distinct geological belts. The lower, oldest,



Lith. of Sinclair's

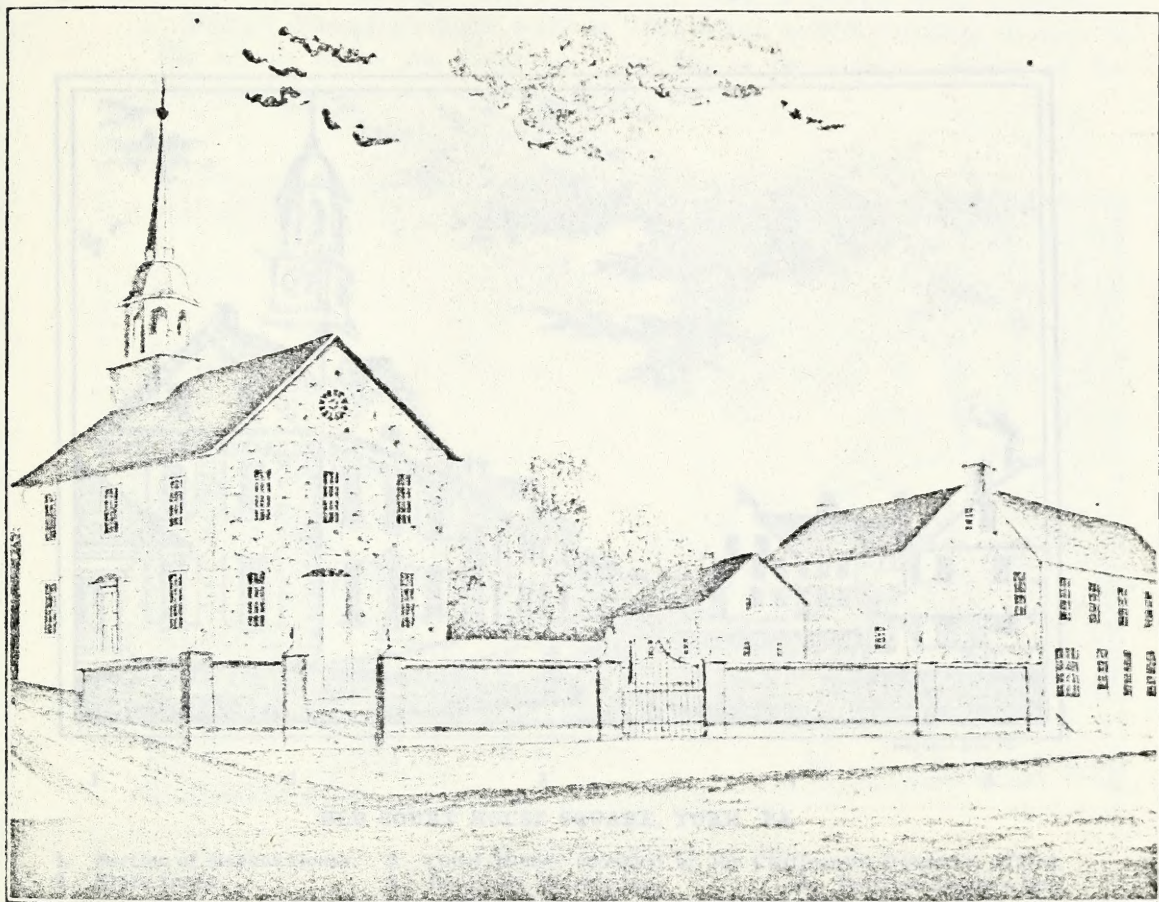
MARKET STREET, EAST OF BEAVER, YORK, PA., 1830.

or slate in its southern portion. The more recent, or middle, a limestone in which York is located, is in its central portion. The upper or newer, or new red sandstone, is in the northern portion. The middle portion is less in area than either of the others.

The county has an area of less than 1,000 square miles. The three natural divisions were settled much about the same date, on or a little before 1730. The southern portion was chiefly settled by the Scotch-Irish, who were Presbyterians. The center was settled by the Germans, who were Lutheran, German Reformed, Moravians, Mennonites and Tunkers. The north was settled chiefly by Friends, who extended into what is now Adams county, which was before 1800 part of York county. The Conewago Creek even today abruptly separates the English and the German as it did a century ago. No

less than 2,000 Friends had settled in the county more than a century ago. Many of these people removed and many of their descendants have become connected with other churches. The Episcopalians settled in York. They were not numerous, but influential.

Most of the earlier houses of York were very small and mostly but a single story in height. The first house of Baltzer Spangler is a fair specimen of the earliest architecture. Later an improved story and a half house



The German Lutheran Church, York. 1760-1812.

Parish School.

House of Dr. John Rouse.

Sketch of D. Spangler Wagner, from the drawing of Lewis Miller.

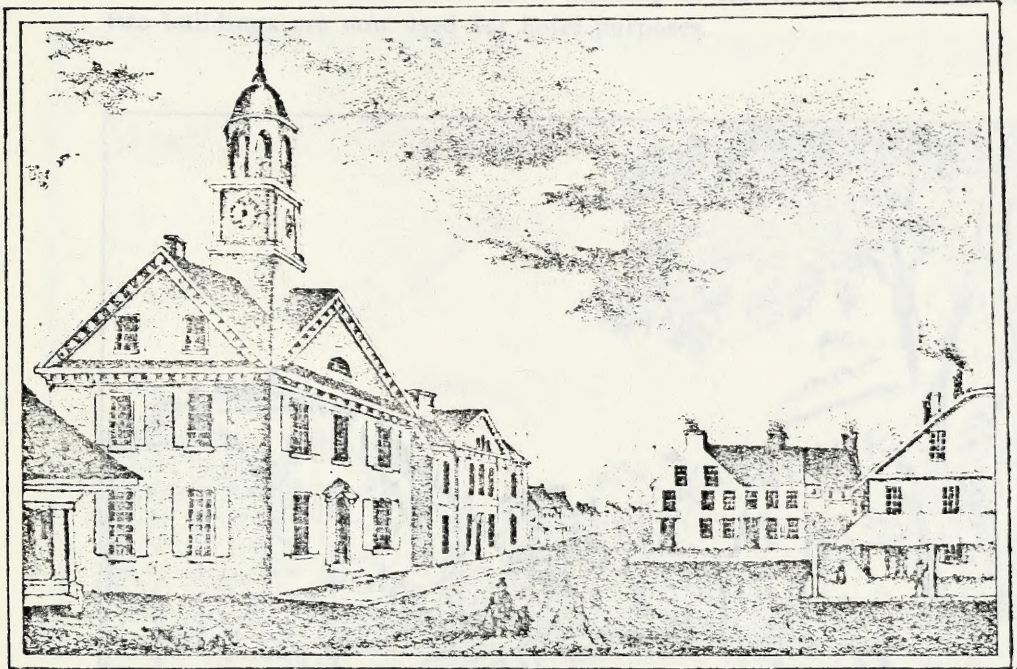
with dormer windows extending from the roof became very popular. Many of the earlier houses were built of logs, which were, later, weather-boarded or rough-coated, of which some specimens are still standing.

York did not contain over three hundred houses during the Revolution. It's population then was about 1,500. Lancaster with a population of over 4,000 was said to be the largest inland town in the colonies. York contained a very large number of the aforesaid buildings till after the Civil War. They have disappeared very rapidly since York has become a city and in a

short time will become very rare. Some of these houses with the demands of the time have been raised another story and now present a more modern appearance.

One of the oldest large, brick dwellings stands on the southwest corner of Market and Beaver streets. It is now partly occupied by the Adams Express office. It was built by Major John Clark of Revolutionary fame, who has already been noticed.

The house on the opposite corner was the headquarters of "Mad" An-



1

2

3

4

5

OLD COURT HOUSE SQUARE, YORK, PA.

1. Section of Market House.
2. Court House, occupied by the Continental Congress, 1777-8.
3. State House.
4. Benjamin Hersh's Inn.
5. Gottlieb Ziegle's Inn.

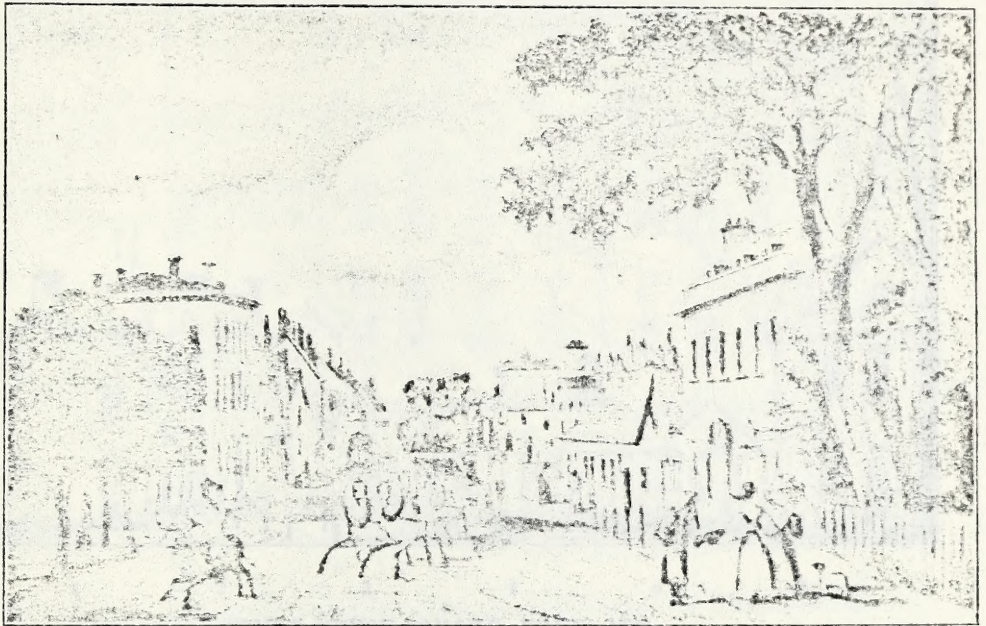
thony Wayne during his stay in York in 1781. The trees that are seen on the side are believed to be 250 years old.

The Smysen house, corner of Market and Newberry, was built in 1773. Some of its occupants were taken out of the upper story windows in the great flood of the Codorus Creek in 1817. Twice since, in 1884 and in 1889, has this "flood district" been invaded. The Codorus speedily rose to a height of twenty-five feet above low water mark. It appeared like a raging river nearly one half mile in width, sweeping away bridges and buildings and doing an immense amount of damage, especially in its later visitations. It has been computed there was a rainfall of twelve inches.

York has always had a large number of hotels. The large number of stage lines and great amount of travel before the days of railroads created a neces-

sity for these hostelries. A hotel license was already granted in the first year of the town's existence. Baltzer Spangler's first house of 1733, according to Loui Miller, had the honor of entertaining Thomas and Richard Penn. He quaintly says: "When William (?) and Richard Penn laid out the town of York they were at the old house of Baltzer Spangler, 1741, and gave Mrs. Spangler a pound of tea to make for supper and she, never having seen tea before, took it for greens and put it in a small kettle and boiled it with bacon. At that time there were Indians about and came to Spangler's for some whiskey. Spangler had a small still which he brought from Germany."

Baltzer Spangler's hotel, built in 1760, which is still standing, is next to the Schultz house, the oldest hotel building in the county. Neither of the two buildings are now used for hotel purposes.



THE STAGE COACH OF OLD.

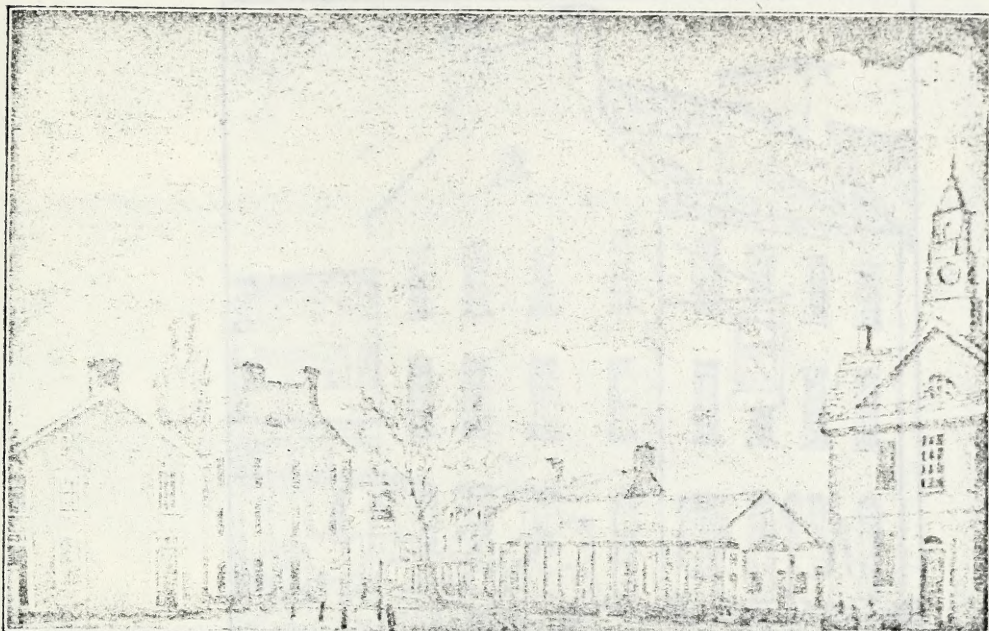
The Heistand Valley Hotel, a very large stone building about three miles east of York, is a noted landmark. It is not as old as the former, but was later, supplied as a missing link between the previous ones mentioned. It was kept by a Mr. Bard in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The accounts that have come down to us of the parties and balls, especially during the sleighing season of the winters, would make interesting reading. Later the York and Susquehanna turnpike came by and the old roads being changed gave it a larger patronage. It is now used as a farm house. The Washington House in York entertained such worthies as Webster and Clay, and Presidents Taylor and Johnson.

Lafayette and many others who had participated in the Revolution re-

turned to see the town to which so many anxious eyes were turned during the gloomiest period of the Revolution.

The National Hotel in York is a prominent structure which was built many years ago. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, relates that during his visit to America in 1841, he was here served with the best piece of roast beef, while on his visit to this country. His ninth chapter of "American Notes," which relates to his stop here in York and his journey to Harrisburg by stage across the camel-back bridge, and thence to Pittsburg by canal and portage railroad, is interesting reading after a lapse of sixty years.

York and York county have also been pioneers in invention and discovery.



COURT HOUSE SQUARE, YORK, 1820.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Gardner's Store. | 2. McGrath's Inn. |
| 3. Late Baltzer Spengler's Black Horse Inn, in which Gen. Washington Quartered. | 5. Market House. |
| 4. Wm. Nes' Store. | 6. Old Court House, where the Continental Congress met. |

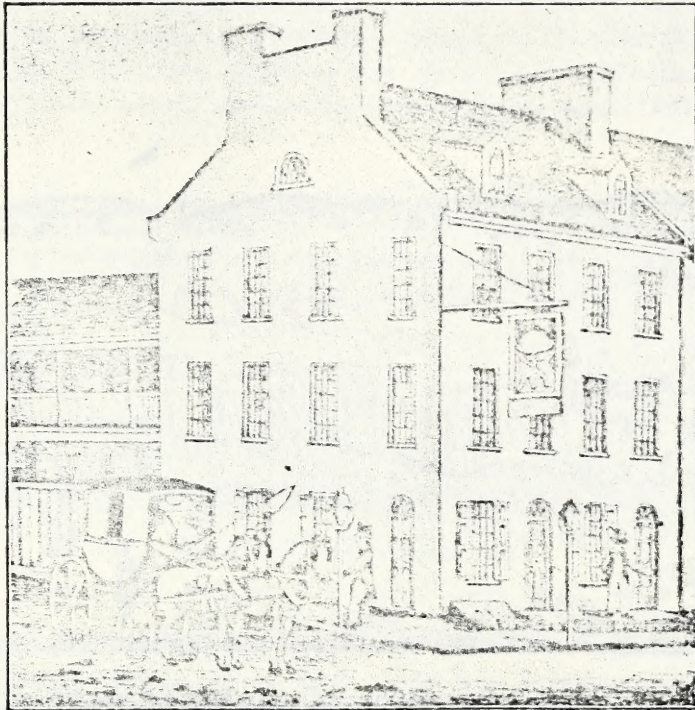
In 1825 John Elgar constructed a sixty by nine foot steamboat, weighing five tons, which was propelled from York Haven to Binghamton, New York. This boat was called "The Codorus," and was the first of its kind ever built. He also became noted afterwards as the inventor of turn-tables, switches, chill bearings, plate wheels and springs for burden cars. Phineas Davis in 1831 constructed the first locomotive ever built in the Union that used coal and was put in active use on a railroad. It was called "The York," and was built for and used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is still in existence and has been exhibited in the expositions of Philadelphia and Chicago as an early curiosity.

Godfrey Lenhart made grandfather clocks bearing the imprint "Yorktown," in the eighteenth century, which were eagerly sought for a century

later. He had a son, William, who became one of the noted mathematicians of modern times.

Daniel Kirkwood, a noted astronomer and mathematician, was for a time a teacher in the York County Academy founded in 1787. This Academy has had a notable history. With the Collegiate Institute and Cottage Hill College, it exercised an enormous influence. York county has 634 schools of which 134 are in the city.

The Melsheimers, father and two sons, were pronounced by the English entomologist Say to be the fathers of entomology in the United States. The elder Melsheimer was a Lutheran clergyman at Hanover, York county. He



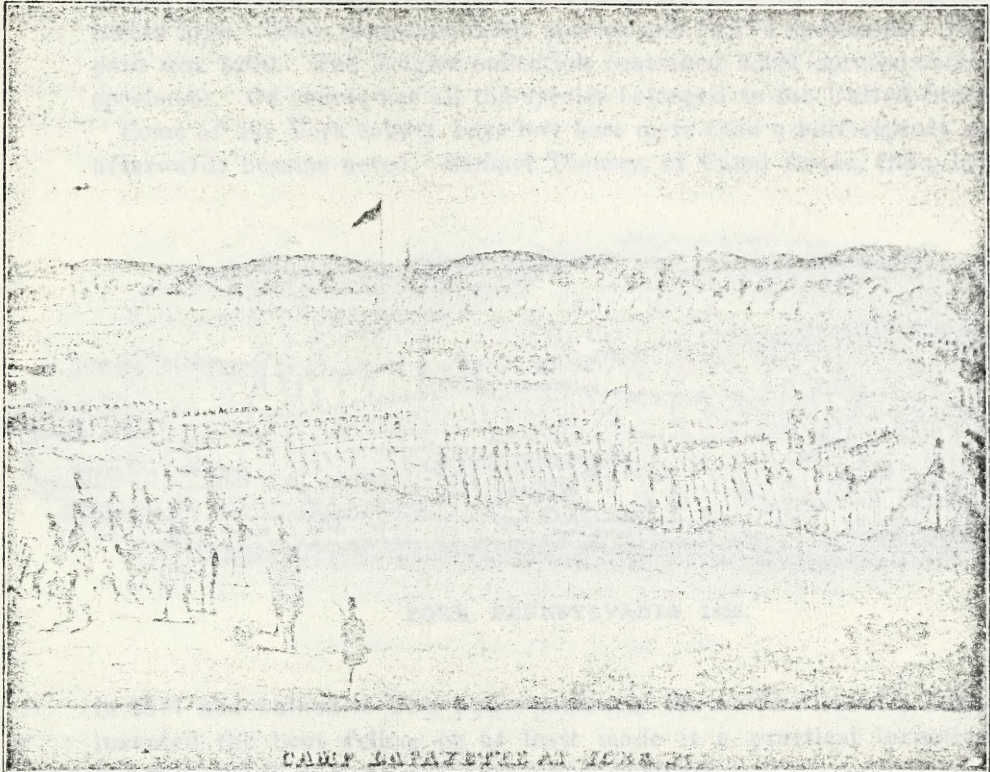
McGRATH'S INN, YORK.

Where General Lafayette was entertained in 1824.

was born in Germany in 1749. He came to Hanover in 1789 and died there in 1814. He was succeeded as minister by his son, Rev. John F. Melsheimer, who came in possession of his father's library and collections. He had inherited his father's love for natural history. Both father and son had been in correspondence with entomologists of Great Britain and the Continent. The elder Melsheimer published the well-known catalogue of "Insects of Pennsylvania" in 1806. It contains sixty pages and is now very rare. It contained a description and classification of 1,363 species of beetles and was the first work of the kind ever published in America. Dr. Knoch, of Germany, published a book in 1801, dedicated to the elder Melsheimer. The son, Rev. J. F. Melsheimer, died about 1830, and his brother, Dr. Ernst Frederick

Melsheimer, inherited the collections and library that had been accumulated by his father and brother. Dr. Melsheimer, the younger, removed to a small village called Davidsburg, in York county, where he practiced his profession for more than fifty years. He died there in 1873 at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

Far removed from communication with the world of science, he was greatly surprised to learn that his father's book was well known and mentioned in German, English and French works which fact was communicated to him



CAMP LAFAYETTE, YORK, PA., 1841.

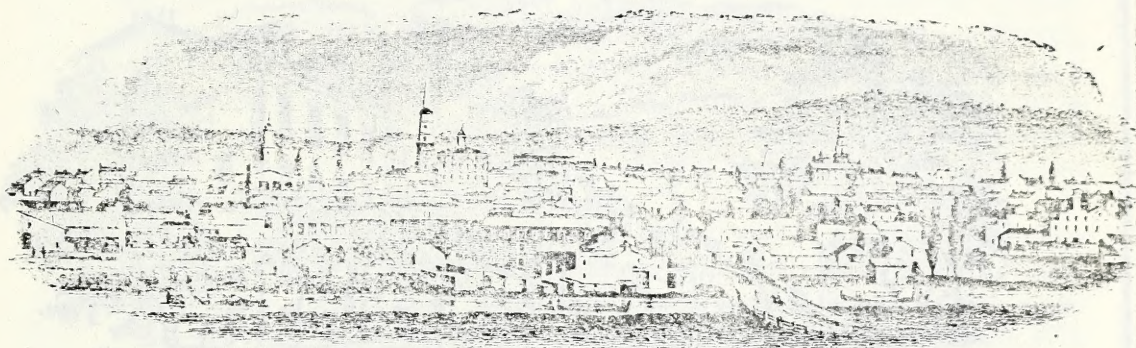
by Dr. Carl Zimmerman, of Harvard, who had walked from York to Hanover in 1834 to see the elder Melsheimer, but learned that he had been dead for twenty years. His elder son had died four years previously. He then went to Davidsburg to see the younger brother and found him living in the midst of a forest. His wife was at the spinning wheel. The house was rudely constructed with boards and painted red. This was before the days of railroads. And yet under these disadvantages these men struggled to create a science which then seemed to have little practical value and which doubtless procured him little sympathy among their surroundings.

Twice more, in 1839, Dr. Zimmerman visited Dr. Melsheimer in company with Rev. Daniel Zeigler, a Reformed minister from York, who had also begun to turn his attention to entomology.

In 1842 the entomological society of Pennsylvania was formed and Dr. Melsheimer, of Davidsburg, was chosen its president in 1853. Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris, a Lutheran clergyman from Baltimore, also was a member of this society. Both reverend gentlemen are now deceased. Their pupil, Mr. George Miller, a practical entomologist of York, survives, and has accumulated a creditable collection.

The Melsheimer and Ziegler collections were bought in 1864 by the distinguished naturalist, Prof. Louis Agassiz, for Harvard University, and occupy a prominent place in its museum, and are highly prized. The Melsheimer collection filled forty-one wooden boxes 10½ by 14 inches, and two inches high. They contained 5,302 species and 14,774 specimens. The price paid was \$250. The Zeigler collection contained 5,302 species with 11,837 specimens. Of course not all the species belonged to the United States.

Some of our York county boys left here more than a half century ago and afterwards became noted. Samuel Toomey, of Canal Dover, Ohio, left here



YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, 1850.

in 1847 and walked to Ohio and commenced the world without a dollar. He invented the bent felloe, or at least made it a practical invention. He has established a large and prosperous business.

Isaac Merritt Singer, who worked here as a journeyman tailor, married here. He later made the sewing machine a practical invention in Boston on a borrowed capital of fifty dollars. He worked continuously for twelve days and success crowned his efforts. He faced popular incredulity, after this, in demonstrating the claims of his invention, but he overcame all obstacles.

Daniel Minnich was a York county boy. He was kidnapped at nine years of age by a traveling magician. He later became an accomplished knight of the "sawdust arena." As an all around performer he had few equals and possibly no superior. He was one of the three Daniels, including Rice and Gardner, whose names became household words.

The Studebaker Brothers, the largest wagon and carriage builders in the world, at South Bend, Indiana, were natives of the adjoining county of Adams, once a part of York county. They began life in humble circum-

stances near Ashland, Ohio, and later removed to Indiana, and by degrees established their business.

Hervey Hammond, of Lewisberry, York county, invented a window sash spring in 1837, which was introduced into the White House and other public places.

Simon Snyder, a future governor of the State, learned the trade of a tanner in York.

James Lick, of Lebanon county, the well-known California millionaire, learned the trade of building organs in Hanover, of this county.

Many Scotch-Irish names, besides the McKinleys, became prominent in the history of the country.

The ancestors of President James K. Polk lived just across the border in Maryland. At an early day they removed to North Carolina and later to Tennessee. Colonel Thomas Polk was President of the convention that framed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in 1775. Across the river,



WEST MARKET STREET, YORK, 1850.

in Lancaster County, were settled the ancestors of John C. Calhoun, who afterward moved to South Carolina.

Robert Fulton was born across the river in Lancaster county, and a township has been named in his honor. The parents of the noted Davy Crockett were natives of York county and the border of Maryland. Such names as Lewis, Ewing, Hendricks, Butler, Black, Brackenridge, Ross, Rowan, Dill, McAllister, Franklin, Quay and a host of others not mentioned, have been more or less identified with the interests of the county and have shed lustre upon it.

York county has had some noted writers of Pennsylvania-German poems, among whom may be named Rev. Adam Stump, Mr. Henry L. Fisher and Miss Rachel Bahn, late of Hellam. The latter had been a helpless sufferer for over fifty years previous to her death a year ago. But under these adverse circumstances she has produced a volume of poems that express rare pathos and beauty. Prof. George R. Prowell has been an industrious investigator of our local history and we express our indebtedness to him for many facts and suggestions in the preparation of this paper. Mr. E. W.

Spangler has written a large work on genealogy and local history of great value.

During the past century York county has been extensively engaged in the raising and culture of tobacco. As many as 12,000 acres have been planted in a single season. In the manufacture of cigars, according to the Revenue Department, it leads all other counties in the Union. Some towns in the county are almost entirely devoted to this industry.

York and York county have had an honorable record in the annals of patriotism. On July 1st, 1775, Captain Michael Doudel's company of riflemen left York for Boston. They were the first troops from south or west of the Hudson river to reach Bos'ton and were at once assigned to the most arduous duties, after a continuous march of twenty-five days. Clark and Miller who afterwards became noted were with the company. This company was later organized into a regiment of riflemen with companies from Berks, Bedford, Cumberland, Dauphin, Franklin, Lancaster, Northampton and Northumberland counties, which was commanded by Colonel William Thompson, and later by Colonel Hand. They were unfailing marksmen. Frothingham in his "Siege of Boston" says: "They were terrible to the British, being stationed on the lines. At a review, a company of them while on a quick advance, fired their balls into objects seven inches in diameter at a distance of 250 yards. The accounts of their prowess were circulated in England. One of them was taken prisoner and carried there and the papers described him as a remarkable curiosity.

In the War of 1812, a company of young men under command of Captain Michael Spangler was attached to the Fifth Maryland Regiment, and greatly distinguished itself in the defence of Baltimore at the battle of North Point. The York "Commons" had 5,000 men upon it ready to march at a moment's notice. But the enemy had received a decided check and their services were not needed.

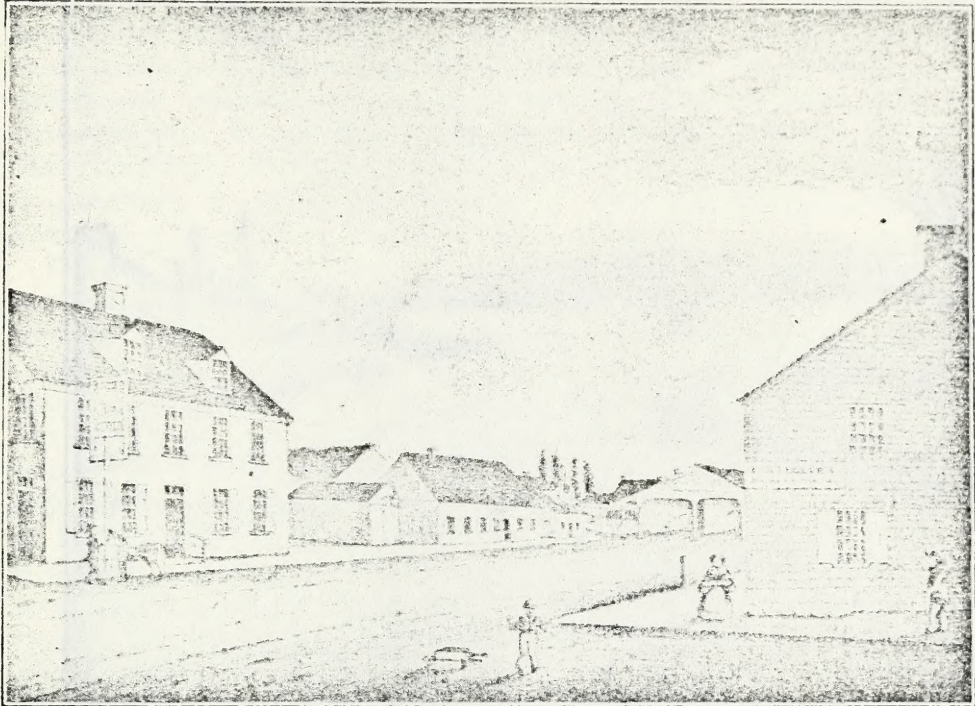
"The Commons," now known as Penn Park has had an interesting history, first in the Revolution, then in the War of 1812, and lastly in the War of the Rebellion. Many wounded men were brought to the hospitals erected there during the latter War. Many died of their wounds and are buried in a plot in Prospect Hill Cemetery. A tasteful monument has been erected there to their memory. Penn Park also has a tasteful and conspicuous monument erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors from York county.

After the firing on Sumter and the call for troops the Worth Infantry and the York Rifles, two noted local organizations, promptly responded to the call for troops and have had medals given them by the State as its First Defenders. Again in the Spanish-American War, Companies A and I of the National Guard, Eighth Regiment, promptly responded to the call for troops. Many individuals have been in the arms of the regular and naval service and have had honorable careers and records in Cuba, China and the Philippines.

York county contains some curious natural features. Round Top, in the northwestern part of the county, is the highest elevated position in the coun-

ty, reaching 1,110 feet above the sea level. In the New Red Sandstone Region of the upper end the geological map gives evidences of marked protrusions of primitive granitic rocks through the new red sandstone formation. Below Middletown Ferry, in the river is the noted Hill Island. This is a high knob or elevation forming an island of considerable extent embracing several farms. It probably formed part of the York county side in past time, the river having cut a channel through the low connecting neck.

Opposite Goldsboro, and above Conewago Falls several miles below Goldsboro, the river reaches its greatest width of two miles or more. The "Cone-



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MARKET STREET, YORK, WEST OF WATER, 1830.

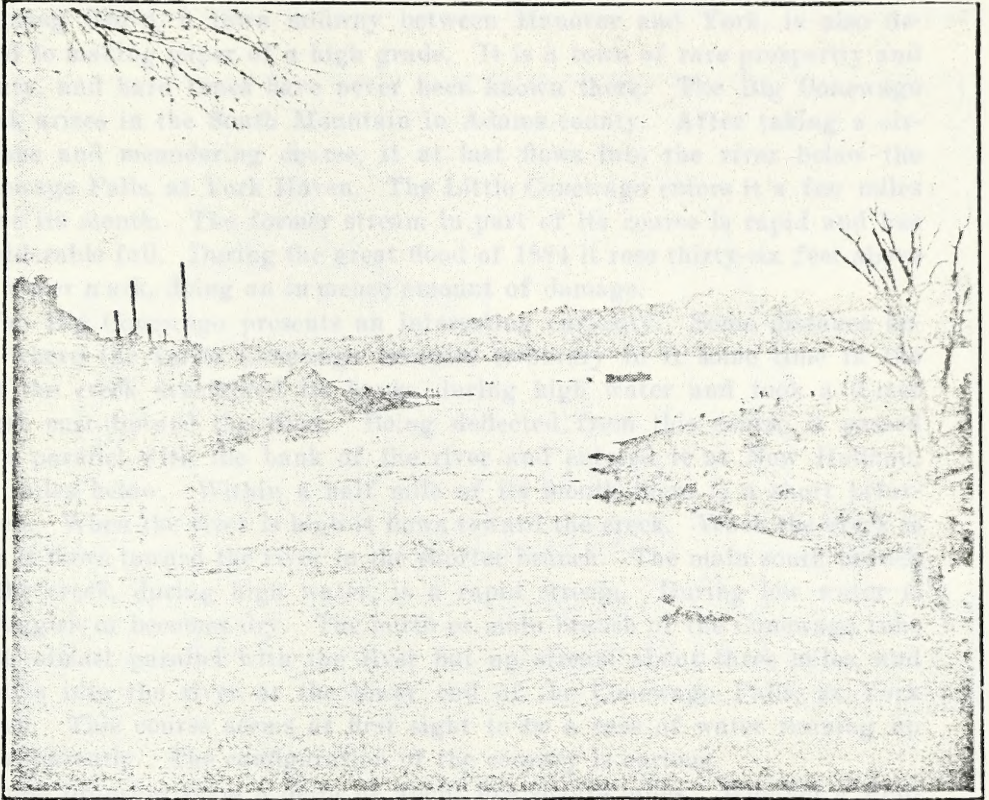
- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Mr. Doudel's Inn. | 2. Vigilant Engine House. | 3. Doudel's Tan Yard. |
| 4. Codorus Bridge. | 5. Ziegler's Store. | |

wago Falls'' above York Haven, are an interesting object in the course of the river. They offered an obstacle to river navigation in the days when public improvements by water ways were believed to be a prime necessity. Steps were already taken before the Revolution to overcome the difficulty. But the commencement of hostilities caused these measures to lie quiescent till peace was restored. In 1789 the subject of a canal was broached which was at last completed in 1797. It was about a mile in length, forty feet wide and four feet deep. It had two locks which overcame a fall of nineteen feet. It cost \$100,000. It was formally opened by Governor Mifflin on November 22d, 1797. An opposition canal was commenced on the Lancaster

county side but ended in failure. This canal was the first in Pennsylvania if not in the United States.

The canal was a success, but after its completion "arks" commenced to go through the natural channel of the "rapids." The experience was said to have been exciting and dangerous, but as time went on, pilots grew experienced and the dangers diminished.

At the foot of the rapids on the York county side just above where the Big Conewago Creek empties in the river, York Haven was laid out in 1814.



THE CONFLUX OF THE CONEWAGO WITH THE SUSQUEHANNA AT
YORKHAVEN, PA.

River flows south—Creek northward.

This point was about ten miles north of York. Great business projects were inaugurated there by Philadelphia and Baltimore capitalists, who aroused great expectations for the future of the place. This was before the days of canals and railroads. York Haven was prosperous and had a large hotel at which many celebrities stopped. Lafayette and Secretary of War Lewis Cass, among other notabilities, were guests of this hostelry. But after the advent of canals, and especially railways, a prominent line of which passed through the place, the Conestoga wagon trains speedily disappeared. York Haven then went into decadence and the town became a memory of more prosperous days. In 1885 the Conewago Paper Mill Company bought

the site of the mills and water power. The canal was widened and the fall of water in the canal increased to twenty-nine feet. York Haven became rejuvenated and a new lease of life was given it. A similar resuscitation seldom occurs in the history of a town. The great West affords instances of towns building up, thriving for a time, and then being taken down in sections and set up at more favorable points! Of course York Haven possessed natural features that were absent elsewhere and thus made an exceptional history a possibility. It gives employment to a large number of persons.

Spring Grove, a town midway between Hanover and York, is also devoted to making paper of a high grade. It is a town of rare prosperity and beauty, and hard times have never been known there. The Big Conewago Creek arises in the South Mountain in Adams county. After taking a circuitous and meandering course, it at last flows into the river below the Conewago Falls, at York Haven. The Little Conewago enters it a few miles above its mouth. The former stream in part of its course is rapid and has considerable fall. During the great flood of 1884 it rose thirty-six feet above low water mark, doing an immense amount of damage.

The Big Conewago presents an interesting curiosity. Some distance below where the Little Conewago becomes tributary to it some time in the past the creek overflowed its banks during high water and took a direct course east toward the river. Being deflected from this course it passed down parallel with the bank of the river and entered it at New Holland, two miles below. Within a half mile of its mouth there is a short bifurcation. When the river is high it flows toward the creek. When the creek is high it flows toward the river in the shorter branch. The main south branch of the creek, during high water, is a rapid stream. During low water it is sluggish or becomes dry. The north or main branch of the Conewago runs north almost parallel with the river but up stream about three miles, and empties into the river at the lower end of the Conewago Falls, at York Haven. This course seems at first sight to be a case of water running up hill apparently. The configuration of the country is curious.

These branches form a delta of about five square miles. Whether a similar example exists elsewhere is a question. It may be noted in this connection that the Cassiquian river in Brazil is 180 miles long and connects the Orinoco with the River Negro, a tributary of the Amazon. It sometimes flows from the Orinoco into the River Negro and sometimes in the opposite direction as the water is high or low in the rivers which it connects.

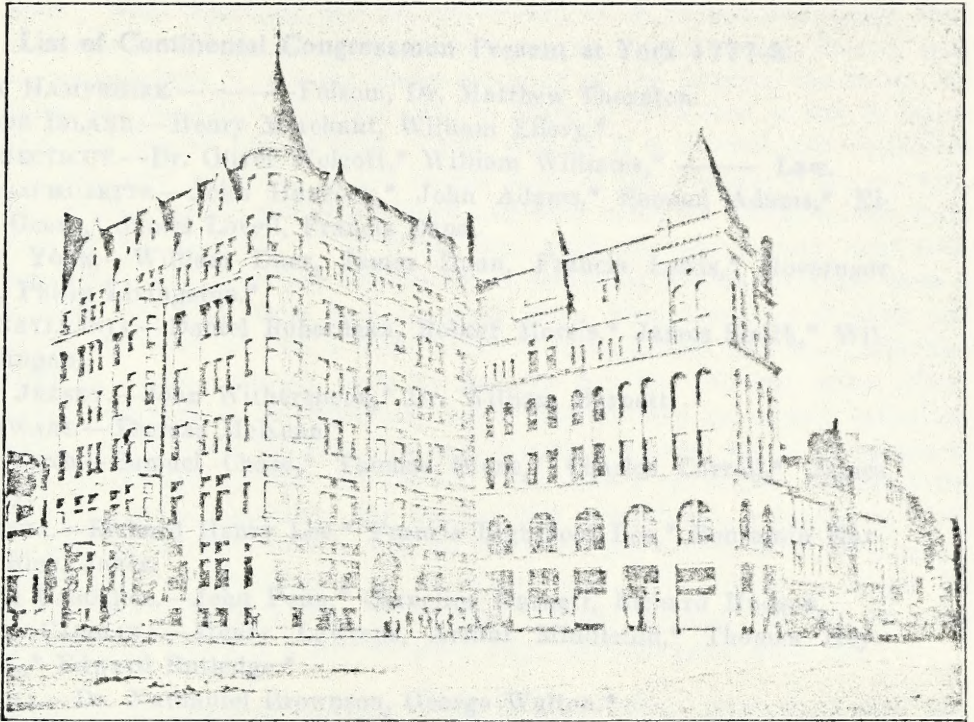
An electric power company is now at work to utilize the Conewago Rapids or Falls after the manner of Niagara, to supply power at a distance, to manufacturing plants and for other purposes. Thus what are termed obstacles or evils in one age become blessings in future times.

The population of York county has had a steady increase from its earliest settlement. At the foundation of the county in 1749, it had a population of about 6,000, including the territory of Adams county. This population in 1751 had increased to 8,000. In 1790 the population was 37,747. When Adams was taken from the territory of York in 1800, it left York 25,634.

Till 1850 this population had increased to 57,450. In 1900 the population reached 116,478. The population thus far has doubled itself in fifty years.

The town of York has, however, had a more rapid increase. At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783 the population then taken was 1,779. In 1800 it reached 2,503. Till 1850 it had reached 6,963. At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion it was about 9,000. The growth during the next twenty years or till 1880 was steady, reaching 13,971. In 1890 it had reached 20,849, and in 1900, 33,708. Since then the growth has been very rapid and with the suburbs would make a largely increased population.

The market sheds of Center Square have been replaced by an open square



CENTRE SQUARE, YORK, 1896.

Colonial Hotel.

Rupp's Building. (Nos. 1 and 2 above.)

market and four large market houses in various parts of the town, which hold thirteen markets weekly, including all week days but Monday. The supply is unlimited and is noted for its freshness and cheapness. The Cone-wago strawberry is famed for its quantity and quality.

The Fire Companies of the town are in the highest state of equipment and efficiency. There are six companies. Some of these companies have had a history of considerably more than a century. Instead of five or six churches during the Revolution, York has now about sixty.

The contrast between the town of the olden time and the newer York of the present is marked as shown by some of the views here given. Old York was a town of hand labor; the newer York is a town where labor is largely

performed by the improved machinery of the day. The newer York bids fair to become an inland town of great extent and still greater prosperity. It is favorably situated for expansion of its borders. Its surroundings are inviting and healthful and its business men are spirited and enterprising. Its growth has been steady and uninterrupted and gives promise of continuance.

The organization of the York County Historical Society, with its valuable growing collection bearing upon the past from every point of view attainable, shows that the community is not unmindful of past associations. As time passes, fewer and fewer evidences of its past will remain to remind the beholder of that which was once so real but which eventually must be recalled from the historical page.

List of Continental Congressmen Present at York 1777-8.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.———Folsom, Dr. Matthew Thornton.

RHODE ISLAND.—Henry Merchant, William Ellery.*

CONNECTICUT.—Dr. Oliver Wolcott,* William Williams,* ——— Law.

MASSACHUSETTS.—John Hancock,* John Adams,* Samuel Adams,* Elbridge Georg,* James Lovell, Francis Dana.

NEW YORK.—William Duer, James Duan, Francis Lewis,* Gouverneur Morris, Philip Livingston.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—Daniel Roberdean, Robert Morris,* James Smith,* William Clingan.

NEW JERSEY.—John Witherspoon,* Dr. William Burnett.

DELAWARE.—Thomas McKean.*

MARYLAND.—Samuel Chase,* Thomas Stone,* Charles Carroll,* James McHenry.

VIRGINIA.—Richard Henry Lee,* Francis Lightfoot Lee,* Benjamin Harrison,* Rich. Jones.

NORTH CAROLINA.—John Penn,* Cornelius Harnett, Richard Hudson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Henry Lawrens, Arthur Middleton,* Thomas Heyward, Jr.,* Edward Rutledge.*

GEORGIA.—Dr. Nathaniel Brownson, George Walton.*

N. B.—Those marked thus (*) were also signers of the Declaration of Independence, twenty-five in number—more than half of all.



The Hudson River
FROM OCEAN TO SOURCE.
HISTORICAL—LEGENDARY—
PICTURESQUE.

This is a handsome work, a companion volume to that other book *The Mohawk Valley*, published two years ago by the same Knickerbocker Press. As the former issue was replete with legend and history, this is even more so, since the Hudson excels the Mohawk in local historic and literary incidents. What American has not either read of or visited this classic river of America, with its charming scenery and its wealth of local history such as has admitted it into the choice company of the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine and the Nile? No other river in America has a fund so rich in legendary and historic associations. Every mile of it is covered with reminders "of the early explorers, of the Indian wars, of the struggle of the colonies, and of the quaint, peaceful village existence along its banks in the early days of the Republic." It is an ideal work on local history, well told, beautifully and copiously illustrated—a historical pilgrimage more than a hundred and fifty miles long, covering about three centuries of time and telling the story of half a dozen races or nationalities that have exploited upon its banks. Among them we find the familiar German exiles, afterwards migrated to Pennsylvania, whose history they so largely helped to make, among whom the Rev. Joshua Kocherthal labored, and to whose grave, with its strange epitaph, we are led. We cannot too highly commend the author nor the publishers for issuing this magnificent, voluminous work. Its perusal is better than a trip up the river, but should be supplementary rather than substitutionary to an actual visit. The author is Edgar M. Bacon; the publishers, Geo. P. Putnam's Sons; the size, 590 8vo pp.; the illustrations, 100 plus a fine sectional map; and the price, \$4.50 net.

Religious Training of Children.
BY
MRS. JOEL SWARTZ.

This is an excellent tract on a most important subject from the pen of a mother in Israel, who has justified her right and wisdom in issuing such a brochure by herself rearing a large and model family to honor and usefulness. Such literature should be sowed knee-deep, heart and head-deep in all our homes and churches. American Sunday-school Union, Philadelphia. Pamphlet, 31 pp., 8vo; price, 15 cents.

Olla Podrida.
BY
THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.

Here a Pennsylvania "Dutchman" dishes up in choice English (what is not a translation into choice Pennsylvania-German verse) with a Spanish title, a collection of prose writings and poetic effusions that will go far towards knocking the already dead phrase, always untrue, about the "dumb Dutch" into "innocuous desuetude." This clever

specimen of our stock has burnished his editorial pen so well that its products have for years sparkled and ranked with the finest specimens of our English litterateurs. Frequently this gift and attainment has won its possessor the honor of being the chosen orator upon set occasions of various kinds. These speeches and papers have been collected, as well as his long famous translations, hymns and poems, into two volumes and issued by the Times Publishing Company, of Reading, Pa. Because of its varied character of composition the work has been given this Spanish title for chow-chow. Let us assure the reader he never partook of so enjoyable and spicy a dish of hash before. The author's diction, humor, poetic sentiment, wide reading and love of nature have fitted him for this fine literary production. We are proud of this John Burroughs of our Pennsylvania-German hills and dells. The work (limited edition), sells by the author at \$1.75.

LITERARY NOTES

"Told after Dinner" is a vivid story of the dark ways of Washington's official life. It is by Ella Middleton Tybout and appears in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March.

The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, Mass., keeps up its old record of being the cleanest, brightest, best periodical for youth in the land.

The Era Magazine, of Philadelphia, has greatly enlarged and improved, and now ranks in contents, illustrations and general get-up with the best in the land.

For bright, racy and completed short stories give me *Lippincott's*.

Did you ever see *The Four-Track News*, a charming monthly issued by New York Central Railroad Company? It will make you wish to see it regularly.

The N. K. Fairbank Company have sent out the Fairy Plate Calendar for 1903, which has been so widely advertised for months past. This is the sixth year that the N. K. Fairbank Company have taken this method of calling attention to the product from which the calendar derives its name, "Fairy Soap." This calendar is made up of five large plaques, four of which do not contain any type matter whatever, but are exact reproductions on heavy plate paper of the originals painted on royal Vienna china in twelve colors and gold, with the center countersunk and the border embossed, and all this beauty emphasized by magnificent heads by Ryland. The Fairy Plate Calendar will be mailed postpaid upon receipt of ten oval fronts from Fairy Soap box fronts, or, if you prefer, for twenty cents in stamps.

The Pennsylvania- German

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1903.

No. 3.

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Gedenck - Buch

in

Welchem gute Freunde und Patro-

nen mich

Joh: Conrad Zucher / THEOL. ST.
von Schaffhausen

Mit ihren Inscriptionen / Zeichnungen / Ein-
bildern und andern Gedächtniß-würdigen
Spruchen beehren wollen.
Angesangen

Anno MDCC L I.

...THE... PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
Editor and Publisher

HERBERT G. CROLL
Business Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.25 after three months

Vol. IV

LEBANON, PA., JULY, 1903

No. 3

[Entered at the Post-office at Lebanon, Pa., as second-class matter]

ABOUT THE WEATHER

IT MATTERS not whether you spell it w-e-a-t-h-e-r, or w-e-t-h-e-r, or w-h-e-t-h-e-r you spell it at all; anyhow it is always capricious. We are never without it. Sometimes we have a good deal of it. It is always discussed, sometimes to one's disgust. May it not be so now.

In the good old times it was dished up by almanac-makers in square three-monthly blocks, and labeled for the four seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter. It usually came on time and made its exit as regularly as the style of a lady's bonnet. But now it is manufactured at Washington and doled out in 24-hour doses by our daily newspapers. It is the only prophetic part a newspaper prints, except the probable political appointments, and one is about as true prophecy as the other. Only this way we always have some weather and usually a good deal of variety.

This magazine is no newspaper. It is a chronicler—a historical reminder—"lest we forget."

And what is so easily forgotten as the weather? Who can remember last winter's schedule of snow and ice, and hail and thaw, and frost and blizzard, and sun and storm, and set a calendar date to each note of the varying, weathery staff? Who remembers that last fall hung warmly, smilingly and summeringly on through the usually bleak November to the very threshold of winter? We do, and you will after you are reminded.

As the sun went down on the balmy 30th of November, the green velvety lawn was a sight to behold. No severe frost had disturbed it. Next morning the earth, where the writer lives, was white with snow. Less than two weeks after, he was out with horse and sleigh in drifted roads and scarcely did seal-skin cap or fur-topped great-coat keep ears and cheeks from the frost bites of cold. Old Boreas held sway. Nor did he loosen his grip until his little game of two months was played. Usually he scattered snow, hail and ice like ashes to make pedestrians loose their grip. And not a few remember that they pointed their heels unwillingly to the stars during December and January. Then came two weeks of repentance and sorrow, of bland kindness and genial smile. The peach and maples responded, only to have their tender buds frozen by its final breath that blew upon February 16, clothing orchards and forests in inch-thick bodices of ice and covering the earth with a foot-deep snow. On February 17th we hied to Mt. Gretna hills to see the matchless wonder (for which see our poem in "Poetic Gems" column). But, after two weeks, the enemy was repulsed. (See records of high water accounts). March 1st dawned a typical spring day. Flowers burst forth from the ground as if by magic. A bed of the finest crocus blooms ever seen—more than a hundred perfect specimens—greeted the writer on his wedding anniversary (March 11th), lasting over a week, while nosegays of arbutus and white violets were worn by young men and maidens from the Ides of March to its close. The buzz of the bee and the click of the lawn-mower were heard in the land. The last of March found me and a few of my "chicks" bringing in a basket of arbutus from Gretna's hills, where a little more than a month before the hobgoblins of winter had held full sway.

April was cool and distant like a wounded lover. All the coaxing did not change his mood. Sullen and shivering, he shrank from warm embraces; what he felt like doing was to scatter frost and snow. And this he did. Plants and flowers prematurely set out hung their heads wiltingly on the morning of the 5th. Yet the month closed to find "the dog-wood had already pitched his snow-white tent on the edge of the forest," and the apple spread his pink canvas in the orchard. He bowed

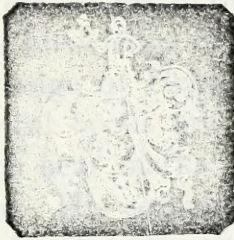
(Continued on page 308.)

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

REV. JOHN CONRAD BUCHER

SCHOLAR, SOLDIER and PIONEER PREACHER

By REV. A. STAPLETON, A. M., M. S.



Bucher Coat of Arms on Family Ring.*

From time immemorial the natives of Switzerland have been noted for their valor, love of freedom and nobility of character. Not even the mighty legions of Julius Caesar could conquer the brave inhabitants of her snow-capped Alpine summits and lake-embosomed valleys. Her history abounds in episodes of startling and absorbing interest, and her territorial limits have ever been too circumscribed for her virile race, hence great numbers of her people have sought a wider field for their activities in foreign lands.

During the provincial period of our country the stream of immigration from Switzerland to America was very heavy, especially to Pennsylvania, and this Commonwealth can point to no better class of people within her bounds than the descendants of the Swiss immigrants. From this famous land and race came John Conrad Bucher—the scholar, soldier and pioneer preacher.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

John Conrad Bucher came from a distinguished patrician family, whose ancestral records run back in an unbroken line over four centuries. They were of the Reformed faith and prominent in church life from the days of the Reformation. As indicating the rank of the family it may be noted that Mary Elizabeth (1732-1812), a sister to John Conrad Bucher, became the wife of the Count John Conrad von Pyre. John Conrad Bucher was

*Bucher Arms—"Shield", Azure, and Centre Argent on which is a Beech tree—eradicat-
ed, vert, on which hangs a hunter's horn—stringed, or, — Crest, the tree and horn as
on the shield."

born July 13th, 1730, in Neukirk, near the city of Schaffhausen on the Rhine. His father, John Jacob Bucher, was "land vogt" of the district of Schaffhausen. This office was of considerable importance. The father spared no pains or expense in the education of his son. The records show that John Conrad attended the Universities of Basil and St. Gall in his own country, besides visiting, as was then the custom, other great seats of learning, to round out his education. His "Gedenk Buch" (memento book), contained the autographs of Zollikoffer, the great theologian, and Mosheim, the renowned church historian, and others; men who were leaders in the literary world of that day.

Besides a knowledge of the classical, he also possessed a thorough knowledge of Hebraec and European languages. Among his theological books are Dutch, French, English and German, all of which bear marks of studious usage. His sermon notes abound in Greek-Latin and Hebrew references which indicates a practical knowledge of these languages in a degree rarely possessed by literary men.

HIS COMING TO PENNSYLVANIA AND MILITARY CAREER.

The general supposition is that John Conrad Bucher, like many other young men of quality, took service in the army of the Dutch Republic, and then entered the British Army under a commission at the breaking out of the war between France and England in 1755. It is well

known that England at this period sought the services of competent foreign officers to command her troops sent to operate against the French in America. It has been held that Bucher came as an officer in the Braddock Expedition which arrived in the spring of 1755, and that he was present at the crushing defeat of Braddock at Ft. Duquesne, July 9, 1755. Against this



COUNTESS VON PYRE

nee Mary Elizabeth Bucher, sister of Rev. J. Conrad Bucher, born in Switzerland, May 16, 1732, married first to Dr. Ott, and secondly to Junker J. Conrad Pyre.

supposition stands the fact that Bucher's arrival is given as November 1st, 1755, at which time the army had been withdrawn from Western Pennsylvania, and was preparing to operate in distant quarters. It should also be noted that he brought with him a large number of theological books—family heirlooms—genealogical records, etc., all of which indicates his arrival in a civilian instead of a military capacity. Among the relics mentioned is a massive gold signet ring. The Bucher coat of arms is cut *intaglio* in a fine square ruby, flanked with diamonds. This ring bears the date 1541, and has been in the family since that time.

FORBES' EXPEDITION.*

The first definite knowledge we have of our subject in a military capacity is his participation in the expedition of General Forbes for the reduction of the French at Fort Duquesne in 1758. In that expedition the British forces were supplemented by a Pennsylvania contingent of 2,800 men, mostly commanded by German, Dutch and Swiss officers.

The intelligent reader need hardly be told that this Expedition in which the youthful Colonel Washington, who was fated to become "the father of his country," again distinguished himself, was of the greatest importance to the Province, as one of its immediate results was the founding of Pittsburg on the site of the captured Fort Duquesne, and the opening up of the Upper Ohio region for settlement.

After the successful termination of the expedition in the autumn of 1758, the Provincial forces were disbanded with the exception of 150 men who were stationed in small detachments in the frontier forts. Bucher remained in this service and was stationed at Ft. Louthier, at Carlisle, Penna. In 1759 he was in charge of small detachments on the frontier, spending most of his time at Ft. Louthier. In the winter of 1759 and 1760 he was in charge of the garrison at Carlisle, and acted also as recruiting officer. On February 26, 1760, he was married at Carlisle, as will be presently more fully noted. On April 19th he was commissioned lieutenant, and placed in command of the defenses of the valley, as is shown in the following order:

*Vide Penna. Arch. Second Series, Vol. 11, p. 559.

"Carlisle, 12th June, 1760.

"Sir—I am commanded by General Monkton* to acquaint you that you are to remain at Carlisle ——— with the command of ——— rank and file to guard the king's stores stationed at that place. The General has therefore seen fit to order that you are not on any account to absent yourself from Carlisle or suffer any of your command to do it. You will carefully preserve an exact discipline, and give all the assistance in your power to Mr. Adam Hoops, agent to the provision contractors in loading and unloading and forwarding the stores and provisions to the army. The General has also directed me to acquaint you that he has ordered the commanding officer at Shippensburg to report to you, and he is to follow all such orders and directions as you may from time to time have occasion to send him, copy thereof you are, with your own reports, to transmit to the General.

"I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"HORATIO GATES, M. B.

"To Lieut. Boughart, of the 1st Bat. The Penna. Regt."

The war between the mother country and France was still in progress and the times were full of peril. Indian forays were frequent, and Bucher's command was frequently called out to repel the savage invaders. In the autumn of this year he received the following order from General Gates, the commanding officer :

"Carlisle, 3d November, 1760.

"Sir—It is General Monkton's orders that you march forthwith to join Captain Nelson on Sideling Hill with all the men of your command here that are fit for duty. When you have performed all the services required of you by Captain Nelson you are to return to Carlisle.

"I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

"HORATIO GATES, M. B.

"To Lieut. Bougert, commanding detachment of the Pennsylvania, Carlisle."

After this service he returned to the post at Carlisle for the winter. The following spring, under orders of General Monkton, dated June 12th, 1761, Lieutenant Bucher was placed in charge of the transportation service at Ft. Pitt, a position that required great energy and alertness in view of the great danger from the wily savages.

PONTIAC'S WAR.

In 1762 we have nothing definite in regard to the movements of Lieut. Bucher, other than may be gathered from the general operations of the Provincial troops on the Pennsylvania frontiers as found in the Archives of the State. A sudden change, however,

*Commander of the British forces.

occurred to break the monotony and routine of garrison duty. Although the Treaty of Paris in February, 1763, had closed hostilities between the mother country and France, nevertheless the greatest peril that ever confronted Pennsylvania, with the exception of the Confederate Invasion, during the Civil War, was suddenly thrust upon our frontiers by the uprising of the Indian tribes of the Northwest.

This movement in the spring of 1763, known in history as "Pontiac's Conspiracy," was a concerted action of the Northwestern tribes to make a simultaneous attack on all the frontier forts from Fort Bedford at the base of the Alleghenies to Detroit in the Lake region, with the purpose of driving the encroaching white race into the sea. The great conspiracy was well planned, and eight of the eleven garrisoned posts quickly succumbed. A great number of soldiers and civilians were cruelly butchered by the savages, and over 2,000 families, or practically all the inhabitants north of the Blue Mountains, fled for their lives. The Pennsylvania Archives state that on July 25, there were 1,384 refugees in the little village of Shippensburg alone. Details of this great struggle are not material in this connection, except as they may be related to the subject of this biography. As soon as possible the British Government dispatched all the regular troops available to Carlisle, where a formidable expedition was fitted out for the relief of Fort Legonier and Fort Pitt, then closely besieged by the red men. The command of this perilous expedition was intrusted to Col. Bouquet, who, like Lieutenant Bucher, was a Swiss in the British service. With this expedition was attached a part of the Royal American Regiment, composed of brave Pennsylvania frontiersmen, to whose lot it fell to do the hard work of flanking and pioneering. In this command was John Conrad Bucher, as Lieutenant in Captain James Piper's company. The expedition proceeded undisturbed on its way to the relief of Fort Pitt, until they reached Bushy Run, in now Westmoreland county. Here on August 5th, the advance guard was suddenly set upon by the Indians in force, who had left their investment of Fort Pitt and had purposed to ambush the expedition. The main force of Bouquet was hurried forward and one of the most terrific battles ever fought between the white and red races ensued. When darkness closed the conflict at night it showed the army in dire

straits, with every prospect of being utterly annihilated on the following day. May we not suppose that Lieutenant Bucher, who, as we shall presently show, was already then a minister, spent this night of woe and despair in giving spiritual comfort to the dying, and, like Paul at Melita, cheering his fellow men with the promises of Divine assistance? Of his timely ministrations in this dire extremity we have no doubt.

The battle of Bushy Run was won by the whites and the army saved from destruction by a brilliant ruse, into which the Indians, who were led by some of the shrewdest chiefs their race has ever produced, should have been the last to fall. On the second day of the battle the whites purposely attenuated their line of battle at a point where the Indians were most strongly massed. Bouquet had rightly divined what the foe would consequently think and do. Without dreaming of its purpose, and supposing that the thin line meant weakness and was easy of penetration, the red men rushed against this point of least resistance, never dreaming of the fleet-footed 77th Highlanders and royal Americans, who had been partly concealed, and who, quickly enfilading them, crushed them as between the upper and nether millstone. The brilliant victory that followed broke the power of the red men—the beleaguered forts were relieved, and Pontiac's conspiracy foiled.

Contemporaneous with this movement, a force of Indians had collected on the Great Island in the Susquehanna river below the present city of Lock Haven. A company of Lancaster County Rangers had a severe encounter with a part of this Indian force, in the Muncy Hills, in which both sides sustained a considerable loss.

To clear the entire region of hostiles an expedition under Captain Armstrong, fitted out at Fort Shirely in Huntington county, consisting of about 300 Provincials. In this expedition was Lieutenant Bucher, who acted in the capacity of adjutant to the command. Armstrong hoped to surprise the Indians, but the wily savages were alert, and as the whites approached, they abandoned their encampment, leaving behind a considerable amount of supplies.

A part of the Provincial force remained on the Island until late in November. In that month a sale was held of the captured

stores, Lieutenant Bucher acting as clerk. The purchasers were mostly officers from the Cumberland Valley.

BOUQUET'S GREAT EXPEDITION.

Although the Indians were defeated, they were not wholly subdued. Convoys to the frontier forts were still attacked, and Indian bands penetrated the settlements, leaving death and destruction in their trail. On July 26, 1764, Enoch Brown, a school master, and all his pupils, with one exception, were massacred, and the school house burned, a few miles north of Green Castle, in now Franklin county.

To send an overpowering force right into the Indian country and destroy their villages and plantations, was an undertaking of last resort, and all the resources of the Province were taxed to fit out the expedition.

This great movement was again entrusted to the efficient leadership of Colonel Bouquet, and the place of rendezvous was again Carlisle. A great quantity of stores and ammunition was gathered here for the maintenance of the army. To this command was attached the Second Battalion of the Pennsylvania regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Asher Clayton commanding. On July 12, 1764, Lieutenant Bucher was promoted to the rank of Adjutant, in which capacity he had previously served, as we have already noted. This promotion was quickly followed by another, namely, on July 31, when he was given a captain's commission. Captain Bucher acted as adjutant for his regiment in this expedition, and some of his neatly-kept and hitherto unpublished returns are still in the possession of his descendants. As showing the great importance of this expedition it is worthy of note that the Government bent every energy to equip it. Governor John Penn, grandson of the founder of the Province, came personally to Carlisle to direct its organization. After many vexatious delays the army was ready on August 9th, 1764, to enter upon the most daring and formidable expedition ever sent against the red race. After an encouraging address by Governor Penn, the army took up its line of march over the old Forbes road, by way of Forts Bedford and Pitt, right into the heart of the Indian country on the Muskingum river in Ohio. The brilliant success of the expedition, in the subjugation of the red men and the recovery of over 400 white cap-

tives, with which the touching story of the little German girl Regina is inseparably connected, need not be related here.

Peace having dawned at last, Captain Bucher resigned from the army in the Spring of 1765, after a continuous service of about seven years.

By the terms of their service in the last campaign, which is the "Bouquet Expedition" of history, the officers of the Provincial contingent were entitled to bounty lands. At a meeting held on the 8th of September, at Ft. Bedford, on their return march, they decided to select their lands in close proximity. A committee was appointed to negotiate the matter with the Government. In 1768 and 1769, on the west branch of the Susquehanna river, 24,000 acres were surveyed for them in Buffalo Valley, in now Union and Bald Eagle Valley, in now Clinton and Centre county, and on the Chillisquaqua creek, above Sunbury. The tracts were given by drawing lots, Captain Bucher obtaining a fine body of land in Buffalo Valley, which he exchanged for a property in Lebanon, which remained in the possession of his descendants until 1844. After a most eventful military service of seven years, in which period he participated in three great campaigns, fraught with peril, and all the excitement incidental to contact with hostile savages, it would seem Captain Bucher, now a regular minister, still inclined to the public service. There is extant a letter written to him, dated at army headquarters, in New York, April 27, 1769, by an officer named John Small, in which the writer acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Bucher, written at Carlisle "about a twelvemonth ago," in which the latter's application for a chaplaincy or some other government service, is clearly implied. The writer was an intimate friend and states that he had worked unremittingly in Bucher's interests, but hitherto without avail, and advised him to communicate directly with General Sir Frederick Haldemand, who was also a Swiss in the British service, and at that time in command of the South, with headquarters in Florida.

When the War of the Revolution broke out, it found Captain Bucher in ill health, as the result of his severe service in the frontier wars. His military ardor, however, was undaunted and the fire of his Swiss patriotism unquenched, and he was ready to enter the struggle for American freedom.

In the previous wars, as we have seen, he served in a purely military capacity, but in the new conflict he chose a relation more in harmony with his holy calling. He accepted the chaplaincy in the "German Regiment," so-called because composed of soldiers from the German counties of Pennsylvania.

We have no data relating to his services in the opening stages of the war, but that he was in active service in 1776, there can be no doubt. In the spring of 1777, it is probable that his feeble health did not permit him to follow the fortunes of war, and he sought and obtained a leave of absence. Among his papers is an autograph letter in the German language, from that stern old disciplinarian, the Baron von Arnt, at that time in command of the regiment, of which the following is a translation:

"Quibbleton, May 4th, 1777.

"Highly Honored Sir Chaplain—At my entry into the Regiment it came to my knowledge that you were attached to it as Chaplain, but are now at home on leave, but as I cannot have anybody belonging to the Regiment absent without the greatest necessity, I herewith give you the order to return to it without further delay, otherwise your resignation will be required, and some one else take your place, so I do hope to have the pleasure of seeing you with us soon.

"I am respectfully,

"BARON VON ARNT,
Col. of the German Regiment.

The records of the German regiment are very imperfect, and we do not know whether Chaplain Bucher obeyed the summons or not. In the event of his return, he saw plenty of hot work, in the campaign in which the regiment participated soon after this summons.

HIS MINISTERIAL CAREER.

It has been already observed that John Conrad Bucher came to America with a very thorough intellectual equipment, undoubtedly with a purpose to pursue the sacred calling of the ministry. By what authority he was invested with the ministerial office we have not as yet determined, but of its regularity we cannot doubt.

He first began to exercise ministerial functions in the spring of 1763, in Carlisle, while in command of a detachment of Provincials there. His marriage record begins in March, and his baptismal record in April of this year. Some of his sermon notes are also dated at Carlisle in the beginning of this year. His baptismal

and matrimonial entries in 1763 and 1764 are broken by great gaps caused by the military campaigns with which he was connected. He, however, exercised occasionally while in active service at such widely separated points as Fort Leigonier, Bedford, Redstone, Fort Pitt and the Susquehanna. His marriage record for 1765 included 44 pairs, and a much larger number in 1766, showing him to have been popular in this line of service. After his resignation from the army in 1765 he became the pastor of the Reformed Society at Carlisle and Falling Springs, or Chambersburg, in the Cumberland Valley, and Middletown and Hummelstown, east of the Susquehanna. This is shown by his records, which bear entries of baptismal services, etc., under these respective captions. In 1766, he was regularly ordained by order of the Synod, to the full functions of the ministry, which, as we have seen, he had already exercised for three years.

In 1768 he removed to Lebanon, not, as has been supposed, to take exclusive charge of the Reformed Society there, but rather to reside on his own properties, which, as we have noted, he acquired in exchange for his bounty lands. His field of labor became much enlarged. We will give an extract from his record as found in his diary, beginning with January, 1768: January 1, 3, 4, 5, Carlisle; 8th, Quittapahilla; 9th and 10th, Lebanon; 11th Heidelberg; 12th, Weiseichenland; 17th, Carlisle; 24th, Falling Springs (now Chambersburg); 29th, Quittapahilla; 31st, Carlisle. February 1st, Heidelberg; 2d, Weiseichenland; 3d, Rapho; 7th, Hummelstown and Middletown; 8th, Blassers; 9th, Maytown; 14th, Carlisle; 21st, Falling Spring; 26th, Jonestown and Klopp's; 27th, Camberlin's; 28th, Lebanon and Quittapahilla; 29th, Schaeffers-town.

This itinerary, which continues with but slight variations, and occasional detours, constituted his regular field of labor, extending into Lancaster, Lebanon, Berks, Dauphin, Cumberland and Franklin counties. His extra trips, made doubtless, at the urgent solicitations of weak and destitute societies, often involved a travel of hundreds of miles through unbroken forests and over lofty mountains. We here give a few examples from his diary. April 13, 1768, we find him at Dr. Schuebley's, in Franklin county, and the next day at Hagerstown, Maryland. And a few weeks later, May 3d, he preached at Quiggle's, and on the 5th on the

Codorus; both places were in York county. The following September he preached at Reading, in Berks county. In October he made the following tour: October 2, Carlisle; 4th, Falling Spring; 5th, Dr. Schuebley; 6th, Hagerstown; 7th, Peter Shang's; 8th, Sharpsburg, near the Potomac; 9th, Frederick; the last four appointments being in Maryland. He then returned to his regular field. A few weeks later, May 6th, he was in Bedford, and on the 13th and 20th, at Ft. Redstone. He was undoubtedly the first trans-Allegheny minister to preach in the German language. His diary of 1771 shows that he had relinquished the congregations and seldom crossed the Susquehanna, but preached regularly at the following places: Lebanon, Quittapahilla, Maytown, Mannheim, Rapho, Weiseichenland, Hummelstown, Blasser's, Jonestown, Lancaster and Hemphill.

In giving an estimate of the character of John Conrad Bucher, we are led to say unhesitatingly that he was one of the most learned and zealous of all the ministers of Colonial times. He preached in the English, French and German languages. He never wrote out his sermons in full, but made beautiful and well arranged sermon briefs or notes, mostly in the German language. That he took pains in their preparation is shown by the frequent Greek, Latin and Hebrew references found in them. Several hundred of these briefs are still preserved in a silk-lined receptacle, in the fabric of which is woven the name "J. C. Bucher," and the date 1767.

This noble, patriotic and zealous divine was suddenly cut down by the hand of death in the midst of his best years. On August 15th, 1780, he went to Annville to perform a nuptial ceremony, and amidst the festivities of the occasion suddenly expired from heart disease. His age was 50 years, 2 months and 5 days. His ashes repose in the Reformed churchyard at Lebanon, Penna.

THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF JOHN CONRAD BUCHER.

Inasmuch as there has been hitherto considerable uncertainty in regard to the parentage of the wife of John Conrad Bucher, we have, after considerable research, gathered the following facts. In 1733 John George Hoke and his wife, Barbara, with their family, arrived in Philadelphia, from Germany. Among the minor children recorded in the Pennsylvania Archives was John George, Jr.

The town of York in Pennsylvania was laid out by order of the Proprietors in 1741 and the first lots were sold in November of that year. Among the first purchasers of lots was Samuel Hoak, who purchased lot 105, and George Hoak, who purchased the adjoining lot, No. 107. These men we know to have been brothers, and the latter was the father of Mrs. Bucher. Prior to locating in York, George Hoak married in Lancaster county, Barbara Lefevre, who was either a daughter or granddaughter of Isaac Lefevre, who married Catharine, the eldest daughter of Madame Ferree. The Ferrees and Lefevres were French Huguenots, who fled from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and located in the Palatinate. From thence they went in 1709 to England, being assisted by Queen Ann, and from thence to New York, and two years later (1712), to Pennsylvania, locating on lands granted them by William Penn during their sojourn in England.* George Hoak and wife, Barbara, were among the first members of the Reformed Church at York. Their eldest child seems to have been Mary Magdalena. They also had a son, Benjamin, who in Provincial days settled near Winchester, Va., and Peter, who was one of the first citizens of Uniontown, Fayette county, Penna.

Some time prior to 1759 George Hoak removed to Carlisle, Penna. There is extant a letter from a presumable suitor addressed to Molly Hoke, Carlisle, dated September 13, 1759, in which the writer pays his respects to her parents. On August 21, 1761, his son-in-law, Lieutenant Bucher, wrote to him from Fort Pitt, addressing his letter to George Hoke, Esq., Carlisle. Finally, the records of the county show that in 1762 George Hoke, of Carlisle, died, and his wife Barbara became his executrix. The identity of the family is thus incontrovertibly established. The Hoke family attended the Presbyterian Church, under Dr. Duffield, and that distinguished minister likewise performed the ceremony at the marriage of Lieutenant Bucher and Mary Magdalena, or "Molly" Hoke, which occurred, as we have stated, on February 26, 1760.† On November 4th, 1762, Dr. Duffield gave Mrs. Bucher an honorable dismissal from his congregation,‡ and, inasmuch as Lieutenant Bucher soon thereafter assumed the func-

*See memorials of the Huguenots by the author of this article.

†She was born February 2d, 1742, at York, Penna., and died at the home of her son at Alexandria, Pa., March 11th, 1819.

‡Rupp's, Berks Co. P. 458.

tions of the ministry, we are inclined to the belief that the spring of 1763 marks the beginning of the Reformed Society at Carlisle under his care, while serving as an officer of the garrison. Their family consisted of four children, namely, John Jacob, who was born January 1st, 1764, and died October 16, 1827. John George was born October 4, 1766, and died April 8, 1843; Mary Elizabeth, was born April 8th, 1773, and died in 1791, and John Conrad, who was born June 18, 1775, and died in 1852, besides two that died in infancy.

The sons were all men of considerable prominence. John George lived and died in Lebanon; John Jacob made his residence in Harrisburg, and was one of the first and foremost citizens of the place. He was coroner of Dauphin county in 1796, a justice in 1798, a member of the Legislature from 1803 to 1808, a Commissioner to erect the State Capitol in 1810. In the Legislature from 1814 to 1816, and Associate Judge from 1818, to his death, in 1827. His son, John Conrad, born December 28, 1792, was in his day one of the leading citizens of the Commonwealth, a member of Congress, and an Associate Judge for many years. The many letters still preserved by his descendants from many leading men of the nation, among them several Presidents of the United States, indicates his high standing in public affairs. John Conrad, the youngest son of the immigrant, located in Alexandria, Huntington county, where he was a merchant. In 1812-1815 he was postmaster, in the Legislature in 1815-1818, and County Commissioner from 1825 to 1828.

A considerable number of descendants from maternal lines also became noted. Among the number we may specially mention the late Dr. Thomas Conrad Porter, D.D., LL.D., a grandson of John Conrad Bucher, Jr. Dr. Porter was born in 1822, and died in 1901. He was a scholar of rare ability and lofty attainments, and for many years occupied the chair of Biology and General Geology in Lafayette College.

Dr. Porter made extensive researches in various fields of study, especially in Botany, and many contributions of permanent value issued from his prolific pen. He was a linguist of note, an expert in Finnish and other obscure literature. He was an authority on Ecclesiastical history and enriched the literature of his Church with his valuable contributions. Although bearing an Anglo-

Saxon name, he nevertheless was proud of his German ancestry and at the time of his death was the President of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

Conclusively we may add that John Conrad Bucher was on terms of intimacy with the foremost men of his times. Among his papers, now unfortunately scattered, were many from his companions in arms, the famous Generals Bouquet and Stanvix. In ecclesiastical circles he was intimate with the noted Peter Miller, Prior of the Ephrata community, who was one of the most learned men of his times, and who, by direction of the Continental Congress, translated the Declaration of Independence into the German language. One of his bosom friends in the Forbes and Bouquet expeditions was Major, afterwards General, John Philip de Haas, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. General de Haas was a member of his congregation at Lebanon and sponsor at the baptism of most of his children.

The descendants of Rev. John Conrad Bucher, now so widely scattered over the Union, have just reason to feel proud of their illustrious ancestor, and the Reformed Church in America will doubtless assign him a more honorable position in her history as his stirring qualities and valuable services to his adopted country and the Church are better known and appreciated.

APPENDIX I.

[We append the following beautiful poetic tribute from the pen of Prof. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., of Lancaster, Pa., first published in Philadelphia Press among "Poems Worth Reading," and kindly furnished us by Mrs. E. B. Hummel, of Harrisburg, Pa.—Editor.]

CONRAD BUCHER.

We have read full oft of the heroes grand
Who live in the annals of Switzerland;
Of the courage high and the warlike deed
Of Tell, and Melethal, and Winkelried;

But in rhyme the story has ne'er been told
Of the little band of Switzers bold,
Who across the sea, to its Western shore,
The precious faith of their fathers bore.

Names uncouth in the English tongue—
Goetschius, Schlatter—remain unsung;
But as brave were they as the men who fell
On the fields of Uri or Appenzell.

Have you read the story of one who came
Across the ocean in quest of fame,
From the place where over the rocky wall,
At grand Schaffhausen, the waters fall?

Have you heard how he wielded his valiant sword,
But laid it aside to serve the Lord?
It was Conrad Bucher! Let me tell
How he served the king and his Maker well.

In the quiet cloisters of old St. Gall
He had heard in his youth his Master's call;
He had sat at the feet of godly men
In the schools of Basil and Göttingen.

But, 'twas said, in the land of the setting sun
There were battles fought and honors won;
And there came a message across the main
That Braddock was beaten at Fort Duquesne.

Could he hear the sound of the rolling drum
That to distant battles bade him come?
Did he heed the music far away,
When he followed the fortunes of bold Bouquet?

Have you read of the German regiment
That was farthest into the forest sent?
How in summer's heat and winter's snows
They freed the land from its dusky foes?

There bright in the forest's darkest shade
Was the flash of Bucher's battle-blade,
And the painted chiefs, the legends tell,
Knew the hand that smote them when they fell.

It was when they lingered, to rest awhile,
In the famous barracks of fair Carlisle,
That the soldiers prayed him to preach the Word,
So precious of old, so long unheard.

For there comes a time in the soldier's life
When he hungers anew for the Bread of Life,
And he longs, like the scion of Jesse's stem,
To drink of the waters of Bethlehem.

Once more the Master's call had come,
And louder it sounded than fife or drum;
"Renounce thy laurels and sheathe the sword!
Take up thy burden and serve the Lord!"

Ah! where was the soldier's dream of fame?
 To the Saviour's altar he humbly came,
 And the "Fathers" ordained the captain there,
 With benediction and heartfelt prayer.

To his faithful soldiers, and fair Carlisle,
 As a Royal Chaplain he preached awhile;
 But then until life's work was done,
 He served his Master in Lebanon.

And wherever our ancient churches stand,
 From bright Swatara to Maryland,
 The hearts of the people were deeply stirred
 When his voice like a trumpet blast was heard.

All hail to Bucher! For him, we know,
 No drums are beaten, no bugles blow;
 But 'tis well! For he cast his laurels down,
 And took up the cross to win the crown.

APPENDIX II.

THE BUCHER ALBUM.

Through the courtesy of Mr. C. P. Hatfield, of Alexandria, Pa., a descendant and present possessor, we have had in hand for a few days the original University Album of John Conrad Bucher. We had the title page photographed and a fac-simile of this *Fraktur Schrift* probably by Mr. Bucher himself serves as frontispiece to this issue. Nine years ago the late Prof. Thomas C. Porter, of Easton, Pa., also a descendant of the subject of foregoing sketch, published a small pamphlet of notes on this somewhat remarkable Bucher relic. Same is also published in fifth volume of Proceedings of Pennsylvania-German Society. The book itself is seven and one-half inches long, four and one-half inches wide and an inch thick, well bound in red Morocco, with leaves of stout gilt-edged paper, with an occasional one of vellum, which pages are adorned with beautifully hand-painted illustrations. Of the lofty sentiments and well wishes by a large body of university professors and student friends recorded here, as well as affectionate effusions by close relatives, fifty-seven entries are in Latin, thirty-four in German, two in Greek and two in Hebrew, and one in French. One is a poetic sentiment set to music by the Professor of Music in Marburg. Altogether it contains more illustrious signatures, more lofty sentiment, betrays greater erudition and evinces a more careful chirography and letter ornamentation than one is wont to find in such albums. The names of several universities and scholarly men show our subject to have been well born and advantageously surrounded in his youth. The reading of it is like wak-

ing up the past of one hundred and fifty years ago, and strolling through its German seats of learning, or like wandering through an ancient and famous churchyard to read its tombstone inscriptions. We would love to copy many but we will have to let one suffice. This is the inscription of his own father in a fine hand, opposite a lovely characteristic painting illustrative of sentiment, as follows:

FERANDUM ET SPERANDUM.

Leide nur der Dörner stechen,
Du wirst schon noch Rosen brechen.

Dieses wenige hat zu stäts-währendem Angedencken seinem liebem Sohn, Johann Conrad Buchern, S. S. Theol. Stud. wohlmeinentlich beyfügen wollen.
Joh. Jacob Bucher, L. D.

Symb.—Mea Anchora Jesus Christus.

Neunkirch, den 30 October, 1751.

Translation.

BEARING AND HOPING.

Never mind the prick of the thorns,
You will pluck the roses by and by.

This tid-bit is kindly inscribed to the enduring memory of his dear son, John Conrad Bucher, student of divinity, by John Jacob Bucher, L. D.

Motto: My anchor, Jesus Christ.

Neunkirch, 30 October, 1751.

That of the celebrated church historian, John Laur. Mosheim, of Göttingen, recorded on June 19, 1753, reads as follows: "Ama rejuri et pro nihilo putari, Memoriae et Honoris causa Scribebat."

Altogether the album merits careful preservation and is worth an attentive study.

APPENDIX III.

Mrs. E. B. Hummel, of Harrisburg, Pa., another descendant of the subject of our sketch, possesses many relics of this illustrious ancestor—among others, the original list of marriages and baptisms performed by him. The former list was copied by Mr. Luther R. Kelker, of Harrisburg, who had it published in the Pennsylvania Magazine for October, 1902. The portrait of our subject's sister, the Countess Von Pyre, herewith presented is also in Mrs. Hummel's hands; so is the coat-of-arms. Also a large tin box, padlocked, and full of valuable papers once belonging to a relative of this celebrated pioneer. Also a complete genealogy of Bucher family from 1541, and a family ring.

APPENDIX IV.

Tombstone inscription in First German Reformed graveyard of Lebanon, Pa.

HIER RUHET IM TODT DER LEIB
CONRAD BUCHER.
PREDIGER 12 YAHRE IN LIBANON.
GEBOREN DEN 10TEN JUNI, 1730.
MIT SEINER EHEFRAU, MAGDALENA, LEBTE ER 20 YAHRE,
ZEIGTE 8 KINDER—4 SIND IN DIE EWIGKEIT
VORANGEGANGEN.
GESTORBEN DEN 15TEN AUGUST, 1780.
SEINES RUHMVOLLES ALTERS, 50 Y., 2 M. UND 5 TAGE.
BUCHER.

ABOUT THE WEATHER

(Continued from page 290.)

himself out with a flush of mid-summer heat in the East, and with a blighting snow blizzard in the West. Was it to make emphatic the century-mark of our Louisiana purchase, that President Roosevelt and a shivering multitude were obliged on its last day to inaugurate the St. Louis Exposition with chattering teeth?

May came apace, ushered in by way of the North Pole and clad in furs and great-coats. On the mountains she scattered flurries of snow, while in the valleys twirled into drifts the petals of the blooming apple and cherry. But presently she doffed her furs for gauze and with a raised parasol walked ankle-deep in dust for three weeks to protect herself from the fiery sun and the brassy heavens. The last week she changed parasol for umbrella. All the while she was on dress parade and presented June with a pink garment of roses, strawberries and clover. As June, with its conventions and commencements, is yet fresh "in the memory of men still living," we shall not comment upon it. It is time to keep cool and this may be done by recalling pictures of blizzardy last winter and, therefore, we have presented our picture of "Mt. Gretna in Winter" in Poetic Gems' column.

We omit our Historical Pilgrimage in this issue, and substitute for it a Landmark History of the early United Brethren Church. We are sure our readers will greatly enjoy the article from the able pen of our friend and co-worker, Rev. Dr. Brane.

. . . . Poetic Gems

SONNTAG MORGE'DS AN DER ZIEGEL KERCH.*

BY LEE L. GRUMBINE, ESQ.

Der Klingel-klang der Sonntag's Klocke,—
 Die Vögel im Thurm verstört un' verschrocke,—
 Zum Gottesdienst die Leut bei zu locke,
 Durch 's stille Thal schallt,
 (Statts in der Faulheit dehe'm rum hucke,—)
 Uewer Hüwel un' Wald.

Des schö melodisch Klocke G'spiel,
 Im frühe Sommer Morge'kühl,
 Es g'ebt e'n herrlich Feuertag's G'fühl
 Zu Mönsche un' Füh,
 Der Bauer hat Ruh, un' der Müller, un' die Mühl,
 Sonntag Morge'ds früh.

Die Amschel singt ihr fröhlich Lied,
 Die Felder sin roth mit süss Geblüth,
 Der Knecht vom ruhge is schon müd,
 Leit rum so faul,
 Die Schu un' Rock aus, streekt er's Glied,
 Un' sparrt 'uf 's Maul.

Nach der Kereh zu geh was g'ebt 's e'n G'rischt,
 E'n Gewäsch un' G'sträl un' 'Ufgefrischt,
 Unnerkle'der so weiss wie ihr runde Brüst,
 Was e'n Lust un' Freed,
 Wie leicht zu sei 'n guter Kerche-krist,
 Bei so schöne Mäd!

'Uf der ganse Welt nix so shö un' süss,
 Wie die Mäd geputzt von Köpp zu Füss
 In Sonntag's Kle'der, geble'cht in der Wies'
 So weiss as Schnee,
 Sie gucke wie Engel im Paradies,
 So süss un' schö.

*From "Der Dengelstock and other Poems and Translations," a book of dialect poems now in press. By permission of the author.

Jetzt wird's 'f der Kerche-weg gegange,
 Bal' wird die Klock 'uf 's zwe'tmal klange,
 Bis mir hi' komme wird's bal Zeit für a'fange,
 Net hinne dra' sei,
 Könnt mer Himmel so gut wie die Kerch erlange,
 Wär ich g'wiss. dabei!

Die Nachbare seht mer au' schon geh,
 Bei ganse Familia—gross un' kle'
 Un' 'f 'em Weg g'ebts als noch meh,
 Unser Anne geht vor,
 Hebt der Gownd weg'm Sta'b, guckt heftig schö,
 Me'nt der David Kohr.

Te'l komme zu fahre un' te'l zu laufe,
 Un' sel' Paar hat e'n kle' Kind zu taufe,
 Sei Paethe were e'm schon G'schenke kaufe,
 'S war so der Gebrauch,
 Mag's 'uf wachse e'n gute Frau un' e'n Brave—
 Dort heult's—'s hat's im Bauch!

Komme bei die alte Kerche Väter,
 Mit wichtig Gemüth, un' Sonntag's Kle'der,
 Wenig blet un' u'g'schickt fühlt e'n jeder,
 Is es net recht g'wönt,
 Hinne noch die Weibslaut, e'n wenig bleter,
 Ihr Sache gut g'me'nt.

Awer horch! Jetzt nächer klingelt die Klock!
 Mer seht schon e'n mancher Sonntag's Rock,
 Un' dort geht e'n alter Mann am Stock—
 So langsam un' lahm—
 Ruht weil vor der Kerch, 'uf e'm grosse Block,
 Un'er'm Schattebaum.

Un' immer als mer nächer komme,
 Von alle Weg bei versammle die Fromme,
 Bei der Kerch un' im Kerchhof bei de Blume,
 Für geistliche Speise,
 Un' der Parre, der der grad Weg (statt's der Krumme)
 Nach e'm Himmel soll weise.

Sie stehn drauss rum un' wechsle die B'richte,
 Sie schwätze vo'm Bauere, vo'm Wetter, von de Früchte
 Sie verzehle nan'er ihre Nachbar's G'schichte,
 Un' allerhand Dinge;
 Am Nachtmal denke sie ihr Handel un' Pflichte
 Uewer e'ns zubringe.

Sie lese die Grabste' mit langem G'sicht,
 Das Jenseit 'm Grab is e'n dunkle G'schicht,
 'S macht sie denke an der Jüngst-tag's G'richt,
 Un' verspreche im Stille,
 Nächer zu wandle im Geistes Licht,
 Um' Gottes Wille!

Do is der Platz wo die Mary ruht,
 Unser erstgebornes Fle'sch un' Blut,
 'S bringt ihr Mutter un' mich in e'n trauriger Muth,
 'S macht Schmerz un' Weh,
 We'ss wohl der Herr macht alles gut,
 Kann's doch net versteh.

Schon lang is e'n g'ehrter Vater fort;
 Der rund, grü Hüwel un' der Grabste' dort
 Bezeug es, un' merke der heilig Ort,
 Wo sei Körper schloft,
 In 're bessere Welt unser Komme erwart,—
 Uns zutrefte dort hofft.

Do in der Stille, gans alle,
 Am Grab meine Liewe bleiw ich steh,
 Mit schwerem G'fühl un' Herzeweh,—
 Aus der alte Zeit
 Hör ich Stimme, un' bekannte G'sichter seh,
 Der Vergange'heit.

So 'uf der Tag die ernste Dinge,
 Die Klock im Thurm ihr Loblied singe,
 Un' Sinder die Erlesung klinge,
 Vo'm gross Verderwe,
 Un' wenig nächer z'amme bringe,
 'S Lewe un' 's Sterwe.

Dann jetz die Klock zum letst Mal geht,
 Un' ruft 's Volk nei das draus rum steht,
 Der Parre hat schon in der Hut gebet,—
 Wart bis sie sitze—
 Er is gans voll mit Lehr—mer seht,—
 Für Sinder schwitze.

Die Vorstehr trage die Körwlin rum,
 'S g'ebt doch ke' wieste grosse Sum,
 Sie fühle die Ehr, trage G'sichter fromm
 Do in der Kerch,
 In an'eri Dinge geht's e' bissel krumm
 Un' überzwerch.

Zum führe im G'sang die liewe Mitglieder,
 Der Parre g'ebt aus die Worte der Lieder,
 'S erst leint er sie aus, no' singt mer sie wieder,
 Wenig sachte un' blet,
 Glei' stimme sie ei'—die Swest're un' Brüder—
 Mit Eifer un' Freed.

Was der Vorsinger drum sei Maul 'ufsparrt,
 Er singt schier gar wie e'n Schä'fli' blarrt,
 Als Musick sei Singe is net viel werth'
 Doch—ich sag's net spöttlich—
 'S wird g'wiss bei viel schier liewer g'hört
 As des lang Gepredig.

Der Orgelspieler führt die Weis,
 Der Blasbalgtretter schafft mit Fleiss,
 'S wird g'sunge von der Himm'lische Reis,
 Nach der Ewigkeit,
 Von Erlesung ohne Geld un' Preis—
 Un' Barmherzigkeit.

Aus der Orgel rollt der süsse Ton,
 Mer me'nt es kommt von Gottes Thron,
 Wann e'n Seelig's bekommt die Himmel's Kron.
 Sei Lob un' Ehr
 Dem Vater, Heiliger Geist un' Sohn—
 Dreieiniger Herr!

“Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut,
 Dem Vater alle Güte,
 Dem Gott der alle Wunder thut,
 Dem Gott der mein Gemüthe
 Mit seinem reichem Trost erfüllt,
 Dem Gott der allem Jammer stillt,
 Giebt unserm Gott die Ehre.”

Nach 'em Gebet wird die Schrift gelese,
 Dann noch'mal g'sunge hat's gehese,
 Mer sucht der Text mit grossem Wese,
 Un' e' bissel stolz,—
 Kaut Näglin un' Peppermints un' so G'fräse,
 Un' Zimmetholz.

Un' faule Köpp fange au' zunucke,
 Un' dürstige Häls were mächtig drucke,
 Un' knitze Buwe alle Ecke aus gucke,—
 Un' zum Fenster 'naus,
 Un wun'ere wo die Kerchhof Schpucke
 Sin Tags zu Haus.

'S mag Schuld sei die schläfrig Luft im Summer
 Das die halb Geme' vergesst ihr Kummer,
 Un' verliere sich in tiefer Schlummer,
 Awer Buwe un' Määd
 Wechsle 'n mancher Blick un' denke, " 'S is e'n Dummer
 As schlofe geht."

Die Wahrheit von der Kensel fliesst,
 Der Parre es Evangalium giesst,
 Sei Weisheit's Schätze gern 'ufschliesst,
 Mit gross Freigawe,
 Mit Faust un' Lernung schlägt er wiest,
 Der bös U'glawe.

Mit ernster A'dacht thut er bemerke,
 Die Sind un' Thorheit sich zu sterke,
 Un' sich verlosse 'uf Mönsche Werke,
 Des kommt vo'm Böse;
 Net besser as Heide te'l an'eri Kerche,—
 Abgöttisch Wese!

Ja, Gott sei Dank! Was e'n guter Glawe!
 Was meh' will e'n guter Krist dann hawe?
 Des Wort geht tüwer die Köpp der Tauwe—
 Sin tief im Schlof;
 Die höre so viel as drauss sin vergrawe,
 Im Kerchhof!

Der Gottesdienst endlich kommt zum Schluss,
 'S nemmt g'wiss au' niemand ke'n Verdruss,
 Doch gute Sache gehn net im Schuss,
 'S hat alles sei Zeit,
 Der Parre hat au' e'n freundlicher Gruss,
 Für all die Leut.

Awer ob er dann der Sege spricht,
 Die Orgel nochemal frisch ausbrecht—
 All die Schläfrige plötzlich 'ufgewächt—
 Der Lobspruch spielt;
 Un's Singe laut schö, als e'n jedes recht
 Froh un' ernstlich fühlt—

"Ehr sei dem Vater, und dem Sohn,
 Dem Heiligen Geist, auf einem Thron,—
 Der Heiligen Dreieinigkeit,
 Sei Lob und Preis in Ewigkeit."

DIE LARNING.

Was batt die Larning? Nix—un viel:
 'S depend en wennig uf der Kop:
 En mancher eifersichtger Drop
 Mit frischem Muth un hochem Ziel

Hot's Harn schier gaarli rausgschtudirt—
 Un was hot's dann am End gebatt?
 Ei, endlich hot er, bleech un matt,
 Sei Kräfte gans veruminirt.

Dar Zweifel hot sei Seel vezwarnt:
 Uf dunkli Barrige rum is er
 Wahnsinnig gschtolpert hi' un her
 Un hot dar recht Weg net gelarnt.

Die Larning muss vewandelt sei
 In's Lewe—juscht wie Brod zu Blut,
 Schunscht dhut's 'm Mensch gans wennig gut,
 Kann gaar noch Schade dhu debei.

Es gebt en Scheeheit vun de Seel,
 En liebliche Gerechtigkeit,
 'As sich veschennert mit de Zeit
 Un is vum wahre Gott 'n Dheel.

Sel is die haupt Sach; in dar Dhat
 Sel is es eenzigscht Ding 'as bschteht
 Wann Welt un Himmel mol vegeht,
 Un sel hot aa die Mammi ghat.

In ihrem kleene Finger waar
 Meh Weisheit vun de rechte Sart
 'As mancher Witzkop finne ward
 In all de Bicher gross un rahr.

C. C. ZEIGLER.

St. Louis, March 7, 1903.

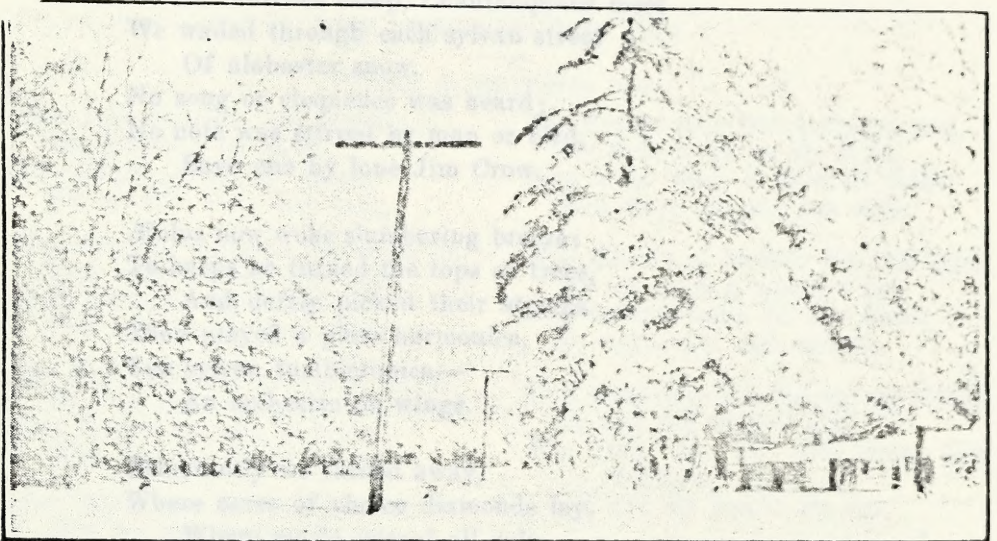
MT. GRETNA IN WINTER, or, A VISIT TO FAIRY-LAND.

BY REV. P. C. CROLL.

Last week I broke a fixed rule;
 I kept my ten-year boy from school
 To visit fairy-land.
 A chilly rain, the day before,
 Had caught and held the landscape o'er
 In Frost-king's icy hand.

While orchard-trees and shrubs and grass
 Stood clad in armor of clear glass,
 And weighted down quite low,
 The mystic weavers of the sky
 Sent down a blanket from on high,
 Of woolly, flaky snow.

When morning dawned quite brisk and clear,
 And snow and ice clung everywhere,
 I thought of Gretna's hills.
 Where goblins, sprites and fairies all,
 Such days must dance through sylvan hall
 And play by pearly rills.



A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT MT. GRETTA,
 February 17, 1903.

On iron horse the mount we scaled,
 To find the forest-trees regaled
 With crystal glories bright;
 No palace ever looked so grand!
 No glass emporium in the land
 E'er shone in such a light!

Cathedrals grand and towers high,
 From snow-white earth to soft-blue sky,
 Reared up their charming walls;
 While candalabra, set with pearls,
 And diamond stars ne'er worn by earls
 Lit up their magic halls.

The brooklet flowed 'round isles of snow,
 While birch and maple bending low,
 Built crystal arches o'er.
 A hundred huts the pines supplied,
 By elfin all were occupied,
 From glassy roof to floor.

A myriad Christmas-trees stood decked,
 Whose brilliants did the sun reflect
 Like thousand tapers bright.
 Such glory ne'er did wealth command;
 No palace-halls were e'er so grand,
 Illumined by such light.

Where churches camp, Chautauquans meet
 We waded through each sylvan street
 Of alabaster snow.
 No song or eloquence was heard;
 No note was stirred by man or bird,
 Save one by lone Jim Crow.

Æolus now woke slumbering breeze;
 To harps he turned the tops of trees,
 And deftly picked their strings.
 Then played a glass harmonica,
 Ten sylvan tumbleronica—
 An orchestra on wings.

Reluctantly we turned away,
 Where acres of choice diamonds lay,
 Where music passed all rule.
 But as we homeward turned our way,
 I heard my little youngster say:
 'Twas worth a day in school.

EIN DEUTSCHER YANKY DUDEL.

Copied from "Der Libanoner Morgenstern" den 1sten Merz. 1809. By permission of George Gerberich. 80 Seton St., N. W., Washington.

[Aus dem Baltimore correspondent.]

Schärft den Säbel, putz't's Gewehr,	Auf, ihr Brüder! frisch gewagt;
Macht euch viel Patronen-	Dann hülft kein Besinnen,
Kommt ein Feind von ohngefahr,	Wenn es gilt, seyd nicht verzagt,
So wüsst ihr ihn zu lohnen!	So werdt ihr 's gewinnen.—Cho.

Chorus.

Yänky dudel—sieh dich vor,	Mit Frankreich und mit England,
Man will dich verführen.	Sollen wir uns schlagen;
Krieg is unsern vor dem Thor,	Ein Rock soll die Tory-Band,
Lerne—exercieren.	Von Theer und Federn tragen.—
	Cho.

Statt ein Stern und Ordensband
Soll ein Rock sie zieren,
Und zur Schau woll'n wir durch 's
Land
In Triumph sie führen.—Cho.

Seht die Freyheits Göttin lacht,
Es ist ihr Entzücken!
Dafür soll uns in der Schlacht
Ruhm und Siege schmücken.—
Cho.

Laszt die Freyheits Fahne wehn
Jedem Feind ein Schrecken;
Freunde, kommt, laszt uns sie schön
Auf Quebeck's Wälle stecken.—
Cho.

Dorten winkt der Ruhm uns nur,
Feinde zu besiegen;
Ist, bey'm Styx! (ein harter Schnur)
Deutschen ihr Vergnügen.—Cho.

Hier nehmt unser Lebenwohl,
Alle deutschen Schönen—
Dem die Kugel treffen soll,
Dem schenkt eure Thränen!—
Cho.

Denen sey ihr Glas gefüllt,
So den Tod verachten;
Wenn, im Pulverdampf gehüllt,
Die Kanonen Krachen.—Cho.

DER JUNI UND DER JULI.

FRANK R. BRUNNER, M.D.

Der Juni is schon bal ferbei,
Die Hoyet is im gang;
Die Baure sin ah all dabei,
Sie schoffe herd und lang.

Am fier Uhr schteene sie schon uf,
Und melke erscht die Küh;
Noh laude sie die Milich uf
Und schicke sie ferd, früh.

En Kriemeri ergends nemt sie ei,
En deel geet noch der Shtadt;
Des Butter shtosse is ferbei—
Was war sel als en tshob.

Der Raam war os emol ferhexht,
Mer hot ken Butter krickt;
Mir hen gedreet und hen gekrext,
Und oft ins Fas geblickt.

Ferhexht wars werd, doch wars net
wohr;
Es gebt nix fun der Ardt;
Deel Küh hen ken Frucht gricht 's
gans Johr,
Sie waare din wie Bord.

Im Juni hen mir Hoy gemacht.
Was hen mir als gemeet
Mit deitsche Sense, und gelacht;
Die Meed hen 's Gras ferschpreet.

Wan 's shtump war hen mir als
gewetzet,
Und als en weil geruht;
Und mit de Gras-ferschmeiser
gschwätzt,
Sel hot sie als gesuit.

Die Fracks und Hosse waare nas,
Oft halb wegs an die Knie,
Fum nasse Dau, so früh im Gras;
Doch wars uns gar ken müh.

Mei Händ hen Mohler fun der sens,
Wo ich mich g'schnitte hab
Am wetze drunne an der Fens;
Es wetze war mei tshob.

Und schmärtze hab ich kat im Rück;
Er war bal halwer ab;
Wie froh war ich fers Nein Uhr
Shtück,
Sel war als juseht tip-top.

Schnaps, Koffe, Wasser, Kuche, Pei,
Sel war als unser Koscht;
En jeders war gans nächst dabei,
Zu schaffe wars en Luscheht.

En guter Man hot, dan und wan,
Mei Sens g'wetzed fer mich;
Noh hot sie g'schnitte, es war Fun,
Mei Muth war wider frisch.

En schlechter Wetzter bin ich noch,
Ich wees net wie es kumt;
Habs bescht g'du und immer doch
Is sie druf naus g'tschumpt.

Es Frucht Reff war fer mich zu
gros,
Im Shtroh wars immer fascht;
Ich hab g'zoft fer wider los;
Es war mir als en Lascht.

Doch Frucht g'bunne hab ich oft,
 Sel war mir juscht als freed;
 Und fer der zeit, oft hab ich koft—
 Es helfe ah deel Meed.

Es waare immer som dabei,
 Sel war so angeneem;
 Die Mansleit sin g'rusecht druf nei,
 En jeders geet fers Geem.

Do hot mer ah gern Hoy g'macht,
 Nas war mer oft mit Schwitz;
 Und mange Load war Heem g'brocht
 In aller gröschter Hitz.

Und wans ans Fahre gange is,
 Hen zwe Meed noh g'recht;
 Die hens Hoy g'schlänkerd—ja,
 gewis,
 Hen all gedu es bescht.

Wie heemeld mich noch selle zeit,
 Doch is sie all ferbei;
 Es Hoy und Frucht Feld war foll
 Leit,
 Nau is Mäschinerei.

Die Gras maschin, die kleppert nau,
 Und meed en gros, gros Schtück;
 Der Meher werd net nas fum Dau,
 Und krickt ken krummer Rück.

Gras schprehe duth sie ah so schö,
 Mer meent es kent net sei;
 Es kent jo gar net besser geh
 Mit dutzend Meed dabei.

Sie Reche ah nau nimme noh
 Wans Hoy g'laade werd;
 En Gaul im Reche mus sel du,
 Es geet ihm ah net herd.

Mit Wenne sehnt es grad so aus,
 En Kicker mus ins Feld;
 Mit sex Füzsch schlächt er hinne naus,
 Seent juscht mol wie er schneld.

Fiel g'schwinder und juscht grad so
 guth
 Werds Hoy nau ah g'macht;
 Und sel is was die Baure suit
 Wans sie juscht wennig koscht.

Und Frucht bind ah ken Meedel meh,
 Sie hasse nau die Sun;
 Sie wolle schnock sei, weis und schö,
 Doch schpringe sie sonseht rum.

Der Beinder nemt nau seller Platz.
 Seent hie wie er Frucht meed,

Und bind sie uf und drinkt ken
 Schnaps,
 Sel macht de Baure freed.

Der Juli kumt dem Juni noh;
 Noh erndt mer Frucht und Hoy;
 Der Herr schoft alles ohne Loh,
 Schtärd aus schon früh im Moy.

Ehn Monat helft dem anre mit,
 So geets Johr ei, Johr aus;
 Sel lehrt der Herr uns zum Profit,
 Helf ehns dem anre raus.

Und so geets ferd so lang die Weldt
 In ihre Orbit geet;
 Fiel Leit ferdiane Ehr und Geld,
 Besonders guthe Meed.

Und Summer, Winter, Schpot und
 Früh;
 Die bleiwe niemols aus;
 Des Lewe is foll Erwed, Müh,
 Sel meent—Schaff dir en Haus.

Drum, Juni, dir sag ich "Good-
 bye,"
 Du hoscht dei sach g'du;
 Bis du's nächst Johr kumscht wider
 bei
 Sin fiel ferd in die Ruh.

Und Juli, nau kumt dir dei Zeit,
 Mit Tage lang und hees;
 Du hoscht fer uns noch fiel arbeit,
 Fiel mehner das mer wees.

Der Pennsylvania-German ah,
 Der schlupt im Juni raus,
 Und bis der Juli gumt—hurrah!
 Is er in jedem Haus.

Drum danke mir, forhändig, dem
 Gott und guthe Leit,
 Das mir g'lebt hen wie mir hen,
 Und ah bei dere Zeit.

Der Himmel mag wohl schöner sei
 As wie die Erd do is;
 Doch in der Jugend will kens nei;
 Net bis mir schteh alt is.

Und noh is es em noch ferleet,
 Sin so fiel Sache do,
 Mer wünscht zu seene wie es geet,
 Es sehterwe bast mer so.

Doch wan die Weldt uns nimme will,
 Dan sage mir—Adje,
 Zu Juni, Juli—geets wie's will,
 Und fahre in die Höh.

DER YOKEL UN DIE LUNCH ROUTE.

BY M. C. HENNINGER, ESQ.

Ufme Samstag Nommetag
 Kunt der Yokel in die Stadt,
 D'noh geht er uf die Lunch Route
 Un est sich dick un satt,
 Fon Gehlreue, Saur Krout,
 Bommerantze Pie,
 Bull Frogs un Krotte Flesch,
 Was schlecht der Yokel nei!

Rothreue, Lever-Werscht,
 Schweitzer Kase un Fish,
 Broat Werscht mit Knovlich drin,
 'Sis alles uf em Dish;
 Kuttelfleck un Delawar Shad,
 Weisses Kraut un Speck,
 Beefsteaks mit Swivele druf,
 'Sis alles frei fun Dreck.

Lebkuche, Kornbrodt,
 Oyshter Scup un Clams,
 Blutwerscht un Zitterle,
 Seide Speck un Hams,
 Kimmelbrodt un Schmier Kase,
 Waffele noch dabei,
 Die Buwe schlagen recht nei
 'Sis yo alles frei.

Pannhaas un Schnitz un Knep,
 Sparrow Grass un Lung,
 Seifies un Ochse Schnuth,
 Wasserkress un Zung,
 Noodle Soup un Dandeline,
 Alles uf Credit,
 Grundsau mit Gravy druf,
 Des macht en Appetit.

Rosina Boy un Bona Soup,
 Haase un Fersant,
 Hinkel Chowder, Kalb Flesch,
 Alles is uf Hand;
 Mackrel Fish un Schnitz Boy,
 Erbse Soup un Tripe,
 Des macht en guter Wechsel—
 En Ferrennung in der Leib.

Celere un Kraut Zelath,
 Chips un Bumpnickels,
 Schwartzemage, Schmokewerscht,
 Grundniss un dehl Pickels,
 Schwartz Brodt un Krumbere Soup,
 Lever Knep un Hash,
 Hemgemachte Custard Boy,
 Un all so artt G'trasch.

Der Yokel wert nau Dorschtrich,
 Un drinkt sich ziemlich foll—
 Von Applejack un Brantewein,
 Des geth net bei der Zoll;
 Cock-tails un Fancy Stufcht,
 Gin un Lager Bier,
 Es wert ihm wennich schwindlich,
 Er sieht yo nimme die Diehr.

Der Yokel wert gans luschtig
 Un is awennig dumm;
 Klei kumt en grosser Schliffel
 Un puscht en hinne rumm;
 Der Yokel is nau fechterich,
 Un schlecht mol wennich nei.
 Hinne naus un forne naus,
 Ehns un tswe un drei.

Es necht is der Lockup,
 Der Yokel is net Ghame.
 Ei, Ei! dhu liebe Mutter!
 Er winscht er wer D'hame;
 Yetzt kumt er for der Mayor;
 "Was huscht dhu dann g'dhu,
 Es scheint mer wann dhu shloppich
 werscht,—
 Dhu warscht en schlechter Buh."

"Ei nay, dhu lieber Mayor,
 Ich bin en guter Mann,
 Nau geb ich dir die Stohrie
 So guth as wie ich kann;
 Ich war mol uf der Lunch Route,
 Hab g'fresse wie en Kuh;
 Hab g'suffe wie en Rinstieckie,
 Doch bin ich en guter Buh.

"Of course ich war im Schtettel
 Un war net gut bekannt,
 D'noh kummen die Polies Leit
 Un nemmen mich bei der Handt;
 Sell is nau grat wie 's gange is,
 Ach! Mayor, loss mich frei;
 Die Lunch Route bin ich fertich mit,
 Un bleib g'wiss g'trei."

"Well, Yokel, dhu warscht schlop-
 pich;
 Doch geb ich dich desmohl frei.
 Ghe Hehm un dhu dich butze,
 Un blieb mer d'noh g'trei;
 Geh zhu der Frau un Kinner,
 Bleib fon der Lunch Route weck,
 Un wann dhu widder hungrich
 werscht
 Ess Sauer Kraut un Speck."

DER GEITZ.

REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

Der geitz, der geitz, der liehwa
geitz!
Die Bibel mohlt 'n dunk'l-
schwartz;
Er hut 'm Achan's gnick fer-
schtoucht,
Un mocht 'm Nabal 's schimpa
kortz.

Der Ananias un sei frah
Hen aw den Mammon awg'beht;
Sie hen ihr hawb un gut ferkawft,
Un hen die helft yuscht eig'dreht.

Der Petrus mochts 'ne schwartz un
bloh,
Sie folla um, mousrocka doht;
S'is schrecklich wom'r drivver denkt,
Un doch hut 's fiel im sehma boat.

Sie gropscha, mocha, dawg un nocht,
Un essa sich net holwer sott;
Sie tzwocka 's ob on leib un seel
Un klawga sich noch folschter
mott.

Won's yuscht bei sellem bleiwa deht
No kennt m'r sawga: "Gott sei
dank";

Wit hondla mit 'ne! geb uscht acht,
Sie nemma butter, brod un schonk.

Sie kawfa ei uff Deitsch g'wicht,
Un peddla 's mit der Yuddawog;
Die ehrlichkeit bleibt noh d'hehm
Un heilt sich sott om wasserdrog.

Sie schtena on der gortafens
Un gucka 'm Naboth ivver 's feld,
Un plana wie m'r 's mocha kon
Fer 'n mortgage kriega uhna geld.

Won mohl der geitz die wiphond
griekt,
Noh geht 's de gullop dawg un
nocht;
Ken tzeit fer behta, busza duh—
Mit sellem wert ken gelt g'mocht.

Won 's geht fer biss'l opfergeld
Doh schtarrt m'r wiescht in 's
weschanescht;
Sie ferchta sich fer 'm "gling'l-
sock"
Wie 'n Kind fer 'm wasser
wom'r 's wescht.

Der tox, of course, wert scheh
b'tzahl,
Doh kom'r weiters nix d'fohr;
Won's ovver geht fer 's Grischten-
duhm—
So schondesholwer 'n fert'l 's
yohr.

Fer 's Gottesreich un Mission
Hut 's hertz ken blocka, tzort un
waich,
Almosa gevva? links un rechts!—
Des sin so dumma porraschtraich.

Der porra predicht frisch druff lohs;
"Ach! hiet eich, liehwa leit, fer
'm Geitz,
Fer 'n buss un fuftzeh dahler cash
Hengt Jesus blutich dert om
Kreitz."

Er hut 's so scheh un gute g'mocht,
Sie schparra 's moul uff, schlofa ei,
Bis doss 'r endlich "Amen" sawgt,
Dags druff geht 's widder frisch
druff nei.

"Geld tzwingt die welt," wie 's
schprichwort sawgt,
Un Mammon's lieb tzwingt leib un
seel;
Fer 'n hondfoll bech schwaert erner
falsch,
Der onner hut sei schtimmrecht
fehl.

Won ebber so mohl schtarwa muss,
Eh hond im geldsock, ehnie druff,
Un 's hertz om such fer noch meh—
Wos gebt 's d'noh? Haert 's
geitza uff?

Ich glawb 's mohl net, m'r haert
tzu fiel
Wie sellie ort sich waehrt un
kickt;
Wie org der doht sich blooga muss
Bis doss 'r 'n olter geitzhols
griekt.

S'war mohl so 'n alter gnopser,
hehst 's,
Dert ivver 'm seeh im Fransaland,
Doht-kronk im bett, ken huffning
meh,
Der geldsock bei sich in der hond.

Er het fer 'n dokt'r endlich
g'schiekt,

Der het der kup so schep g'nuckt
Un g'froagt: "Well, fatter, het 'r
schun

Fer 'n porra biss'l rumg'guckt?"

"Was! Muss ich schterwa? Kannscht
nix duh?"

Mei sock! Wuh is 'r! Oh yah,
doh."

"Neh, fatter, 'n holwie sehtun uff
's lengscht,

Is ebbes noch, so guckt'n noh."

Er leit gons schtill, er muckt sich
net—

Ferleicht geht doch 's g'wissa uff;
Uff ehmohl fongt 'r hortich aw:

"G'schwind, schiekt fer 'n barber,
schickt 'n ruff."

Der barber kummt mit kneip un
berscht,—

Der alt der nemmt 'n mohl in 's
awg;

"Du, sawg, 's koscht tzeha cent fer
'n schafe,

Was koscht 's fer 'n dohtes
schafa, sawg?"

Der barber schtutzt un denkt a'weil,

"Sel, fatter, koscht tzweh dahler
noh."

Der fatter guckt der dokt'r aw—

"Eh fert'l sehtun un doh net
schloh."

"G'schwind, dum'l dich, bolwier
mich schnell"—

Der barber hut net long g'wetzt,

Un was aw noch 'n wunner war,

Hut net a'mohl fer 'n cent wert
g'schwetzt.

S'war 'n wetting tzwischa geitz
un doht,

Der doht ferliert 's, der geitzhols
locht

Un kollert ivver 'm ausgeh noch—

"Eh dahler — neintzich — cent—
g'mocht."

Dert drivva, denk ich, sin sie froh

Won ebber so yuscht onna kummt

Os olles selwer hovva will—

Obbordich 's feier wuh so brummt.

Des geld des geld, des wiedich geld,

Un doch kon nimmond drunner
duh;

Wer mit 'm Agur behta kon

Den lusst 's gwiss in guter ruh.

Gilbert, Pa.

ES HAEMELT EM A'.

BY REV. ADAM STUMP, D.D.

Doh steht's alt Hous am Weg,

En Stueck von alte Zeite her;

Mer gukt's jo oftmals a'.

Dort geht die Kindheits-speichersteg,

Ees haemelt em a',

Sie heamelt em a'.

Doh is des Kaemmerlie;

Ich bin gebore werre doh.

Mer denkt so manchmal dra'.

Mer waes juseht wann, mer waes net
wie,

Doch heamelt's em a',

Es haemelt em a'.

Dort is dieselbe Schwell;

Es stehne fremme Fuesse druf;

Mer schleicht im Zweifel na'.

Es is wie's war, un doch net, gel?

Doch haemelt's em a',

Es haemelt em a'.

Der Baum am Brunne schwebt;

Der Maulebeer hen sie verkackt.

Die Kinner singe: "Mi, sol, fa;

Die Blum, des Laub, der Stamm
vergeht!"

Und's haemelt em a',

Es haemelt em a'.

Der Todesacker blueht;

Mer fuehlt net ganz so fremm in
dem.

Ya, Mutter, Kind und Frau—

Guk, wie mer jetz die Name sieht!

So haemelt's em a',

Es haemelt em a'.

Horch, haert die Glocke geh!

Sie tollt en Mancher in sei Bett;

Der Schlof, der legt sie dah.

Die Glock schlagt hart, sie duht em
weh;

Es haemelt em a',

Sie haemelt em a'.

LANDMARK HISTORY OF UNITED BRETHRENISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY REV. C. I. B. BRANE, D.D.

THE Church of the United Brethren in Christ was originally exclusively German, being born and brought up among those who spoke that language. Moreover, it had its beginning in the Keystone Commonwealth, and therefore may be mentioned with perfect propriety in THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN. It was conceived in the spirit of divine grace and compassion for men in a period of religious indifference that was taxing to those who realized the peril of sin and the worth of souls, and who knew that even a lovely landscape like the Lebanon Valley, with its boundless resources of material wealth, must prove a cold and barren community without the life-giving influence of the Sun of Righteousness in the soul of the settler. In the absence of Spirit fruit the soil of life can furnish nothing worthy the aim and ambition of an immortal soul. The true philosophy of life is bound up in the doctrine of spiritual supremacy. That is the divinely established center around which every other experience and expression of life must subordinately gravitate. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," is the direction of the great Teacher. In the spirit of that persuasion, realizing that the church must not be silent, much less satisfied, when the air is thick with the fog of sin and the duty of the hour is to utter the protest of God against a debasing tendency, our spiritual ancestors, faithful ministers and members of various churches, raised the "danger signals" of the Gospel in the counties of Lebanon, Lancaster, Berks and Dauphin, and also throughout the beautiful Cumberland Valley, and thus induced thousands to enter the ark of safety.

Soon after the town of Lebanon was laid out, and when most of our fair and fertile farms were covered with forests upon which the keen blade of the woodman's ax had not yet been tried, and through which wild beasts and wilder Indians still roamed, the one often in hot pursuit of the other, the work of a soul-saving evangelism was organized and entered upon in those sections of the State already mentioned, the movement being pioneered by a company of plain but pious preachers, chiefly of the Mennonite Society, but including members of every other Protestant persuasion in the eastern part of the State. At that time the trend of church life, in spite of the faithfulness of the few ministers then employed to preach the Gospel, was largely negative and neutral, affording little or no stimulation to spiritual enterprise. Moreover, this was the period immediately preceding the Revolutionary War, which was additionally demoralizing and detrimental to religion. Fortunately for those who have been favorably effected by the influence of United Brethrenism, the period of religious indifference to which I refer was broken by a great Pentecostal meeting at Isaac Long's, near Lancaster, in 1767, on which occasion people of high and low degree, and representing almost every phase of belief known to

the Commonwealth of Israel, came from far and near and sat under the spell of Gospel unity in a large barn where Martin Boehm, a Mennonite minister, preached the Word with such power and unction that scores were then and there led to forsake sin and embrace the Saviour, realizing that through Him the gift of God is eternal life. At the close of the sermon, and before Mr. Boehm had time to resume his seat, William Otterbein, a Reformed minister, affectionately embraced him in his arms and said: "We are brethren." That fraternal utterance and scene suggested the name of the church—"United Brethren," the additional phrase, "in Christ," being supplied when the denomination was organized at Frederick, Md., thirty-three years later.

That was a meeting in which ministers and members of various churches participated, and in which the grace and love of God were so abundantly



ISAAC LONG'S HOME,
Where the Pentecostal meeting was held in 1767.

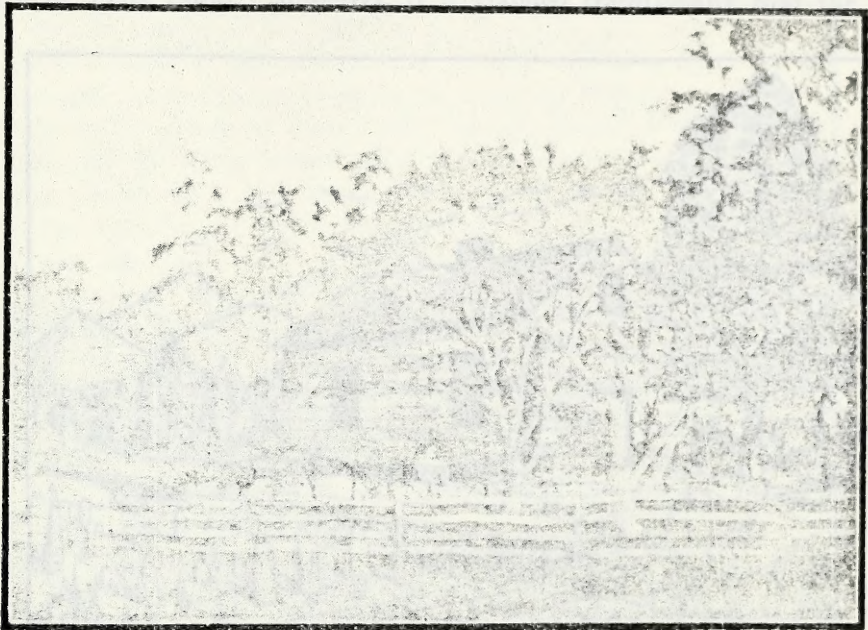
realized that sectarianism had no show at all. While Boehm preached in the barn, overflow meetings were held in the house and orchard near by, where some ministers from Virginia preached the Word.

Of course the old trees shown in the cut are not the ones under which the people gathered on that occasion, but they occupy the same ground.

Denominationally speaking, there were no United Brethren present, except in embryo; but most of the leaders and many of the people who came together at the meeting, which lasted several days, subsequently became members of the church and participated in its organization in 1800. But Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Amish, Reformed, Dunkards, Moravians and Mennonites came together "in the unity of the faith, and of the

knowledge of the Son of God," and there wrought to His glory and the salvation of souls. At the close of the meeting the leaders held a conference in which they agreed upon a basis of doctrinal harmony and mutual co-operation, and planned for the extension of the work in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and thus gave new life and distinctive features to the germinal forces of the movement, which culminated in the organization of the church of the United Brethren in Christ at Peter Kemp's, near Frederick, Md., in 1800.

Having said this much concerning the origin and organization of the church in general, I wish to speak more particularly respecting its history in Lebanon County, where the soul-saving influence of those "unsectarian preachers," as United Brethren ministers were then called, is now embodied in a communicant membership of about five thousand, with thirty



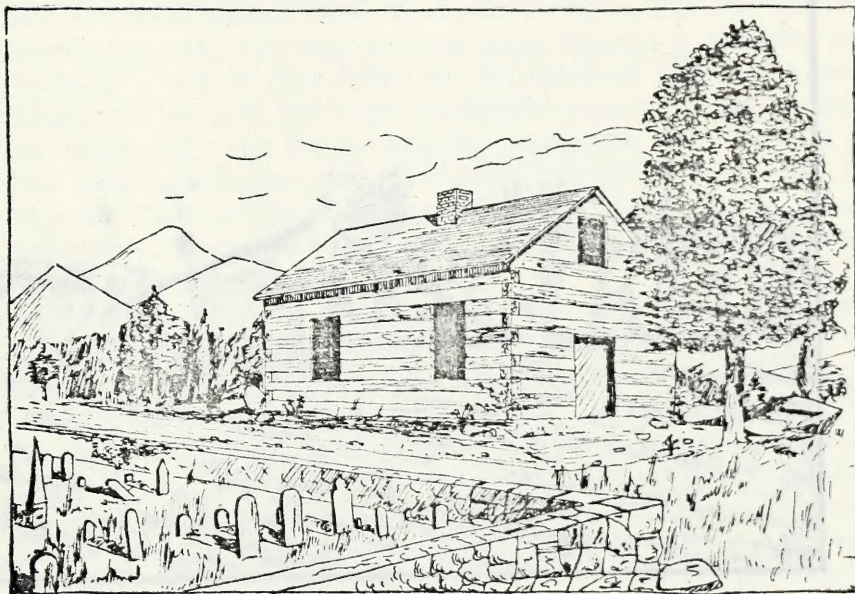
ISAAC LONG'S ORCHARD.

Where the overflow meeting occurred in 1767.

churches and one educational institution—Lebanon Valley College. On reflecting upon such substantial results, I experience a deep sense of gratitude to our spiritual ancestors, realizing that they have left us an inheritance closely akin to that which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, amounting to infinitely more than all the material wealth of the county. Their simple faith and labor of love and self-sacrificing service and soul-saving sermons, associated with the best influences of all the churches in the community, have stocked the county with godly men and capitalized her chief city with the life and spirit of Christianity. They broke the box of spiritual perfume on every hill-top and crowded the valleys with the odor of the ointment. More than a century ago William Otterbein, Martin

Boehm and Martin Kreider canvassed this lovely valley for souls with all the diligence of a modern book agent, and soon had born to their spiritual fatherhood hundreds of souls, including Abraham Draksel, Casper Sherk and Felix Light, each of whom gave his time and talent to the revival movement and became a tower of strength to the cause of Christ, not only in Lebanon county, but also in other States and communities. Of the six men who originally pioneered the cause of United Brethrenism in Pennsylvania, four were natives of Lebanon county, namely, Martin Kreider, Abraham Draksel, Casper Sherk and Felix Light.

In the year 1767 four things occurred which had much to do with this great revival movement and the history of the United Brethren Church. The things to which I refer are these: the Pentecostal meeting at Isaac Long's, the conversion of Martin Kreider and Christian Newcomer, and the birth of Felix Light. Moreover, it is claimed traditionally that the three



GEETING'S MEETING HOUSE,

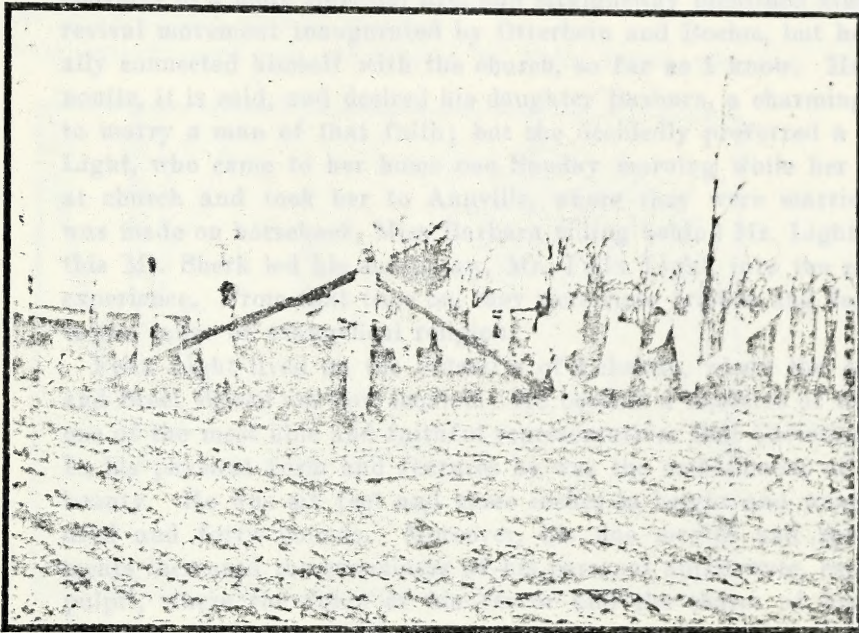
The first Church erected by the United Brethren. Built at Antietam, Md., in 1775.

former events happened on Whitsuntide. The far-reaching influence of those four events may be inferred from the fact that the Pentecostal meeting at Isaac Long's resulted in plans which led to the organization of the church, and in the conversion of Martin Kreider and Christian Newcomer the revival movement gained the co-operation of two great and gifted men. Mr. Newcomer became a bishop in the church and labored more widely and abundantly than any of his co-laborers. As for Felix Light, he was then placed in the line of promotion, not to the same position in the church, but to the same prominence in the work of the Master twenty-five years later.

Martin Kreider stood next to Boehm and Otterbein in point of age and service in the church. He was the son of John Kreider, and lived about a

mile or two south of Lebanon, where he also died and was buried. He was born February 14, 1740, and died November 14, 1826. His remains lie on the old home farm, and his grave is marked by a native limestone. His home was one of the first United Brethren preaching places in the county and State. Mr. Kreider married Miss Catharine Schmutz, who lived a few miles south of Lebanon, and was a neighbor of Abraham Leroy, whose daughter, Susana, became the beloved wife of William Otterbein, the founder of the United Brethren in Christ.

Next to Martin Kreider, Abraham Draksel stood most helpfully identified with the revival movement in Pennsylvania, and especially in Lebanon county, where he was born in 1753. He was called "the silenced preacher," because his Amish brethren, among whom he was a minister, thought he



THE KREIDER GRAVEYARD

Near Lebanon, where the remains of Rev. Martin Kreider, a pioneer United Brethren minister, are buried.

made too much of the doctrine of regeneration in his preaching. But he insisted that the Christian religion is a matter of new life and enjoyment in the Holy Ghost; so he was "silenced"—notified that he must stop preaching.

Of course Mr. Draksel continued the work of an evangelist, and was distinguished for his abundant labors, sweet spirit, Gospel sermons and blameless life. It is said that his beaming countenance, which was always lit up with an optimistic faith in God and the Gospel, was an index to the spiritual joy and sunshine that reigned within. He lived two or three miles northwest of Lebanon, on the farm subsequently owned and occupied by Mr. Louis Yingst, who was the grandfather of Mrs. A. B. Schropp, an honored member of Trinity U. B. church of this city. A sacramental meeting of

great power and far-reaching influence was held at Mr. Draksel's home on the first day of May, 1796. It began the Saturday before with a business meeting, which was followed with a sermon by Christian Newcomer, of Maryland, who spoke with great liberty on these words: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." On Sunday morning George A. Geeting, of Antietam, Md., preached a wonderful sermon from the 47th Psalm. But the crowning service of the day occurred in the afternoon, when Martin Boehm, of Lancaster county, preached from this text: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." At the close of the day Newcomer wrote this in his journal: "This day we had a great time. The grace of God wrought powerfully among the people. All were melted to tears and lasting good was done."

Casper Sherk, who lived in Bethel township, was also one of the early converts to a more spiritual life, and straightway identified himself with the revival movement inaugurated by Otterbein and Boehm, but he never formally connected himself with the church, so far as I know. He was a Mennonite, it is said, and desired his daughter Barbara, a charming young lady, to marry a man of that faith; but she decidedly preferred a certain Felix Light, who came to her home one Sunday morning while her parents were at church and took her to Annville, where they were married. The trip was made on horseback, Miss Barbara riding behind Mr. Light. Soon after this Mr. Sherk led his son-in-law, Mr. Felix Light, into the same religious experience. From that time on, they were close friends and fully committed to the cause of evangelical religion.

Felix Light lived on the outskirts of Lebanon, where the American Iron and Steel Works are now located. He became a minister of the Gospel and one of the most able and faithful representatives that Christianity ever had. In his physical form and features he was the embodiment of strength and beauty. He was six feet and three inches in height and weighed two hundred and forty pounds. Moreover, his fine mental and spiritual endowments increased the comeliness of his personal appearance, especially in the pulpit, where the force of his fervor and the charm of his logic was a lifted-up Christ, in whom he led many to exercise saving faith. When he was about forty years old he left the farm in the hands of his boys, and gave himself almost exclusively to the work of an evangelist, preaching every four weeks at Lebanon, Jonestown, Kauffman's and Gingrich's, and every six weeks at Weiss', Sherk's, Dinger's, Kendig's and Strohm's, in addition to which he had many special engagements and preached many funeral sermons. As a pastor he was faithful and efficient—wonderfully gifted and enterprising—and went from house to house conversing with the people concerning their spiritual welfare, relieving the wants of the poor, sympathizing with the afflicted, and thus gave counsel and comfort to all. Finally, as if to "cap the climax" of that great and good man's gratification of heart and life, and to multiply his blessed personality among the elders of Israel, God called his three sons, John, Casper and Joseph into the ministry. They became leaders of religious thought and feeling in the county, and also extended their labors and influence into other communities.

Another person of religious worth and increasing usefulness in the church was John Light, "tanner," who lived in Bethel township. When he accepted Christ he did it with the faith of the heart; and from that day to the close of his eventful life he stood for all that is essential in the Church of God, and remained a conspicuous witness to the saving power of the gospel, lamenting the fact that so few seemed to realize its value. To "John Light, tanner," religion was a divine life, a glorious reality, an increasing joy, all based on his personal knowledge of sin forgiven. Moreover, he lived out his religious profession and convictions in his daily life, no matter how costly or "peculiar" his course might be. He was born in 1800, the very year in which the United Brethren Church was organized, and died 87 years later. His remains lie in the graveyard at Wolfe's Meeting House, between Fredericksburg and Mt. Zion. As to his influence, that will continue to speak for heart-felt, experimental religion—even throughout the boundless ages of eternity.

The Weiss appointment was established by Felix Light, who first held



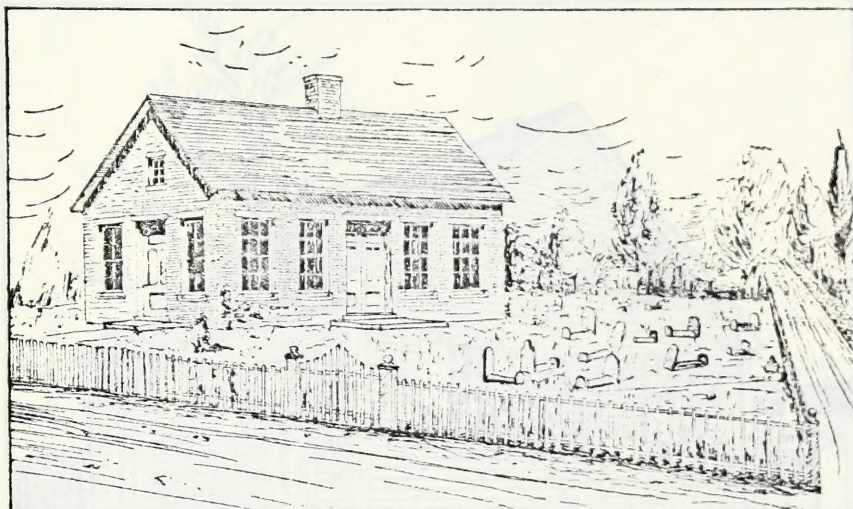
THE WEISS HOME,

One of the first United Brethren preaching places—built 1820.

services in a frame house which was built by Mr. Weiss about 1799, near Schaefferstown. In 1820 the brick structure which still stands was built; and when the family moved from the frame house into the new brick dwelling, a religious service of a dedicatory character was held in it by United Brethren ministers. It was conducted by Felix Light and his sons. For more than fifty years the Weiss home was a regular preaching place for United Brethren ministers. The house was substantially built, and the home was a beautiful one. Here Mr. John Weiss, son of the builder, lived and reared a lovely family, most of whom became members of the church and devoted Christians. One of them recently said to the writer: "Those services made impressions on my child mind and heart that the world can neither give nor take away. I would not part with them for anything the

workl might offer, for they have been a help and a comfort to me ever since. And those dear people who came to the services, the men plainly clad and the women in calico dresses and gingham sun-bonnets, I shall meet and know in the better land."

Another faithful and influential minister in the United Brethren Church in Pennsylvania was George A. Mark, Sr., who was born on the sixth day of November, 1790, in Lebanon county. He was converted when he was seventeen years of age and joined the Methodist Episcopal church; but in 1840, chiefly for the reason that he was German and the Methodist services were conducted in the English language exclusively, he brought his credentials to the United Brethren church and opened his home for regular preaching. On the 30th of January, 1817, he was married to Christiana Runkle, by whom he had six children, one son, Rev. George A. Mark, Jr., and five daughters, one of whom married Rev. Samuel Etter. Mr. Mark is said to



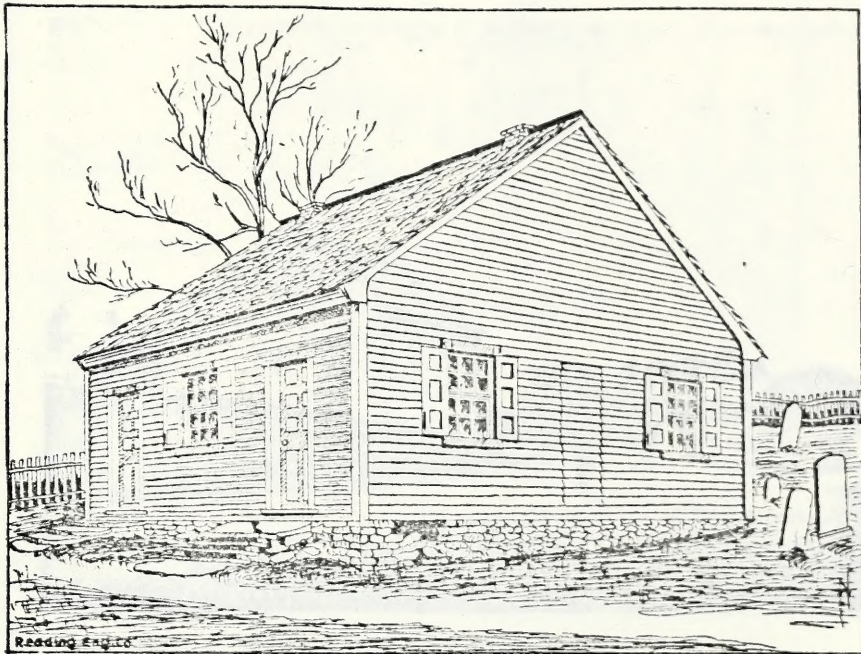
LIGHT'S MEETING HOUSE,
Lebanon, Pa., (1820).

have been one of the most faithful and spiritually influential men that God ever raised up in the Lebanon Valley; a man whose whole life was an open letter of love and loyalty to Jesus, full of comfort and inspiration to those who were trying to live the life of the righteous, and especially to young Christians, for whose continuance in well-doing he manifested great concern. He was the embodiment of charity, and for that reason all who knew him loved him. He first lived in the vicinity of the Water Works, but later in life he moved to Annville, where he died December 26, 1868, and was buried beside his wife.

The first church occupied by the United Brethren in Lebanon county was built through the influence of Felix Light, and largely at his expense, about 1810. It was a brick structure, 40 by 60 feet, and stood on a triangular piece of ground just north of the old Pinegrove road, at the intersection of Seventh and Lehman streets, Lebanon. It was a union church, largely in

the interest of the Mennonites, and was called "Light's Meeting House." The deed was made on the 26th of May, 1817, and was recorded two years later. The trustees were Felix Light, Martin Light and Abraham Light.

In 1829 one of the trustees invited Rev. John Seibert, the first bishop of the Evangelical Association, to preach in Light's Meeting House, because he thought our people were a little too quiet and "unspiritual." Rev. Seibert preached in the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power," but not to the satisfaction of a few United Brethren and Mennonites, who said that the shouting and jumping evoked by such preaching was an injury to the meeting house and must be stopped. But Rev. Seibert thought differently. He said he could not see how a brick church, standing on a limestone foundation, could be injured by a little jumping, but thought it might be detrimental to the frozen feelings and formal religion of those who worshipped in that house.



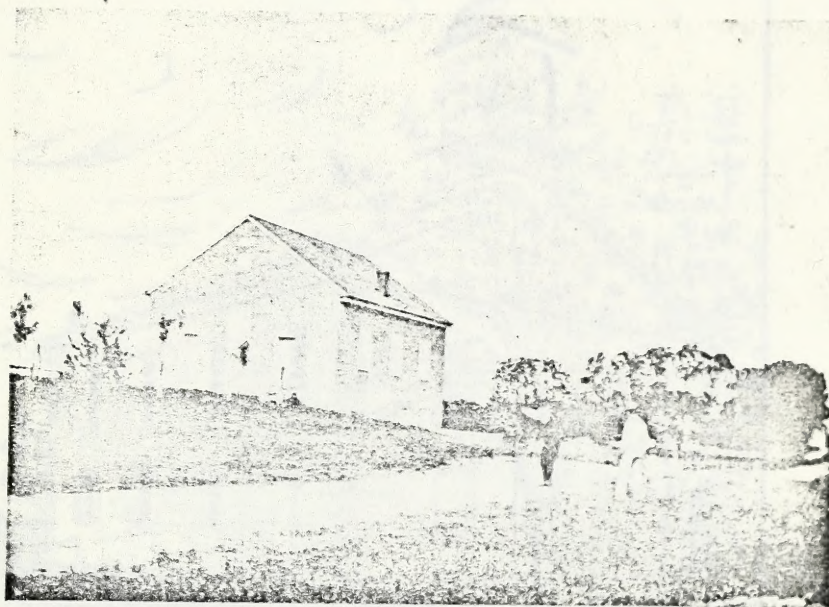
SHERK'S MEETING HOUSE,
In East Hanover Township (1825).

The next oldest United Brethren church was erected in Annville in 1823. Then there was preaching in Lebanon and Annville every four weeks by the pastor of Lancaster Circuit, which included appointments in Lancaster, Lebanon, Berks and Dauphin counties.

In 1825 the Mennonites built "Sherk's Meeting House," in East Hanover township, but the United Brethren had no interest in that church, though they worshiped in the neighborhood long before it was built; but in 1833, when the Mennonite pastor died and his people became few and ceased to hold services there. Rev. Jacob Erb, who baptized Rev. John Winebrenner, the founder of the Church of God, was granted the use of the house for

public worship, and organized the first United Brethren class that was formed east of the Susquehanna river. The following are the names of the original members of that class: William Runkle and wife, Michael Maulfair and wife, Henry Miller and wife, Jacob Sherk and wife, Henry Neidig and wife, Jacob Miller and wife, Jacob Albert and wife, Isaiah Neidig and wife, Jacob Harper and wife, George Bomberger and wife and David Winter and wife. In 1844, seven years after the Mennonites abandoned regular services there, "Sherk's Meeting House," by an act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, was sold by Jacob Sherk to Jacob Albert, George Bomgardner and Henry Neidig, trustees of the United Brethren in Christ.

In 1842 Brightbill's church was built. It is located several miles southwest of Annville, but is not occupied by the United Brethren, who recently sold it to Mr. Balsbaugh. It is a substantial stone structure, one story and



"BRECHTBILL'S MEATEN HOUSE,"

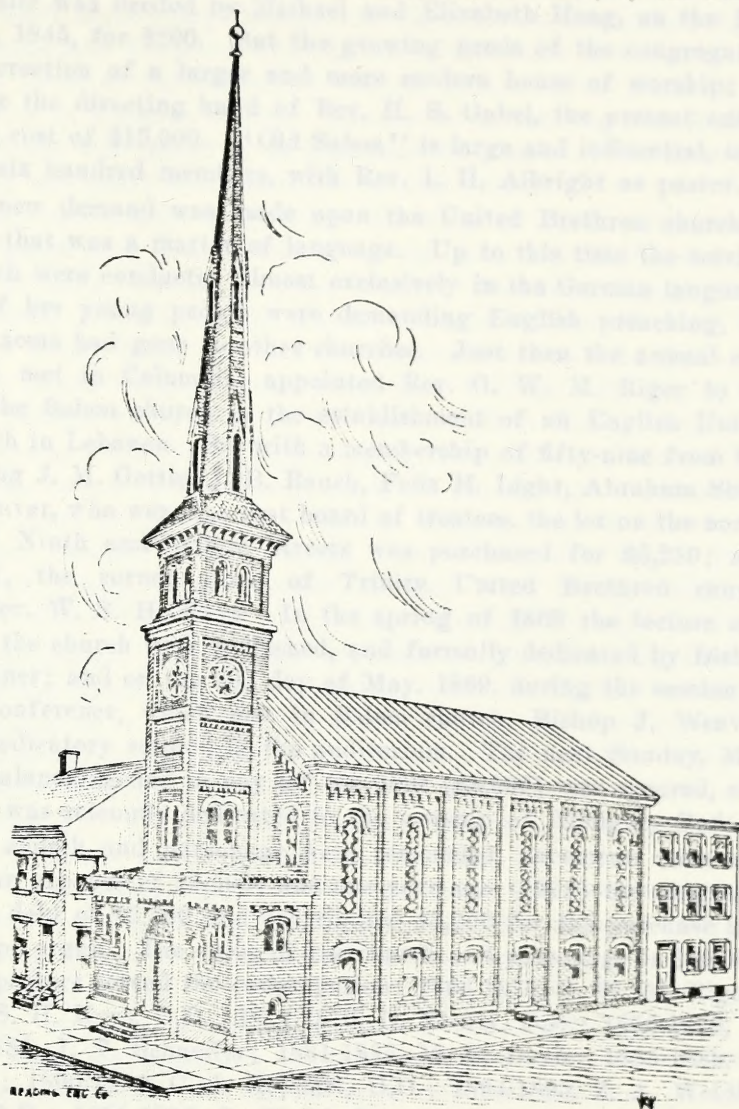
Built in 1842

a basement, and very beautifully situated. On the 4th of March, 1847, the first separate session of the East Pennsylvania Conference was held in Brightbill's church, Bishop Hanby, whose son "Ben," wrote "Nellie Gray," words and music, presiding. About this time churches were built at Schaefferstown, Kauffman's and the Water Works. At the latter place a frame church, which is still standing, was built by Jacob Heilman and Michael Seltzer, the latter assisted by his son Peter, who still lives, at the age of 87 years.

In 1844 a one-story stone church was built on Cherry street, in Myers-town, where occasional services had been previously held under United Brethren influences in private houses. In 1842, Rev. Samuel Enterline was

to; and in 1870 the present substantial brick structure was erected at a cost of \$8,000.

In 1845, under the pastoral care of Rev. Christian Smith Kreider, grandson of Rev. Martin Kreider, the co-laborer of Boehm and Otterbein, a new stone church was erected under the auspices of the United Brethren on the southeast corner of Ninth and Church streets, Lebanon, by the congregation



TRINITY UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

Lebanon, Pa., (1867).

which had worshiped for many years in Light's Meeting House on Seventh street, which now took the name of "Salem United Brethren Church." So far as the denomination is concerned, "Salem" congregation is the mother church of Lebanon county, and is probably the third or fourth that was established in the State, "Neidig's" Meeting House at Oberlin, Dauphin

county, being the first—1795. Salem church has included in her membership many persons of prominence in the business and religious affairs of the community, among whom were Casper Light, Abraham Sherk, William Light, Abraham Miller, Felix H. Light, John Kochenderfer, Jacob Light, William Hornafius, Joseph Zimmerman and Gideon Light, the three first mentioned being the board of trustees when the stone church was erected in 1845, and to whom the site was deeded by Michael and Elizabeth Hoag, on the 17th of September, 1845, for \$200. But the growing needs of the congregation required the erection of a larger and more modern house of worship; so, in 1891, under the directing hand of Rev. H. S. Gabel, the present edifice was built at a cost of \$15,000. "Old Salem" is large and influential, numbering about six hundred members, with Rev. I. H. Albright as pastor.

In 1866 a new demand was made upon the United Brethren church in Lebanon, and that was a matter of language. Up to this time the services in Salem church were conducted almost exclusively in the German language, while many of her young people were demanding English preaching, for lack of which some had gone to other churches. Just then the annual conference, which met in Columbia, appointed Rev. G. W. M. Rigor to co-operate with the Salem church in the establishment of an English United Brethren church in Lebanon. So, with a membership of fifty-nine from Old Salem, including J. M. Gettle, J. B. Rauch, Felix H. Light, Abraham Sherk and Daniel Weaver, who were the first board of trustees, the lot on the north-east corner of Ninth and Willow streets was purchased for \$5,250; and in July, 1867, the corner stone of Trinity United Brethren church was laid by Rev. W. S. H. Keys. In the spring of 1868 the lecture and class rooms of the church were furnished, and formally dedicated by Bishop J. J. Glossbrenner; and on the 23d day of May, 1869, during the session of the General Conference, which met in Salem church, Bishop J. Weaver, preached the dedicatory sermon in the auditorium. The next Sunday, May 30, 1869, the balance needed to pay off the debt (\$8,000) was secured, and Trinity church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God.

In 1900 the church and parsonage were remodeled, pavement, curb and gutter laid at an expense of \$5,500; and one year ago (1902) the congregation paid off a debt of \$3,500 and contributed \$3,000 for the purchase and placing of a pipe organ. The value of the church and parsonage is \$40,000. The following pastors served the congregation: 1866-1870, G. W. M. Rigor; 1870-1874, W. S. H. Keys, D.D.; 1874-1876, D. Eberly, D.D.; 1876-1878, L. Peters; 1878-1881, J. T. Schaeffer; 1881-1885, M. P. Doyle; 1885-1889, J. W. Etter, D.D.; 1890-1894, C. J. Kephart, D.D.; 1894-1895, Z. A. Weidler and R. Rock, D.D.; 1895-1896, G. W. M. Rigor and R. Rock, D.D.; 1896-1903, C. I. B. Brane.

In 1866 the East Pennsylvania Conference, whose territory included Lebanon county, together with other co-operating conferences, established Lebanon Valley College, at Annville. At that time the church bought the Annville Academy, which was founded as a private school in 1834. It was turned over to the United Brethren in Christ, and from that day to this has been successfully operated as a Christian college. The first faculty con-

sisted of Thomas R. Vickroy, Ph.D., John Krumbein, E. Benj. Bierman, A.M., Ph.D., Miss Ellen L. Walker, and Miss Lizzie M. Rigler.

There is an interesting scrap of history in the fact that Annville Academy, instead of becoming the nucleus of an educational plant under the auspices of the United Brethren in Christ, came within an inch of developing into the institution of learning that was subsequently founded at Allentown and called Muhlenberg College, and which is now successfully operated by the Evangelical Lutheran Church, whose ministers and members associated with those of the Reformed Church, pioneered the cause of Christian education in Lebanon county. The matter of locating a Lutheran College at Annville was talked of in a private way, some of the main men in the academy movement being members of that church.

In the city and county of Lebanon the cause of Christ and the United Brethren Church have greatly blessed by the lives and labors of such men as Moses Heilman, Tobias Kreider, William Hornafius, Joseph Snively, Abraham Herr, Elias Dundore, Michael Kreider, Daniel Kreider, Samuel Weiss, John Weiss, Cyrus Mutch, Peter Zimmerman, Christian Groh, Joseph Ellenberger, Henry Gingrich, John Funk, John Phillips, John Light, Samuel Schaeffer, Rudolph Sherk, Samuel Bowman, William Rupp, Joseph Moyer, John L. Meyers, John Sherk, Henry Light, Henry Blouch, Michael Seltzer, Daniel Light, Samuel Etter, George A. Mark, Sr., George A. Mark, Jr., Joseph Light, John H. Kinports, Joseph R. Euston, John B. Rauch, Simon Noll, Michael Blecker, Michael Haak, Jonas Knoll, Job Light, Felix H. Light, Joseph Young, John Spangler, William Wolf, George Zeller, David Moyer, S. S. Horst, Joseph H. Light, Henry Gelbach, Rudolph Kreider.

Among the pioneer ministers and members of the United Brethren there were no literary lights, and but one distinguished theologian; but they were men of intelligence and integrity, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, apt to teach and anxious to save souls, the crowned princes of God. They found the fields white already to harvest, and when much precious grain had been gathered, they put the outstanding sheaves and shocks, by which I mean individual Christians and congregations, of which there were many, within the shelter of a visibly organized church. After all, human history is a divine story. God's hand and heart appear on every page, no matter what the writer, who is always the maker of history, strives to be, or not to be; to do, or to leave undone. Our heavenly Father guides the good and overrules the bad, and thus makes up the record. I recognize His hand in the origin and organization of our Church; in the preservation and development of her spirituality; in the evolution and multiplication of the pure and happy lives which constitute her membership, and in the hopeful outlook with which we are permitted to enter upon the second century of our life and labor.

Moreover, instead of being a split or splinter from some other church, riven and wrested from its rightful relations by internal strife and contention, as has been the case in too many instances, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ came forth like her Master, in the spirit of saving love, and even "as a root out of a dry ground, without form and come-

liness," so barren seemed the soil and utterly unpromising the circumstances of her origin and organization. But secretly and silently she grew from that invisible stock whence all true believers get their spiritual life and power, and are thereby placed in the line of promotion, not to worldly fame and honor, but to eternal life and glory. Throughout the borders of this Commonwealth, along the high ridges and wide ranges of the Allegheny Mountains, from Lancaster to the lakes, her faithful evangelists searched out the hidden places of spiritual need, that they might break the bread of life to the perishing, which they did in many towns and communities where the United Brethren Church is not now established. But their long rides and abundant labors and gracious services are over now, and to each and all the Master has said, "Well done." Life is the day to toil, death is the night for repose; life is the dusty march and stormy battle, death is the warrior's welcome home. "Jesus, Jesus," said the dying Otterbein, "I die, but thou livest, and soon I shall live with thee. The conflict is over and past. I begin to feel an unspeakable fulness of love and peace divine. Lay my head upon my pillow and be still." With those sweet words he fell asleep. Peace to his ashes! Blessed be his memory! Thank God and the Church for such men!

BOOK



NOTICES

Camp Pottsgrove.
SEPT. 18TH, TO 26TH, 1777.

Mr. Benjamin Bertolet, of Philadelphia, is the author of a very interesting historical pamphlet with this title. It claims to be a new revelation on the Revolutionary Camp at Pottsgrove, in New Hanover, Montgomery county Pa., where at Fagleyville General Washington and his army encamped. The record is clear, the argument conclusive and the whole account beautifully dished up in the best of the printer's art, embellished with several fine illustrations. This is the character of local history that this periodical stimulates and highly commends.

For lack of space must defer to next issue, notices of Dr. Ziegler's "History of Donegal Presbyterian Church" and several other pamphlets received. For same reason the "De Long Family History" was crowded out, which will appear in our next.

We have recently enjoyed an extended trip to Baltimore, Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, Hampton, Newport News and Richmond, Va. We may have time and space to give a fuller account in a later issue. We allude to it here simply to say that we found the ubiquitous Pennsylvania "Dutchman" also in this region, meeting on the beautiful Pocahontas, the palatial day-boat plying the historic James River between Norfolk and Richmond, a member of a Lehigh and Carbon County, Pa., lumber firm, who are sawing up a large timber tract in the neighborhood of Claremont, Va., on the James. We also wish to direct travelers in this region to the excellent line of the Virginia Navigation Company.

The Pennsylvania- German

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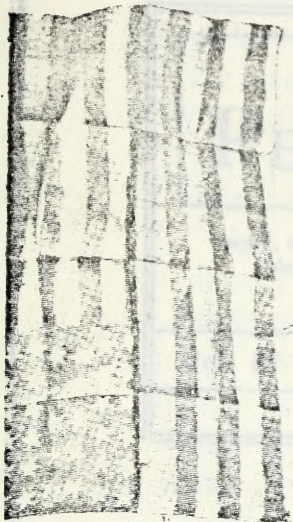
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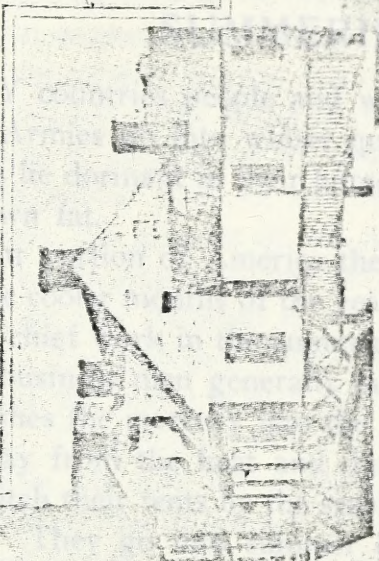
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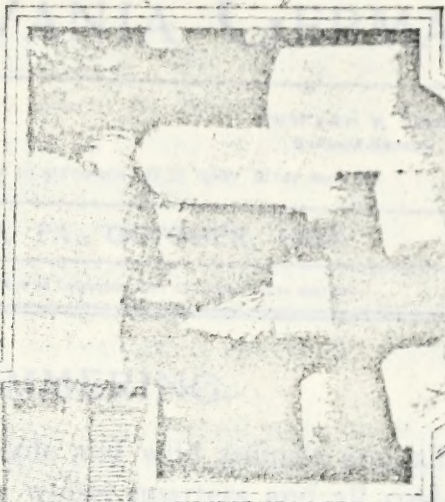
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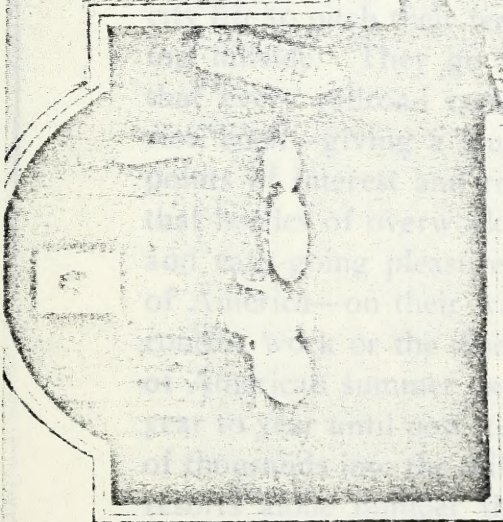
BARBARA FRETCHIE'S FLAG



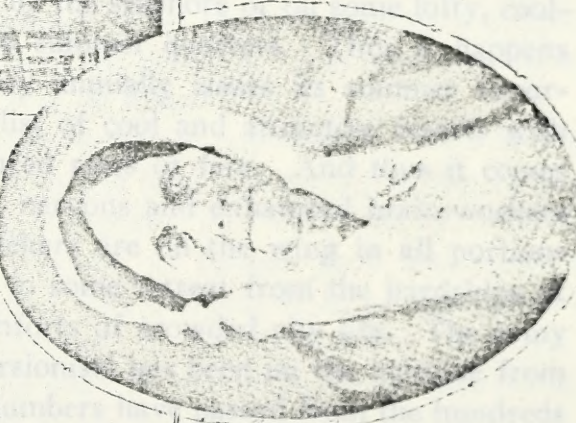
THE FRETCHIE HOME



BARBARA FRETCHIE'S GRAVE



RELICS IN THE FRETCHIE HOUSEHOLD



BARBARA FRETCHIE

...THE...
PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN

REV. P. C. CROLL, A.M.
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No. 4

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SUMMERING.

IN MANY countries people and wild animals annually hibernate. Armies go into winter quarters and all cold-blooded animals lie dormant in their burrows and caves feeding upon their own fat.

In our portion of America the hard toil of brain-workers is done in the cooler months of the year, and only the tillers of the soil do their chief work in the summer months. The professional classes and business men generally take it easier when the thermometer pushes the mercury into the nineties, and wherever possible hie away from the heat and dust and smoke and noise of city life to pitch their tents by the seashore or on some lofty, cooling hillside. They go into summer quarters. Thus it happens that every railroad company annually issues its summer excursion book—giving a long list of cool and attractive resorts with points of interest and reduced rates of fare. And thus it comes that hordes of overworked, nervous and exhausted brain-workers and easy-going pleasure-seekers are on the wing in all portions of America—on their way to some retreat from the hardships of routine work or the discomforts of crowded city life. The army of American summer excursionists has been on the increase from year to year until now its numbers have passed from the hundreds of thousands into the millions. A few of the most popular seaside resorts alone number their patrons by the million each season. And with a myriad of suitable and available rest resorts advertis-

ing for the trade, our summer excursionists cross each other's paths so that were all their routes outlined in colored drawings on the map of our great country the picture presented would outrival the worst Gordian knot or labyrinthian puzzle-game ever seen.

It would be interesting to find the lines that would mark one's own course in such a labyrinth. Not taking much account of "what course others may take," in Patrick Henry style, our own usually lies clear on the map as it does in the mind. It is exceedingly pleasant to recall such a course after one gets back to work and the spell of summer recreation or dissipation, as the case may be, is over. Here is where the greatest benefits of a summer vacation may come in—the drawing on the stored-up knowledge, energy, experience or recreation gained by recollection and reflection in moments of coming leisure.

It may not greatly interest our readers to know the foot prints the editor has left in the sands of time during the summer months, but for him it is pleasant to recall. He will never forget his pleasant steamboat rides on the Chesapeake Bay, the James and York Rivers, the glimpse of old ocean on the Virginia beach or the bloom of the magnolia and the hundreds of shining picaninny faces that he saw reflected in the sunny atmosphere of the Old Dominion. He tramped with the Army of the Potomac and fought over the many battles about Richmond under McClellan and Grant. He suffered with the unfortunate prisoners in Libby and on Belle Isle, and was a refugee with the fleeing Jeff Davis. The Civil War was re-enacted in his life and its history rewritten and revised on the tablets of his memory. And how can the records of that great war ever be effaced?

But there stand out other recreation experiences. Two Sunday-school picnics, one in the fairest land (Fairland) of the Lebanon Valley, the other among the green, pine-clad hills of Schuylkill county, at picturesque Elwood, to furnish food for happy reflection. A family reunion (the DeLong's) in an ideal park on the outskirts of old Kutztown, in old Maxatawny township of "Alt Bercks" county—the place of our birth, on an ideal summer day, has painted a mural picture on the walls of our memory, of a family group of four hundred kin of honored blood and noble deeds, scattered from Boston to the Rocky Mountains, that will

(Continued on page 349.)

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans

BARBARA FRITCHIE

BY THE EDITOR.

WE GIVE space this issue to place in the gallery of Famous Pennsylvania-Germans the story of a woman's life, whose brave and patriotic deed has shown her to have been great and deserving of this niche, and whom the lines of Whittier have justly made renowned. We write not to add to her fame. That has already spread, wherever the story of liberty's fiercest struggle has been told, or the sweet songs of the gentle poet have been sung. We write simply to say that this heroine of Whittier's verses was a Pennsylvania-German, and to give a few data of her life, not generally known. The sketch will likewise subserve the purpose of contradicting that wretched tendency among certain literary fledglings who, because they have not themselves seen a certain performance or communed with reputed actors, are disposed to cast doubt upon any narration of heroism, by calling the account poetic fancy or mythology. Thus "dame Barbara" has been treated. A number of times more recently have we met the assertion that "no such person ever lived in Frederick," and that the enthusiastic poet drew but upon his own imagination when he wove those beautiful and familiar verses, descriptive of this heroine.

A little research, however, or a personal pilgrimage to the historic and once Rebel-invaded town,

"Green-walled by the hills of Maryland," would forever dispel doubt and enable one to set aside the babblings of these iconoclastic scribblers. Such an one would meet with a sufficient number of old citizens, among them many relatives of the old dame, to form a cloud of witnesses testifying that the essential features of the poet's narrative are fact and not fancy. Among these personal friends and former associates of

Dame Barbara, Mr. Henry Nixdorff has possibly been the most zealous of all in having the story of this noble woman's life lifted out of the glamour of mere poetic glory, on the one hand, and out of the cloudland of mystic fable on the other, into the environment of actual everyday life, by publishing a sketch of her life. Upon this sketch is based the following account of the heroine.

Barbara Fritchie was the third child of Nicolas and Catharine Hauer, who were residents of Lancaster, Pa., during the period when their family of five children were born. The old German Reformed church records of that city still hold the account of Barbara's baptism by the pastor, Rev. William Hendel, Sr., showing that she was born December 3d, 1766, and that her baptism occurred on the 14th day of the same month and year.

Born and bred in the exciting times of the Revolutionary period, it could not be otherwise but that the discussions concerning the odious "stamp act," taxation without representation, the Declaration of Independence, and the long and fierce Revolutionary war, should deeply impress her childhood's mind with sentiments of patriotism.

It was during these exciting times that the Hauer family, with other Germans from Eastern Pennsylvania, migrated to and settled in the town of Frederick, Md.—a village founded about a quarter of a century before (1745) and named in honor of Frederick, then Prince of Wales; but settled almost exclusively by Germans. Here the spirit of freedom was taught the young girl in object lessons that could not help but fan the flame of her love of country into a fire of most patriotic fervor. For it was from this town, as soon as the first blows of resistance of tyranny were struck at Lexington and Bunker Hill, that two companies from Frederick-town marched to the succor of the camp at Boston. Thus it came that our heroine had instilled in her the value of our national life and freedom, and it is said that she oft spoke of the trials, sacrifices and events of Revolutionary times. No wonder then that she stood like "a rock in defence of her beloved country's best interests," when in old age the invasion of a rebel horde came to her very town and door and challenged the citizens for an expression of sentiment in behalf either of loyalty or rebellion.

At a somewhat advanced age, and the senior by quite a number of years, Barabara Hauer was married to Mr. John C.

Fritchie, a native of Frederick, and a glove manufacturer by trade. They took up their residence in a small one-and-a-half story house that fronted on West Patrick street, next to where the Carroll creek is crossed by the street. In the front room of this house he carried on his business, and from the "attic window" of this humble abode is said to have been flung the "silken scarf,"

"On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,"

to show that "one heart was loyal yet." And here after the heroic act and word of "dame Barbara"

"All day long that free flag tosst
Over the heads of the rebel host."

Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie were highly esteemed citizens of the growing town. They led humble but upright lives, being consistent members of the German Reformed church. They lived together in peace and honor and by their industrious and frugal habits, so characteristic of the German race, prospered sufficiently in business to enable them to live in comfort all the days of their married life and give her a support during the thirteen years of her widowhood. He died November 10th, 1849. They never had any children, but they partly raised and gave a home to a relative, Miss Yoner.

Quite a number of incidents are related of Dame Barbara, which her admirers may be glad to know. Thus, for instance, being considerably older than her husband, she was already a young lady when he was born, and her biographer declares oft hearing his mother relate that she was present at a quilting party, with Miss Barbara Hauer, when the announcement of the birth of a male child at neighbor Fritchie's house was the topic of conversation, in which Miss Barbara joined, not knowing that she was talking about her future husband. It is a privilege not often granted for a marriageable lady to knit baby-stockings for her future husband.

Another incident, not so strange yet somewhat inconsistent with the lofty spirit of freedom, manifested by this aged woman, is the fact that for a number of years before the war Mr. and Mrs. Fritchie were the owners of two slaves, known in the town

as "Fritchie's Harry" and "Aunt Nellie." The former assisted his master in the skin dressing department of the business, while the latter assisted her mistress in her household duties. It is said that they were very clever slaves and were treated, while in bondage, with such kindness as scarcely to feel any different than as adopted children. Such was their love for their "Massa" and "Missus," that their liberty having been granted them, they returned to the old home as children seek the home of their parents. Had such relationship between master and slave existed everywhere there would never have been written an "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A similar act of freedom was performed by that other patriotic native of Frederick, Francis Scott Key, the noted author of "The Star Spangled Banner," (and whose dust is held by one of the town cemeteries), whose ownership of a slave seemed inconsistent with his love of freedom and country.

Mrs. Fritchie is described as having possessed, in early youth, many personal charms and accomplishments. She was slight in figure (never weighing over 110 or 115 pounds) and scarcely of medium height. Her eyes are said to have been small but penetrating and keen. Her hair in early life were raven, but silvered with approaching age. In later years she was always seen with a braid or cap upon her head, which had the effect of making her look more youthful. She dressed very plainly, at home commonly in Quaker colored calico, when at church, or on a visit, in black cashmere or alpaca.

She was a great home-body, especially during the years of her widowhood. She was a familiar figure at her cottage window, engaged either in sewing or knitting or else in reading. Her home bore all the charms of a thoughtful, kind, and loving queen, and was noted for holding both herself and her husband as willing captives.

Her domestic treasures consisted in some very beautiful china-ware and a few articles of jewelry. These are now in the possession of her relatives, resident in Frederick. Her tea-pot has the additional charm of having been used at the "Tea" given General Washington the night he spent in Frederick, in 1791, while filling his first term of the Presidency, when Miss Hauer loaned her china to grace the table. After the President's death,

a sham funeral was held by the same circle of young ladies and our heroine was one of the pall-bearers.

Among her other personal traits mentioned were her love of flowers and her cheerfulness and mirth-loving disposition among the young, attracting rather than repelling them, even to good old age.

She is said to have been especially kind to the poor, who frequented her cottage door in search of food or clothes, and who were never turned away empty-handed. Though not blessed with great competence herself, she yet made many rich with her kindly words and her ministrations of love.

Concerning the absolute reliability of the incident that gave Whittier basis for his famous poem we prefer to let Mrs. Fritchie's biographer speak. That she was in every sense a woman, from whom such heroism might be expected, is admitted by all who knew her, and that a similar occurrence took place is an acknowledged fact. The incident was reported in the newspapers and Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, the distinguished authoress of Washington, D. C., communicated the facts to the famous Quaker singer of freedom and her friends. Says Mr. Nixdorff:

"I have frequently noticed her standing with her country's flag floating gracefully and beautifully from the same window.

"In the early days of the Rebellion, when one disaster after another had befallen the Union army, and other patriotic hearts were almost overwhelmed with grief and beginning to despond; when matters looked so dark, so portentous, she stood entirely unmoved, displaying the greatest composure imaginable. Her loyalty to the country of her birth was one of most pronounced character. She never suffered that country to be spoken of in her presence in a disparaging way, without at once and in a most earnest manner resenting it. Yes, those small, bright eyes would flash with excitement and indignation and her usual calmness, change to that of resolution and strong determination, until the offensive remark was recalled, which was invariably done, for all knew that she meant what she said in her inmost soul. She realized that in 'Union there is strength,' and believed in it with her whole heart.

"I shall never forget her appearance as she came into my store in the earlier part of the war, leaning on her staff and saying with

the greatest earnestness, 'Do not for a moment despair, stand firm.'

"Often when she entered the store she would ask, 'How do matters look for the Union side?' Sometimes I had just heard good news of a cheering character, and when I would communicate it to her, joy was manifested in the most fervent manner. Her whole frame kindled with emotion and her bright eyes sparkled with delight. At other times news of a saddening character had been received, and when I made it known to her I felt greatly depressed. She would notice it at once and remark, 'O, do not be cast down, it will come all right, I know it will; the Union must be preserved;' and remark with the greatest emphasis, 'Be assured that God takes care of His people, and He will take care of this country. I feel perfectly satisfied that the Union of the States will be maintained. I am sure that it is God's will that the Union shall continue and you know that nothing can stand against it.'

* * * * *

"Mrs. Fritchie was not robust, but decision of character was seen throughout, and judging from her eyes and mouth she surely was not to be trifled with. If she said, 'No!' it was quite plain that she was settled in the opinion formed, and to change it was no easy task, for when formed aright it was formed to last.

* * * * *

"On Wednesday morning, September 10th, 1862, the Confederate army began to move out of Frederick City.

"General Jackson's corps was in the advance. As they passed out West Patrick street, I stood at the front of my dwelling looking at regiment after regiment, clad in grey or brown uniforms, as they marched past for several hours. So intent was I in noticing and reflecting on this lamentable action of the people against the best government on earth that I lost sight of what was going on at Mrs. Fritchie's, although her residence was not a square distant from my own. But this I do believe, that if the opportunity was presented she did not fail to improve it, for I do not think she would have taken a backward step though confronted by their entire army. In the language of Mrs. Abbot, 'Aunt Fritchie was fearless and very patriotic.' A single incident

will show the spirit animating her. On one occasion a number of Confederate soldiers halted and sat down on the porch in front of her dwelling, and were drinking water brought from the spring near by. To this she had not the least objection, but before leaving they began speaking in a derogatory manner of her beloved country. In a moment she arose and passing to the front door she bade them clear themselves and applied the 'cane,' with which she used to walk, in the most vigorous manner, clearing the porch in a few moments of every man upon it. I am inclined to believe from inquiry that General Jackson on the day the Confederates passed through Frederick, did not pass by the dwelling of Mrs. Fritchie. It appears that he left his soldiers, at the east end of the city, to call on the Rev. Dr. John B. Ross, pastor of the Presbyterian church, the wife of whom was the daughter of Ex-Governor McDowell, of Virginia, with whom he was well acquainted. It being early in the morning it is declared that he wrote the following note, and slipped it under the front door at Dr. Ross's dwelling:

"Rev. John B. Ross:

'Regret not being able to see you and Mrs. Ross, but could not expect to have that pleasure at so unseasonable an hour.

'T. J. JACKSON.'

"Dr. Ross resided on West Second street, and it is stated that General Jackson, on leaving Dr. Ross's residence rode on to what is known as Bentz street, commonly called 'Mill alley,' which leads out into Patrick street a short distance beyond or on the west side of Mrs. Fritchie's residence. I measured the distance from 'Mill alley' to her dwelling and found it to be sixty-three yards. Grant that it was not General Jackson, might it not have been some other officer in command? If so, it would not change the principle involved. I have, however, no personal knowledge of its occurrence. This I do know: called for a moment from my front door that morning to see a friend, I happened to look up the street, and saw a very intelligent lady, a neighbor, standing on her front porch with a small United States flag in her hand waving it and making apparently the most earnest remarks to a Confederate officer who had ridden his horse over on the pavement up to the porch where she was standing. I was afterward assured

by those who had the pleasure of being present that such glowing words of patriotism fell from the lips of Mrs. Quantrell that the officer looked on, and listened with wonder and surprise, and whilst he was present would not allow his men to do her the least harm. After his departure, however, some of the soldiers belonging to the army came and knocked the flag from her hand, breaking the staff into several pieces.

"If this occurred at Mrs. Mary Quantrell's we should not be astonished at anything said to have taken place at any other point.

"On the 12th of September General McClellan's army entered Frederick City. The advance was under the command of General Burnside. As they moved up West Patrick street on the National pike leading westward, they passed Mrs. Fritchie's residence. She was standing at one of the front windows of her dwelling, leaning on her cane. Beside her stood her relative, Miss Julia Hanshew, now Mrs. John N. Abbott, and Miss Yoner. As she stood by the window she waved her hand time and again to express her joy. Miss Yoner, no doubt at Mrs. Fritchie's request, went into the adjoining room and brought forth Mrs. Fritchie's flag. The old lady grasped it and stood at the window waving it. As she waved her flag the soldiers were perfectly delighted, some of them loudly cheering her, others ran to the window and as soon as they got near enough grasped her by the hand and said, 'God bless you, old lady, may you live long, you dear old soul.' And then cheer after cheer was given as our noble soldiers marched along. That same silk flag I had in my hands only a short time since. Among those who shook hands with her that day was the beloved and valient General Reno."

We must, therefore, conclude that, if in all particulars the incident, as given by the poet, be not literally true, the estimate that the poem puts upon Mrs. Fritchie's patriotism and valor is not to be discounted by a single whit. Her friends and relations about her have not had occasion to believe that even fancy could easily color her patriotic fervor in too rich a glow.

If no Confederate bullet dared touch "a hair of yon gray head" on that day of heroism, yet the sly Archer of that warfare in which there is no discharge, soon thereafter brought down that form,

"Bowed with four-score years and ten."

Mrs. Fritchie, having enjoyed almost a century of life and almost uninterrupted good health, died after a very brief illness, December 18, 1862. Her end was full of the Christian's peace and hope. A few days later her remains were buried, beside those of her long slumbering husband, in the German Reformed cemetery of her city. Her grave is marked by a neat marker of marble, bearing the following inscription:

BARBARA FRITCHIE
Died December 18th, 1862.
Aged 96 years.

Her husband's resting place is similarly marked, and an iron fence encloses the burial lot.

The citizens of Frederick have not forgotten the lessons of patriotism taught them by their own illustrious citizens, whose treasured remains are mingling with their soil. As one might expect, so the visitor will find, that over Barbara Fritchie's grave in the Reformed Cemetery, and over Francis Scott Key's grave, in Mt. Olivet cemetery, the flag which the former so devoutly loved and the latter so beautifully enshrined in song, is constantly waving.

And how could we close the account of this heroic Pennsylvania-German dame, "who will henceforth live in literature side by side with Joan of Arc," in a more fitting manner than by inserting the following very creditable translation of Whittier's celebrated lines into the Pennsylvania-German vernacular, which was first read by its author, Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., of Lebanon, Pa., before the Pennsylvania-German Society at its annual meeting in 1895?

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Aus greene Felder, mit Frichte reich,
In der Morge Kuehle, im schene Deich,

Ummaurt bei greene Hivvel dort,
Stehn die Kirche thurm der Frederick Stadt.

Mit Eppel un' Pershing Behm ringsrumkehrt,
Ke' Land meh' lieblich uf gonser Erd!

Herrlich shtrecht's vor wie'n Gottes Garte,
Zu de hung'riche Awga der Rebel Soldate,

Wie seller September Morge, free
Marcht ivver der Berg der General Lee—

Ivver der Berg die Rebels sin kumme
Mit Geil un' Mann die Stadt ei'genomme.

Meh as ferzig Flags, wie rothe Fechthahne,
Ivverall flattern die Rebel Fahne

Im Morge Wind; die Mittag's Sonn,
Die seht ke' e'nziger Union Mann.

Don kommt die alt Barbara Fritchie vor,
Gebeicht mit ihr achtzig un' zehn Yohr;

In gonser Stadt herzhaftigsht von Alle,
So g'schwind is der Union Flag gefalle

Hat sie 'n wieder 'nuf, in ihr Fenster naus,
'S war noch e' treu Herz in sellem Haus.

Die Sthrose ruf kommt der Rebel Schritt,
Der Stonewall Jackson, am head, reut mit.

Unner sei'm Hutranft, wie er geht,
Blickt links un' rechts; der alt Flag seht.

“Halt!” die shtawige ranks stehn shtill;
“Fire!!” die Bixe mache' ihr laut Gebrill.

Es brecht das Fenster zu Shtickere nei',
Es reizt der Fahne zu Zottle fei'.

Schnell Wie er fallt, vom Stock abbruch,
Die Barbara greift das seidich Duch.

Sie lahn't weit 'naus ivver 's Fenster Schwell
Un' schittelt der Fahne hoch un' schnell.

“Schiess, won du wit, der alt grau Kop,
Dei land's Flag spahr!” un' uf' un' ab

Webt sie den Flag. Wie'n Schatte vor's Licht
Die Schamroeth' zieht ivver sei Gesicht.

Ihr That un' Worte mache ihm Schmerz,
Sei besserie Nature erquickt im Herz.

“Wer 'n Haar 'uf selm weisse Kop verletzt
Geht todt wie'n Hund!” hat's g'he'se yetzt.

Dorch Frederick Shtrose, der ganse Dag,
Soldate Schritt die Ohre schlag.

Der gons Dag lang der alt Flag schwebt,
Von Rebel Haend net a'geregt.

Die Shtrefe flattern hi' un' her
Im treue Wind der liebt sie sehr.

Sanft Ovetlicht shtrahlt ivver Berg
E'n liebes Gruss zu Barbara's Werk.

Ihr Werk in daare Welt verbei;
Un' Rebel Soldate yetz wieder treu!

Hoch ehr zu der Bevy! Um ihr Wille weint,
E' Thraen uf's Grab ihr Rebel Feind.

In Friede lasst ruhe ihre Shta'b;
Freiheits Fahne 'uf ihrem Grab.

Friede, Ordnung, Gerechtigkeit
Zeigt um die Zeiche des Land's Freiheit,

Un' immer, die Lichter aus Himmel's Ferne,
Guckt runner, mit Lieb, 'uf die Erdische Sterne!

(Note.—The reader can find additional data on Barbara Fritchie by consulting *The Era*, of December, 1901; *Atlantic Monthly*, for one of the fall issues, 1902, and *The New Voice*, of July 8, 1899.—Editor.)

SUMMERING.

Continued from page 338.

not soon fade. A visit to our old standby resort—the Grand View Sanatorium of Wernersville, Pa., has furnished another pleasing picture for the mental habitation in the coming months of toil. Although we have given this place more than a score of separate inspections it has new and stronger charms for us on every repeated visit. Usually there is some new and expensive attraction added on every return, but to speak the plain truth, the place has so many, so great, so vast and so extensive charms that one cannot take them all in in one visit. It is too great to take in at one grasp, too vast to embrace in one sweep of the eye or mind, too subtle for the mind to hold in one catch of it. It is the Queen

of Resorts for rest seekers, and the few hundred that crowd it from year to year know it well; while the thousands that go by on their way to the sea, or some other mountain, will never know it or believe it, until they stop off and take a climb up the gentle elevation of its South Mountain hillside and for a week look out from its slope, or the Institution's windows, where in every frame hangs ready for the beholder one of the finest landscape pictures this scenic country of ours can afford.

But we must not forget Mt. Gretna and the Pennsylvania Chautauqua. Here is Pennsylvania's ideal summer school. Its Chancellor is Pennsylvania's able and gifted Superintendent of Public Instruction, and its hundreds of refined and intelligent cottagers make up an ideal summer community. It is enough to say that it was our good fortune this summer to secure a cottage on these grounds, and with our family to spend seven delightful weeks here. If you will hereafter seek the Editor of the PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN during the months of July and August in the lack of any better, more definite knowledge at hand, we would direct readers and friends to call at "The Crow's Nest," Mt. Gretna, Pa.

SEE OUR ADS.

In behalf of our advertising patrons we would respectfully call attention to the things offered for sale on our cover pages. Will our readers kindly look them over. They are not the least entertaining or helpful of our magazine pages. You will want some time to travel, you may need a camera or bicycle; you will want to keep posted on the best rest and health resorts; you have looked for some time for a grandfather clock or a piano, and the prices have always heretofore been prohibitive. Here you will find all these offered on easy and reliable terms.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

"Home Ballads and Metrical Versions," by Prof. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., issued in 1888. An excellent contribution of our local Germanic and folklore history in poetic measures.

"Camp Pottsgrove," a pamphlet from the pen of Benjamin Bertolet, of Philadelphia, giving a proof and account of General Washington's army encampment at Fagleysville, New Hanover township, Montgomery county, Pa., from September 18th to 26th, 1777.

"Views of Historic Fredericktown, Md., by John F. Kreh, Frederick, Md.

Poetic Gems

DIE AMSCHEL.

LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Ich gleich es wann die Amschel singt
 Im Schpotjohr; 's laut so schö!
 So dief es in die Seel nei dringt
 Mer ment schier 's dät em weh.
 Es bringt Moiblümlin in der Sinn,
 Un Juni's Rosebracht,
 Un widder darch die Wälder grün
 Die Jugend danzt un lacht.

Du bringsht de Frühjohr mit deem G'sang,
 'S Schpotjohr mit dir vergeht,
 Un darch de Winter kalt un lang
 Ebmohls mer dich ah g'seht.
 Dei rothe Bruseht is wie en Schild
 Gemohlt von Summer's Glut.
 Mer denkt an Summer sanft un mild
 Wann sinke will der Muth.

Der liebe Gott hott dich geschenkt
 Zum Trosht in derrer Zeit,
 En lichter Blacke das em lenkt
 An die Vergangenheit.
 Dei Danklied dringt zum Himmel hie,
 Wie unsers dringe soll.
 Wärs unser Herz, wie deins, ah nie
 Von nix ass Freude voll!

Lititz, Pa.

THE NORTHEASTERN SAENGERFEST PRIZE POEM.

(We give below the Kaiser Prize Song, the composition which won the prize of \$50 for words and \$150 for music, offered by Kaiser William of Germany to the Northeastern Saengerfest of the United States, which held its annual convention last June in Baltimore, Md. The original words and one translation are from the pen of Rev. A. W. Hildebrandt, of Constableville, N. Y., and the music to which it was sung, is by Mr. Louis Victor Saar, of New York City. Immediately after the publication of the German text a

number of English translations, possessing more or less merit, made their appearance. Below are given the German original, Rev. Mr. Hildebrandt's own translation and another arranged from translations by Prof. Otto Fuchs, of the Maryland Institute, and "Wanderbursch," followed by a third sent in by a reader of the Baltimore Sun. They are as follows:)

(German Original.)

DAS DEUTSCHE VOLKSLIED.

Du hast mit Deiner selichten Weise
Mein Herz gebracht in Deinem
Bann,
Dass ich aus Deinem Zauberkreise,
Der mich umschlingt so lieb und
leise,
Mich nimmermehr befreien kann!

Es sang mit Deinem süßen Klange
Die Mutterliebe mich zur Ruh'.
War noch so thränennass die Wange,
Die Mutter sang, und bei'm Gesange
Schloss mir der Schlaf das Auge
zu.

Beim frohen Reigen um die Linde
Erklangst Du in der Sommernacht.
Der Liebste singt's dem schmuck-
en Kinde,
Der Wanderbursch' im Morgen-
winde,
Und der soldat auf stiller Wacht.

Da ich nun fand auf fremder Erde
Nach langem Wandern Ruh' und
Rast,
Bleibst Du in Treue mein Gefährte
Und bist an meinem neuen Herde,
Du, deutsches Lied, mein liebster
Gast.

(By Rev. Mr. Hildebrandt.)

THE GERMAN FOLKSONG.

Thou hast in thine artless way
Brought my heart beneath thy
thrall;
Such the subtle magic of thy sway,
That in its gracious love doth soft-
ly play,
And holds me bound for aye and
all.

My mother sang, and thy sweet
strain

Her innate love for me disclosed,
And every tear and childish pain

Was quickly soothed by thy refrain,
My eyes the while in slumber
closed.

In merry sport 'midst the linden
groves
Thou soundest upon the summer
night;
The lover sings thee to the one he
loves,
The wand'rer to the wind as he
roves,
And the soldier in the silent night.

Now that on stranger earth I've
found

After weary journeying, peace
and rest,
To thee, my faithful comrade,
bound,
O German song! thy loyal sound
Shall ever be my welcome guest.

(By Prof. Fuchs and "Wander-
bursch.")

GERMAN FOLKSONG.

Thou, with thy simple, tuneful
graces,
Hast charmed and bound my
heart to thee,
Enshrined by magical embraces
In thy most sweet and soulful traces
From which I never can be free.

When, with thy rapturous, gentle
beaming,
A mother's love lulled me to
sleep,
And down my cheeks the tears were
streaming,
My mother sang! till I lay dream-
ing
Of angels, blessed, happy, sweet.

Thy tune around the linden rings
From revel joyous in evening
light;
The ardent swain his sweetheart
sings,

The wand'erer to the breezes flings,
 And soldier hums in silent night.
 Now since I've wandered far and
 weary,
 In foreign lands found peace and
 rest—
 Thou, faithful friend, when bright
 or dreary,
 Abide in my new homestead cheery;
 O German song! my dearest
 guest.

(By Old Subscriber, L. S.)

THE GERMAN FOLKSONG.

Thou hast with simple lay entwined
 My heart, and bound it so to thee
 That from thy magic spell, en-
 shrined,
 By loving, tender bonds confined,
 I never more myself can free.

'Twas with thy cadence sweetly
 flowing,

A mother's love lulled me to rest,
 Howe'er the tear-stained cheeks
 were glowing.
 The mother sang, so peace bestow-
 ing,
 My eyes were closed by slumber
 blest.

In summer nights thy strains were
 ringing,
 'Mid dances gay 'round linden
 tree;
 The lover to his sweetheart singing,
 In morning breeze, the wand'rer
 bringing,
 On silent watch guards humming
 thee.

Since I on foreign soil attained,
 A weary wand'rer, peace and rest,
 My comrade true thou hast re-
 mained,
 Art at my fireside newly gained,
 Thou, German song, my dearest
 guest.

DER FERLOHRA EHSEL.

REV. A. C. WUCHTER.

S'war mohl 'n mon im Moryalond,
 Der war uff weit un brehd b'kont
 Fer'n longer bort un g'scheiter kup,
 Un hinner'm ohr en tricksaknup.

Er war 'n man org dief g'lehrt,
 Un yehders hut'n hoch g'ehrt
 Weil mohl der Koenich schnupdu-
 vock

Ihm g'schenkt hut im 'a seidna sock.

Eh dutzend aemter hut'r g'hot,
 Doch war ihm ous der gonsa lot
 Ken ehns so lieb wie's Schquireomt,
 Weil sel fum Koenich Sol'mon
 schtomt.

In sellem omt gebt's fiel tz' duh,
 Won ehns sich awschickt grawd
 wie'n buh

Un will net wos der onner will—
 Well, s'gebt so'n klehnie Schquire
 bill.

Well, ennyhow, eh nommidawg
 Kunt ehner mit'ra Hiob' klawg,
 Er war ferschwitzt fun kop tzu
 fuhs

Wie'n nossie schwalm im schon-
 schtehrus.

Er hut mohl weil noch ochdem
 g'schnopt

Wie'n foss won ebber seider tzoppt;
 Un's schwetze? Well, s'war'n hor-
 ter job,

Doeh endlich glickt's, noh geht's
 mohl ob.

“Mei ehse! och, mei ehse, du,
 Is fortg'doppt, wuh such ich, wuh?
 Er is schun bissel schteif un olt,
 Un's link ohr hut 'n glehnie folt.

“Sie mehna oll du kensch g'wiss
 M'r sawga wuh mei ehse is;
 Won ehn's so'n grohse lerning het
 Des wisst yoh olles, Aw bis Tzet.”

Der Schquire hut sei bort g'tzuppt,
 En weissie hohr sich rous g'ruppt,
 Noh sawgt'r: “Well, so wie mer's
 guckt
 Hut ebber'n olter ehse g'schluckt.

“Des ding is um's broviera yoh,
 Om Freidawg froag ich eifrich noh;

Der dieb kumt uff der Mosque fer-
leicht
Noh sehn ich wuh der ehse
greischt."

Der Freidawg kumt, doch nix cum
rous,
S'wehs nimmond nix im gonsa hous
Fum ehse os ferlohra war
Paar dawg tz'rick im sechtadt-
bazaar.

Der Schquire hut a'weil g'wart,
Noh schtreicht'r sich om longa bort
Un sagt tzum folk: "Eh waig gebt
's noch
Fer'n ehse finna, glawb ich doch.

"Haert was ich sawg so os der's
wisst—
Wer noch ken weibsmensch hut
g'kisst,
Un nix fun lieb im hertz noch
g'schpiert,
Os ehns in olla dumhait fiehrt.

"Wer noch ken gless'l wei fersucht,
Un mehnt die music waer yuscht
tzucht;
Wer des kon sawga, der bleib
schteh,
Die onra oll die kenna geh."

S'is olles uff un sochta fert,
S'guckt nimmond rum, kens
schnauft'n wort;
Yoh doch, s'bleibt endlich ehner
schteh,
Er war schun olt, gons derr un kleh.

Schtuls hut'r um sich rum g'guckt,
Die oxla biss'l schep fertzucht,
Noh secht'r: "Well, ich denk ich
bin

Der ehntzischt doh fun sellem tzin.

"Wos weibsleit awgeht, geh mer
week,

Doh fress ich liehwer soup fun
dreck;

Heit sin sie scharf, un morya
schump—

Sie sin org fiel wie'n floh im
schtrump.

"Fum wei, doh haest's im Al-
Koran,

'Sel schtuft ferderbt de bescha
mon;'

Der Eblis (deivel) hut's g'mocht,
Mit blute rode g'farbt un noh
g'locht.

"Dem singa un dem dood'la, well,
Dem reis ich ous so tziemlich
schnell,

So'n greeksa un so'n dum g'grish—
Wie hund un kotza un'erm disch!'"

Der Schquire hut sich rumg'dreht
Tzum mon wuh gaern sei ehse het;
"Dei ehse, denk ich, der is fort
Un's bod nix os mer lenger wart.

"Doh nemm den kerl un tzahm'n
uff,

Un huck dei bind'l hinna druff,
So'n ehse finnt mer kenner meh
Fun Ispahan bis on der Saeh."

Gilbert, Pa.

Historical Pilgrimages into ...Pennsylvania-Germandom

FROM YORK PA., TO HARPER'S FERRY W. VA.

BY DR. I. H. BETZ.

AFTER remaining at York for a time, we resume our pilgrimage towards the Potomac. Such towns as Lancaster, York, Hanover, Gettysburg and Chambersburg each have a large number of roads that radiate from them as a center. It was this fact that permitted the rapid concentration of troops at these points during the Civil War.

Our route will for the most part follow the general direction of the early Monocacy road, which led from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, passing through York, Hanover, Littlestown, Frederick in Maryland, to the "Monocacy Settlement" near the mouth of the Monocacy river, in all a distance of about eighty miles.

The road was not an air line and about equal portions of its length were in Pennsylvania and Maryland taking the present boundaries as a standard of comparison. The turnpike roads that followed later were shorter and more direct since their construction was more costly. The railways that followed still later are generally longer in extent between distant points than the turnpikes. The general course of the Monocacy road followed an Indian trail which had been used by traders and missionaries who preceded the general settler.

The travel between the two rivers in early days was always very large. Maryland and Virginia were settled long before the central part of Pennsylvania. The line between Maryland and Pennsylvania remained in an unsettled condition for many years. An earlier road than the Monocacy had been constructed from the "Conewago Settlement" to Baltimore town in 1736, seven years after the founding of Baltimore. When the boundary between the two provinces became adjusted in 1767 about ten miles of this road was found to be in Pennsylvania. It was therefore the oldest road in York county. It occupied very nearly the site of what afterwards became the Hanover and Baltimore turnpike.

Western Maryland and the Valley of Virginia were largely settled by Germans, many of whose descendants are found there today. The townships of Southwestern York county, Pa., through which our route extends bear such names as Manheim and Heidelberg, which were named in honor of the localities in Germany from which the early settlers had come.

Our route in York county extends through the narrow belt of limestone which is continued through the southeastern portion of Adams county and thence into Maryland. This limestone formation may be conceived as being continuous with that of the Cumberland Valley and with that of Lancaster county, where it broadens and forms one-half of its area. The soil is very fertile and productive. The buildings are tasteful and commodious, the barns especially being very capacious. Throughout the country are found many large churches especially among the Lutheran and Reformed which in many cases are held jointly. The congregations are very large and in some cases are drawn from a large extent of territory. It is to be hoped that their records may be transcribed and published which has been done in at least one instance by the Pennsylvania-German Society in its yearly reports. Many points or settlements throughout the country bore Indian names such as that of the Conestoga, the Codorus, the Bermudian, the Conewago and the Monocacy. The people in these settlements mostly came from the same locality in Europe and preferred to settle in close proximity in the dense wilderness to render each other assistance and protection in their untried fortunes.

No stage in social life can be more democratic than such conditions develop. It can still be observed in the great West. As communities advance in social life and prosperity, this degree of mutual helpfulness and sociability becomes correspondingly lessened. The log rollings and quilting, the husking bees and barn raisings of our ancestors, have passed away with the conditions and circumstances that called them forth.

The larger tracts of land which were taken up by the first settlers have been subdivided as they passed down to their descendants. In many cases their descendants have disposed of their holdings and after a century and a half have turned their faces toward the setting sun and like their ancestors anew have become pioneers under far different circumstances. Railroads have now gone ahead of civilization and prepared the way for the new settler. The phase of settlement that was accompanied by the packhorse, the Conestoga wagon or the boat on the "raging canawl" has disappeared never to return. The past century witnessed many improvements and innovations in the region we purpose describing. Prosperous towns and villages have appeared upon the map. New industries have been started by large aggregations of capital which have also produced new avenues for labor. The population has increased and the general condition has improved. While changing conditions may work temporary hardships until adaptation ensues, the change in the end is productive of good.

In several respects marked changes have occurred in this community. The throngs which passed over the old Monocacy road, and the stock which was driven over it have disappeared. The railroad now conveys passengers and freight, satisfactorily and expeditiously. The well-kept hostleries that lined the road have for the most part been discontinued or gone into ruins. Here again changed conditions have produced far-reaching effects in social life.

Our route thus far has led us through the central part of York county. We now turn sharply towards its southwestern portion. To our left is that portion once known as the "York Barrens," whose impaired fertility however has been largely restored by improved methods in modern agriculture. To our right is that large portion of the county known as the new Red Sandstone formation. Large portions of truss rock are marked on the map and witnessed as elevated ridges over the changing landscape. This especially applies to the northern part of York and a large part of Adams counties. The memorable "rocky heights" at Gettysburg are the outcome of this protrusion. Spurs from the South Mountain are given off which encircle or enclose valleys, or which lose themselves in the distance. The limestone has been made available in increasing the fertility of the soil especially of those sections where it does not prevail. The red sandstone has been used for fine building purposes. The school houses of the upper end of the county are generally built of this material. The granite quarries have yielded a large amount of material for bridges and other durable purposes. Very limited areas of coal have been found under the new red sandstone formation.

A distance of ten miles from York brings us to Spring Grove whose postoffice is known as Spring Forge, which is one of those numerous anomalies in the State, which arises from the fact that other localities had already appropriated the name, and to prevent confusion the Government has wisely decreed that but a single postoffice bearing the same name is allowable in any one State of the Union. Of course numerous instances arise where the same name is found in different States.

Spring Grove is a beautiful town which has been almost wholly built up by the paper manufactories that are in operation. Paper for writing purposes of the finest grades is made and the demand is constant and increasing. Mr. P. H. Glatfelter is the master spirit who from small beginnings has built up this noted industry. He is also interested in other large business enterprises which have been equally successful. Spring Grove is a veritable hive of industry. It is noted for its orderliness, and impresses the visitor very favorably. It is about midway between York and Hanover. It has good railway facilities by the Pennsylvania and Western Maryland railroads. It has good water facilities, the Codorus affording a plentiful supply.

In due time we reach Hanover, which is situated in a beautiful and inviting country. It borders closely upon the line of Adams county. It becomes continuous with McSherrystown which is in the latter county. Hanover, since its beginning, has had an eventful history. About 1720 John Digges, a petty Irish nobleman obtained a title for 10,000 acres from the Proprietaries of Maryland, which became known as "Digges' Choice." On part of this land, later, Hanover was founded. The temporary line that was run between the two provinces in 1732 did not settle the conflicting claims in and around the "Conewago Settlement," as the community was then known. This condition of affairs produced great dissatisfaction and

disturbance, and in some cases murder and bloodshed. Even after Hanover was laid out, yet still not known by that name, the troubles had not ceased.

In 1749 York county was founded and York became the seat of justice. The judges of the county courts were not learned in the law, being only justices of the peace who administered the law under the authority of the King of England. At times they assumed great dignity in the performance of the functions of their office, and were austere in their manner. Many a criminal was sentenced to the stocks, the pillory or the whipping post. One subject who lived near the site of Littlestown was sentenced to have his ears cut off for counterfeiting money, which sentence was carried out. The conflicting claims to the lands in and around "Digges' Choice" and the doubt whether Hanover was in Maryland or Pennsylvania led to some interesting complications in the administration of justice. On at least one occasion the austere judges at York commanded the founder of the town of Hanover to punish his own criminals. They refused to try them.

Owing to this state of affairs, Hanover became noted as a resort for miscreants who sought to avoid the punishment for their evil deeds. In common parlance it became known as "Rogues' Resort." The founder could endure this no longer. He assumed dictatorial powers and ruled the town with a rod of hickory! But after the troubles became adjusted by the establishment of Mason and Dixon's Line in 1768, matters settled down and the reign of chaos was over.

The noted Archibald McClean, who later took such an active part in the Revolution, assisted in running a large part of this line. He was a resident then and later of the "Marsh Creek Country," as it was then known, lying in York county, but after the formation of Adams county in 1800 forming part of the latter. He lies buried in the Marsh Creek Cemetery which is now embraced within the famous battle field of Gettysburg. His grave seems not very clearly marked, although a tablet has been erected to his memory within the present year by the Daughters of the Revolution. He assisted also in establishing the "Middle Point" between Cape Henlopen and the Chesapeake and in locating the "Great Tangent" through the Peninsula, and in tracing the well known "Arc of the Circle" around New Castle in Delaware. This was during the years 1760-2-3. He, with six of his brothers, assisted Mason and Dixon from 1763 to 1766. When the party arrived on the summit of the "Little Alleghany" they were stopped by hostile Indians. In 1767 they again resumed the survey with the aid and company of a number of friendly Indians. After reaching the top of the "Great Alleghany" they were joined by an additional number of friendly Indians who were useful as interpreters with the savage Indians who threatened opposition. The party of whites comprised 30 assistant surveyors and 15 axe men. They continued westward 240 miles from Delaware to "Dunker Creek," which had been named after the noted Eckerlin brothers who were deposed from the Ephrata Seventh Day community in 1745. This was 36 miles east of the western limit of the present Mason and Dixon line. The balance was run in 1782 and 1784.

During the past few years the stones which had been set up at intervals or distances have been replaced or restored. In the mutations of time many of them had been removed.

Richard McAllister, the founder of Hanover, was a public spirited man of commanding presence and marked influence, especially among the Germans. He was born in Ireland and with his parents settled at Big Spring, Cumberland county. In 1748 he married Mary Dill, whose father founded Dillsburg, in York county, which town later became the birth place of Senator M. S. Quay. The house in which he was born is still standing. Mary Dill was a sister of Capt. Matthew Dill, of Revolutionary distinction. McAllister established a tavern and store at the cross-roads of the road from Carlisle to Baltimore and the road to Monocacy. The building was a two-story log house which is still standing, and later being encased with brick it presents a nice appearance. McAllister had come here as early as 1749. His public inn and store were much frequented, and he became very popular.

The following year, in 1750, he entered the political field and sought the office of sheriff, which was then held by the noted Hance Hamilton from the "Marsh Creek Settlement." The Scotch-Irish were very favorable to his second term for the office. He was a general favorite among them, while the Germans championed McAllister. The election was held in York town at the unfinished tavern of Baltser Spangler. The voting was done through the chinks between the logs of the building. The whole county turned out on horseback and the excitement and interest grew to fever heat. As the day waned on, both parties provided themselves with saplings, and history records that the Irish were driven from the polls, and across the classic Codorus, not because they lacked grit, valor and determination, but because their opponents with equal grit and determination greatly outnumbered them. But, after all, McAllister failed in the election, since the votes and methods of his enthusiastic supporters were thrown out by the legal authorities and Hamilton remained in office. There is nothing that succeeds like success.

McAllister, about 1764, determined to found a town. This declaration at once was received with incredulity by the stolid Germans by whom he was surrounded. It is related that a certain farmer, after visiting through the neighborhood, came home and addressed his wife by the usual designation of the time, saying: "*Mammy*, I have something to tell you. Richard McAllister is going to make a town!" The wife, after some inquiries and remarks, with a sarcastic smile which spoke more than words, said: "Ha! ha! ha! I am afraid that man will turn a fool yet. I think he will call his town Hickorytown."

But the town was founded and proved a success. McAllister's descendants were numerous, and many of them occupied posts of honor and importance. The town has greatly improved of late years. Many industries have been established. An Agricultural Fair is held yearly and is largely attended, and has proven a great success.

A half century ago such towns as Hanover, Gettysburg and Frederick were isolated and more or less inaccessible. The railroad from Hanover

Junction on the Northern Central Railroad, which was built to Hanover, was the first railroad outlet for that locality. Others followed from Hanover to Littlestown, York, Baltimore and Gettysburg. They eventually became links of longer lines which led directly to Carlisle, Chambersburg, Hagerstown and Frederick, and thus became feeders to distant lines.

This whole section of country was travelled over by the opposing hosts of cavalry which were led on the Union side by such intrepid and dashing leaders as Kilpatrick, Custer, Farnsworth and Gregg. The Confederate forces were led by Gens. J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, and Wade Hampton. They crossed each other's paths and a sanguinary conflict took place in and about the streets of Hanover. More than 5,000 men were engaged on each side and the losses in killed and wounded on the Union side reached more than 50. The losses on the Confederate side reached at least an equal number. The action lasted several hours. It occurred on the 30th of June, the previous day to the beginning of the sanguinary contest at Gettysburg. Doubtless that colossal event has had much to do in obscuring the action which occurred at Hanover. Stuart made a circuit of the Army of the Potomac, and his absence was sorely missed by General Lee, who was thus hampered in getting news concerning the movements of the Union Army.

After the engagement at Hanover, he moved northward through the western part of York county to Carlisle. Finding that Ewell had moved on to Gettysburg after making some demonstrations at Carlisle, he moved to Gettysburg and met the Union cavalry under General Gregg on and about the Rummel farm, where a most sanguinary contest occurred. In fact this was one of the greatest cavalry fights of the war. Gregg had also followed Stuart to York county, but was ordered to Gettysburg, and was there stationed to protect the right flank of the Union army.

This battle occurred during the third day, while Pickett's charge was in progress with the evident purpose to make the Union rout complete. Kilpatrick protected the left flank of the Union army, and while Longstreet made a diversion with troops to call attention away from the charging columns of Pickett, Kilpatrick's cavalry came sweeping around Big Round Top, yelling and screaming like demons. The rebel infantry was checked, and great confusion ensued. Farnsworth was killed. General Early also made his advance on York and Wrightsville by several roads which, however, at York again concentrated his troops. Events took place very rapidly during those midsummer days of '63, and the sudden appearance and disappearance of a quarter of a million of men in so short a time seems marvellous. Again it will be recalled, that more than one-fourth of this great host were killed and wounded, were taken prisoners or deserted.

From Hanover, as a central point, let us take note of some of its surrounding localities. To the northeast is Seven Valley, which term, however, is a misnomer, as no seven valleys exist. The country being settled by people who came from the Ephrata Community, the term Sieben Täger became confused with the name Sieben Thäler, or Seven Valley. Another colony from Ephrata settled in the western part of York county to the north of Hanover, on the Bermudian Creek. It is on record that the leaders at Eph-

rata often visited these branches of the parent society. The so-called Pigeon hills in this section were named after an English settler named Pidgeon. Likewise the Kreutz Creek was named after a settler named Kreis or Greist. Pulpit and Chimney rocks are natural objects that have engaged the attention of photographers. Round Top in the northern part of the county is 1110 feet high, and has had a Signal Service Station upon it. It is the highest point in York county. The "Barrens" have already been noted.

The Conewago and Codorus creeks have interesting associations pertaining to them. During floods they have been known to rise from 25 to 40 feet. The fall of the Conewago during high water makes it impetuous and irresistible. Some of its curious natural features near its outlet at York Haven will be recalled in the previous paper. The extent of territory and peculiar shape of York county have necessitated many stage lines, but the large number of trolley lines in operation and those in process of construction will confer untold benefits upon outlying districts which thus far have not been readily accessible.

From Hanover two routes westward are open to us. That to the left is our chosen route which leads through Littlestown and Frederick, to Monocacy on the Potomac. From Hanover to Littlestown is three miles, while to the Maryland border it is a distance of nine miles. Littlestown is visible from some of the observatories on the battlefield of Gettysburg. It is distant from the latter about 12 miles. The town contains a number of churches and has several industries. It is surrounded by a good agricultural community. On the right hand our route will lead us to Gettysburg, which is from 15 to 17 miles distant, depending upon the road that is selected. In fact, Hanover is nearly equi-distant from York and Gettysburg by railroad, while the distance from York to Gettysburg is much shorter by the turnpike (28 miles) than by railroad. The location and distances of all these places was a matter of great importance during the memorable time of the Confederate invasion.

Adams has existed apart from York county since 1800. In addition to the Manor of Spingetsbury which was laid out in what is now York county proper, another manor was laid out in what is now Adams county, known as the "Manor of Masqui." This survey was ordered by Thomas Penn in 1741, to embrace 30,000 acres, but was not finally made until 1767, when the boundaries were marked and the grand total of acres was increased to 43,500. The manor was separated by a narrow strip from another large tract known as "Carroll's Delight." This latter tract was surveyed under Maryland, April 3rd, 1732, to Charles, Mary and Elinor Carroll. The tract contained about 5,000 acres. In the unsettled condition of border lines between the provinces it is easily conceived what difficulties and feuds must have arisen among the early settlers. The Germans, the English, the Friends and the Scotch-Irish were the principal settlers of the county.

The northern part was chiefly settled by the Friends. Two of their meeting houses at Menallen and York Springs remain. Several meeting houses

of early days have disappeared, but the cemeteries remain. The central part, that of Marsh Creek and Rock Creek, was settled chiefly by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The lower Marsh Creek church, about five miles to the west of Gettysburg, was organized about 1740. The present church was built of stone in 1790. This church and burying ground were preceded by a still earlier one, several miles distant. In these graveyards Archibald McClean and Hance Hamilton were buried. This section is embraced in the battle-field. The Lutherans and Reformed were well represented in the county. The Catholics are strongly represented in the southeastern part of the county and across the border in Maryland. Several miles west of Hanover and McSherrystown we come to the noted Conewago Chapel, one of the most interesting places to the visitor. It is situated in the Conewago Valley in Conewago township. It will be noted that the orthography is a varying quantity. It is taken from the Indian word "Caughnawaga," which is claimed to mean "the rapids." The Germans pronounced it "Konowago," the English and Irish "Canawaga." The Catholic missionaries wrote it "Conewago" as early as 1740. Accordingly, those who use "Cono" follow the German derivation. "Conewago" is claimed to be the correct spelling as applied to the Chapel and the Creek. Custom, however, sanctions the use of "Conowago" as applied to the township. The Big Conewago Creek drains the slope east of the South Mountain or Blue Ridge and meanders through York county and empties in the Susquehanna as observed, at York Haven. The Little Conewago winds through the lower valley and empties into the Big Conewago some miles above its mouth, in York county. It rises about on the dividing line of the Susquehanna and Potomac watersheds. We shall see a similar water shed separating the waters of the Conococheague and Conodogwinit in Franklin county across the South Mountain.

The first claim on the land here was held by the Carrolls from Lord Baltimore. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last surviving of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a descendant of this family. This locality was probably settled as early as 1720, although missionaries and traders probably visited the community much earlier. Conewago Chapel is the parent church from which the Catholic religion spread over southern and western Maryland into Virginia; also along the frontiers of Pennsylvania into the very heart of its settlement, Philadelphia, it is claimed. The churches of Hanover, Littlestown, Taneytown, Bowmanville, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Harrisburg, York, Paradise and New Oxford are all fruits of the Conewago missionary labors.

Conewago is a thoroughly Catholic settlement. It has been estimated that from Hanover to Gettysburg, east to west, that half the population is Catholic. From Oxford to Littlestown, ten miles, north and south, two-thirds of the population is Catholic. One can travel five miles along any road within that distance from the Chapel and meet almost nothing but Catholics. There are Protestant families scattered all through the valley, but they do not make up one-tenth of the population. The Catholic church is generally

most represented in the most populous centres, but here, exceptionally, its great strength is found in the rural regions. The land is limestone and very fertile. It has come down to the descendants of the original settlers very largely. The church occupies a commanding position on high ground, and affords an interesting outlook from its spire for miles around. The chapel is finely frescoed, and the walls are adorned with rare and beautiful paintings which are much admired by visitors.

We move on, taking close note of our surroundings. The approach to the battlefield of Gettysburg soon becomes evident. Almost every spot we pass over is replete with interesting recollections and associations. Visitors to Gettysburg sometimes expect to see a field in which a battle literally occurred. When told that the battle really covered six miles square or 36 square miles, the reality transcends the imagination. Repeated visits extending over days, weeks, and months, fail to exhaust the countless store of riches that are to be found here. The tasteful, ornate monuments, hundreds in number, erected on the sites of the three-days' contest, make this the best marked battlefield in the world. More than twenty miles of avenues, macadamized, have been constructed. Even the Confederate lines have been marked, avenues constructed, and markers erected. The guides are constantly pointing out and repeating the salient points of the conflict to an endless, unceasing throng of visitors. The work of the historian and the photographer are even yet in progress. Not to have visited this interesting spot is to have missed one of the most instructive and pleasing experiences of a lifetime. People from every part of the civilized world are to be found among the visitors. Added to its historic interest, the scenic effects are beautiful when viewed from the National Cemetery or from the numerous observatories. The work of accumulating facts has been so earnest and realistic that the work of the poet and the novelist as related to the subject has thus far remained largely in abeyance. However, several exceptions may be noted. Bret Harte has immortalized old John Burns and tells:

“How through the ranks in whispers some men saw
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre
That day was their oriflamme of war.”

A monument to the memory of John Burns has recently been dedicated.

The story of Jennie Wade, the only woman who was killed at Gettysburg, has its pathos whose story has often been told. The house with its marks is a prominent object of interest to visitors. Even the college and seminary are objects of additional interest aside from their own, owing to their associations with the battle.

Instances are recorded of men, fighting here within sight of their homes and firesides, or where the irony of fate brought a wandering son from the

Sunny South to fight on the site of his parental home, and of others to perish on the paternal acres of their kindred. Instances were known where Southern Soldiers on the march stopped during the night at the houses of their parents here and next morning resumed the march. The opposing ranks contained brethren and kindred in numerous instances.

We take our leave of York and Adams counties fully impressed with the interesting associations relating to them of which but the briefest mention has been made. We will resume our pilgrimage at the Maryland line. We pass through the western part of Carroll county which contains such well known towns as Taneytown and Westminster. These places were prominent points associated with the battle of Gettysburg where much reserve ammunition and war material was held. Here we cross Pipe creek which General Meade originally intended should be his line of battle for the coming struggle. We soon come into the neighborhood of the Monocacy river, which is formed by Marsh and Rock creeks which rise in the western part of Adams county. At Bruceville we cross the Western Maryland railroad and enter Frederick county, Maryland.

A distance of seventeen miles brings us to Frederick, a town situated in a highly improved and fertile country. It was laid out in 1745. It is substantially built, mostly of brick and stone. It was largely settled by the Germans among whom are found names which later have reached distinction.* Among them were the ancestors of Admiral Schley and of Francis Scott Key (1779-1843) the author of the Star Spangled Banner, written during the battle and bombardment of Fort McHenry at Baltimore in 1814. A monument has been dedicated to his memory in the Frederick cemetery. During the Rebellion, on several occasions, the town was occupied by the opposing forces. On one of these occasions Dame Barbara Fritchie, who was a resident, was immortalized by Whittier to wit:

“Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then
Bowed with her four score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

* * * * *

*“Around it cluster more associations with America's Colonial life, than about any other town, except Annapolis, in the old State of Maryland. Here, upon “Old Barrack's Hill,” stand today, in the rear of the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the stone barracks which were erected during the reign of the “good Queen Anne” for the reception of French prisoners, and in which, in 1754, George Washington, the youthful aid-de-camp of General Braddock, met in Council with his General and Benjamin Franklin while enroute for the scene of Braddock's memorable defeat. Here Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, spent days and weeks during his historic career, the center of a circle of friends, whose minds were as highly cultured and whose manners as urbane as his own. Here the venerable General Scott was arraigned, in 1849, to answer charges preferred against him by General Pillow. Here Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, lived during a quarter of a century. And here, in 1779, was born Francis Scott Key, the author of our National anthem, “The Star Spangled Banner.”—Mrs. Nellie Blessing-Eyster in “The New Voice,” of July 8, 1899.

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

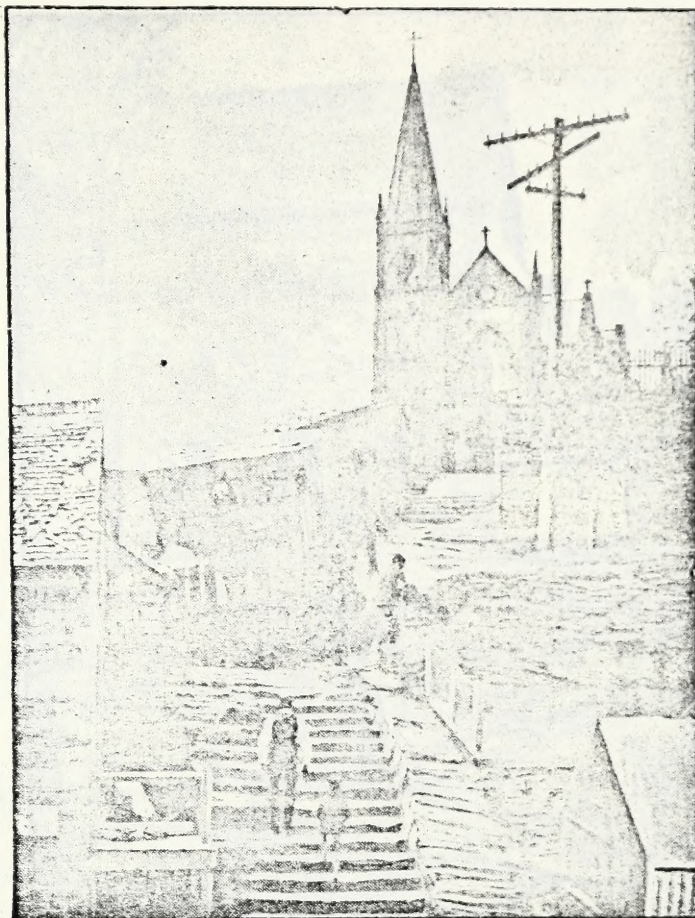
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave."

Whether the poet of humanity availed himself of the usual poetic license may be an open question, but the fame of Barbara Fritchie, like that of old John Burns, is secure in the affections of a liberty-loving people. Frederick is three miles from the Baltimore division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The Washington branch of the road unites with the former at Washington Junction about fifteen miles southwest of Frederick. The road from Washington follows the Maryland side of the Potomac to Harper's Ferry, where it crosses the river and proceeds to Martinsburg and along the banks of the Potomac to Cumberland. From here the main line divides, giving off branches to Johnstown, Pittsburg, Grafton, Parkersburg and Wheeling on the Ohio river. The first line of communication across the mountains of this section was the National Road which was surveyed by George Washington. The cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was laid July 4th, 1828. Baltimore, where the railroad had its beginning, held aloft the "Star Spangled Banner" through the fire and smoke of the war of 1812. In fact, this section has been associated with nearly all the wars of this great Republic. It was the first railroad in the Union and during the rebellion it was also the most disturbed, as it was from first to last in the pathway of both armies. Near its line, or but a short distance from it, more than one hundred and fifty engagements took place ranging from Grafton, Philippi and Cumberland, clear down to the defences of Washington. The Potomac was crossed by the armies, from Cumberland and Hancock to Washington, repeatedly. In fact this line was constantly menaced by the Confederates. The course of the river from its source to its mouth is so circuitous and the direction of the mountains vary so much that the points of the compass to the uninitiated are likely to become confused in this section. But a short distance from Frederick, at the passes of the South Mountain, occurred the battle that goes by that name. Across the mountain is the valley of the Antietam in which occurred the notable battle that goes by that name.

But from Frederick to the mouth of the Monocacy is a distance of ten miles or more. This was where the road which commenced at the Susquehanna terminated at the "Monocacy Settlement" near and on the Potomac. Here is where occurred the battle of that name in 1864 to retard General Early's advance upon Washington when Grant was sorely pressing upon Richmond.

Our objective aim is Winchester, due west from Monocacy some distance across the Potomac. But we shall leave that as a terminus for another pilgrimage from the Susquehanna at Harrisburg through the Cumberland Valley, continued down the Shenandoah Valley to Winchester and beyond, which will be given in another paper. In the meanwhile we will continue our

pilgrimage in the present paper passing along the Potomac river, and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which has accompanied it from Georgetown and will continue to do so till it reaches Cumberland. We pass the head of the ridges of Catoctin Mountain and the intervening Catoctin valley between those ranges and the Blue Ridge proper. This valley contains such towns as Burkittsville and Middletown. This section contains the home of George



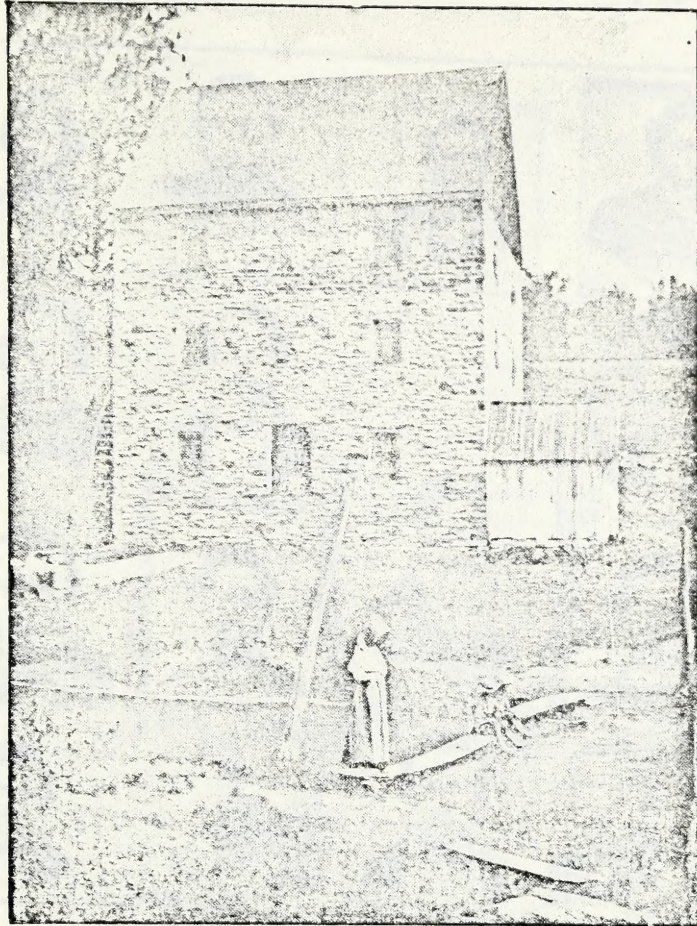
THE STEPS TO THE OLD CHURCH,
HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VIRGINIA.

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Alfred Townsend (Gath), a noted correspondent, the author of "Katy of Catoctin," a realistic tale containing strong local coloring with episodes in the lives of John Brown and John Wilkes Booth. A distance north of thirty-five miles brings us to Pen-Mar which is on the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Here Washington county, Maryland, and Franklin and Adams counties, Pa., are contiguous. Pen Mar is a noted summer resort with its observatories of High Rock and Quirauck which show the surrounding country all around to a great distance. In fact here, the

South Mountain beneath one, can be studied in its details and the valleys observed on either side, the distance across the mountain and its ranges being no less than fifteen miles.

Passing up the river we reach Weverton, the point of intersection of the railway that runs from Hagerstown across part of the Antietam battlefield and passing through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, reaches the Baltimore and



THE OLD STONE MILL, NEAR JOHN BROWN'S CAVE
HARPER'S FERRY.

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Ohio railroad. We now reach Sandy Hook, noted as the place where John Brown and his son stopped on their first advent into Maryland and Virginia. Passing on, Harper's Ferry breaks upon our view, a place second to no other in historic interest.

About 1747 Robert Harper, an Englishman from Philadelphia, undertook to build a meeting house for the Friends on the Opequan river near the present town of Winchester which was founded in 1752. He traveled on horseback over the Monocacy road. He lodged one night at a tavern in

Frederick where he heard of a short route to the Opequan, leading through a remarkable region called "The Hole" on the bank of the Potomac; and so turning aside from the road to Antietam and Shepherdstown, which he had meant to take, he rode the next day to the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah, and saw for the first time the striking scenery which years afterward he showed to Thomas Jefferson. He found a squatter upon it, whom he bought out. Then going to Lord Fairfax, the proprietor, he ob-

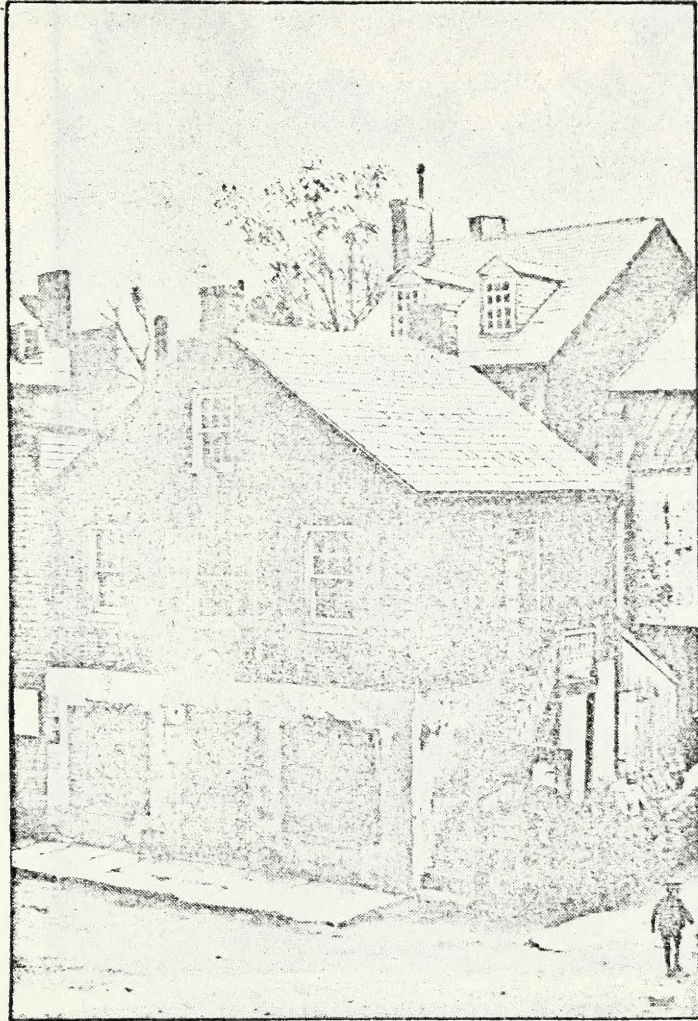


JOHN BROWN AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

tained a patent. Probably the first survey of the tract was made in that year by George Washington as he surveyed in that locality at that time. Washington, it is also said, selected the "Ferry" as the site of a national armory in 1794. The scenery of this region in the days of Washington and Jefferson has been described by the latter in a passage often quoted from his "Notes of Virginia," which tradition relates were written from a rock bearing his name, overlooking the scene, before the death of Harper in 1782.

"You stand," says Jefferson, "on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac in

quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles and have never been to see these monuments of war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its center."



HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR JOHN BROWN'S FORT.

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Around the junction of these rivers during the existence of the armory and arsenal, a town of three or four thousand inhabitants had grown up in a period of some sixty years while the government works existed. On the northern side of the Potomac rise the Maryland Heights almost perpendicularly from the river's bank and 1,300 feet above it. The London

Heights across the Shenandoah are lower, but both heights overtop the "Heights of Bolivar" along which the town is strung. Both the former heights make the place untenable for an army as was frequently demonstrated during the Civil War. The rivers are crossed by bridges. At low water numerous rocks are visible in the Potomac and Shenandoah, some



**A MARYLAND ROAD—AT THIS SPOT STOOD
THE JOHN BROWN SCHOOL-HOUSE.**

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of which have become memorable. The place is situated in Jefferson county which is now in West Virginia.

This county contained a large number of slaves, while Washington county, Maryland, just across the river, possessed comparatively few. The place is at the head and opens into the great Valley of Virginia. A branch railroad runs down to Winchester and beyond. The Shenandoah Valley railroad

runs down the valley crossing the Potomac at Shepherdstown some miles above Harper's Ferry. It begins at Hagerstown and also crosses another portion of Antietam battlefield. A third road, the Cumberland Valley, extends from Harrisburg to Chambersburg, Hagerstown and, crossing the river at Falling Waters still higher above, it goes on to Martinsburg and thence to Winchester, one hundred and sixteen miles from its beginning.

There is much that will bear careful study in this neighborhood embracing its natural and social features. It is about sixty miles from Baltimore,



LOOKING DOWN THE POTOMAC VALLEY
FROM THE MOUTH OF THE SHENANDOAH, HARPER'S FERRY.

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eighty from Washington, about twenty-five from Frederick and about the same distance from Hagerstown. The distance from Martinsburg is about fifteen to twenty miles, while to Winchester is over twenty-five miles. These locations and distances were important especially during the days of the Civil War.

Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry and Winchester have been prominent points for the initiation or beginning of certain movements which radiated from them as a center. From the first began the great strike of 1877; from the second the foray of John Brown which brought the slavery conflict from the plains of Kansas to the mountains of Virginia. The part of the third will be shown later. But it is the second that we will notice in this connec-

tion. In June, 1859, John Brown and sons, then known as "Smith & Sons," appeared in Chambersburg and after a time appeared at Hagerstown, and later in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, renting what was known as the Kennedy farm on the Maryland side of the Potomac, some five miles distant from Harper's Ferry. They traversed and acquainted themselves with the country in all directions and actually acquired a better knowledge of it than the native inhabitants.

His object, as all the world now knows, was "to carry the war into Africa"—to meet slavery on its own ground, to make the institution inse-



THE CHURCH JOHN BROWN ATTENDED IN MARYLAND,
NEAR HARPER'S FERRY.

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cure and thus unprofitable. The Mecca of Freedom had within the last decade, especially been removed from Mason and Dixon's line beyond the Canadian border. The north star had been the pillar of fire which by night guided the fugitive to the land of promise.

While this was an avenue that in the aggregate led large numbers to freedom, yet the soul of John Brown chafed with impatience to do a stroke for humanity which would reverberate down through the ages. We can recall how mad the undertaking then seemed, but we, too, recall how in less than four years the legions of the North went South to the strain of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah." No other song reached its popularity with the soldiers of the Civil War—whole regiments singing it on the march.

Brown was a man of striking individuality, austere in manner, and tenacious in his convictions. He held that to compromise with error was an inconsistency that was unpardonable. He believed that Truth should grapple with error and that in the end it had nothing to fear in the encounter. Whatever we may think of John Brown's methods, the world has long since acknowledged his sincerity and bravery. Moral heroes in a world affected by compromises are none too plentiful and when one is found who stands for principle, even at the expense of life and reputation, he is sure to be canonized in the pages of history. Or as Eugene Ware in his "Rhymes of Iron-quill" beautifully says:

"All merit comes from braving the unequal;
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the State that, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win.

* * * * *

John Brown of Kansas,
He dared begin.

He lost,
But losing, won."

With twenty-one followers as a forlorn hope he entered the arena and when summoned to surrender he exclaimed: "I prefer to die here." Colonel Washington, one of his hostages, said "that Brown, with one son dead by his side and another dying, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle in the other. When that pulse was stilled he straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings and remarked to me, 'This is the third son I have lost in this cause.'"

During the fight Brown wore the sword taken from Colonel Washington, which tradition said had been given by Frederick the Great to George Washington.

This sword Washington was ordered to surrender to the colored man, O. P. Anderson, who in the slave code was but a "thing," and the act was to teach slaveholders the significance of the newly found manhood by the "thing." If there was madness in these actions there was method in them. But the end came and with it Colonel Robert E. Lee, whose marines stormed the engine house and overpowered its brave defenders. It is significant that Lee five years later surrendered his own sword to General Grant at Appomattox.

The demeanor of Brown when captured, and through his trial and during his confinement before execution arrested the attention of the world, by his utterances and the words he left on record. Efforts were made to save him from his fate, but without avail. Before the execution Edmund Clarence Stedman in his poem "John Brown of Osawatimie," had made an appeal to the Virginians to exercise mercy in their own interests, as the death of Brown would be sure to cry for vengeance.

"But, Virginians, don't do it, for I tell you that the flagon

Filled with blood of old Brown's offspring was first poured by Southern hands;

And each drop of old Brown's life veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful fury, hissing through your slave worn lands!

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down."

Prophetic words that came true five years later!

To all efforts to save him, whether through the plea of irresponsibility or by pardon, or rescue, the old hero turned a deaf ear. He considered himself he declared, "worth inconceivably more to be hung in this cause than to be used in any other way." He further added, "I expect nothing but to endure hardship, but I expect to achieve a great victory even though it be like the last victory of Samson." But Virginia demanded "the pound of flesh," and with John Wilkes Booth as one of the guards around the scaffold, Brown paid the forfeit. In five years Booth became a red handed murderer of the Nation's Head, but retribution was swift in the hands of Boston Corbett.

From all sections in the North came words of praise or censure. From across the sea came the medal sent by Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc and others to Brown's family, which is now jealously guarded by the Kansas Historical Society, which has inscribed upon it:

To the memory of

JOHN BROWN.

Legally assassinated at Charlestown, December 2, 1859, and to those of his Sons and of His Companions, Dead Victims of their Devotion to the Cause of Liberty of the Blacks."

John Brown was buried at his home in the Adirondacks in New York at the great boulder he loved so well in life, by his request. Since then eleven of his twenty-one followers have been re-interred there also, alongside of their old leader. The John Brown home has now passed into the care of the State.

Thus ended one of the most tragic and noted episodes in American history.

THE DELONG FAMILY IN AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THROUGH the united and energetic work of the present generation of DeLong's several annual family reunions have been held and considerable genealogical data unearthed, that, but for this fresh stimulus and combined effort, should have been lost.

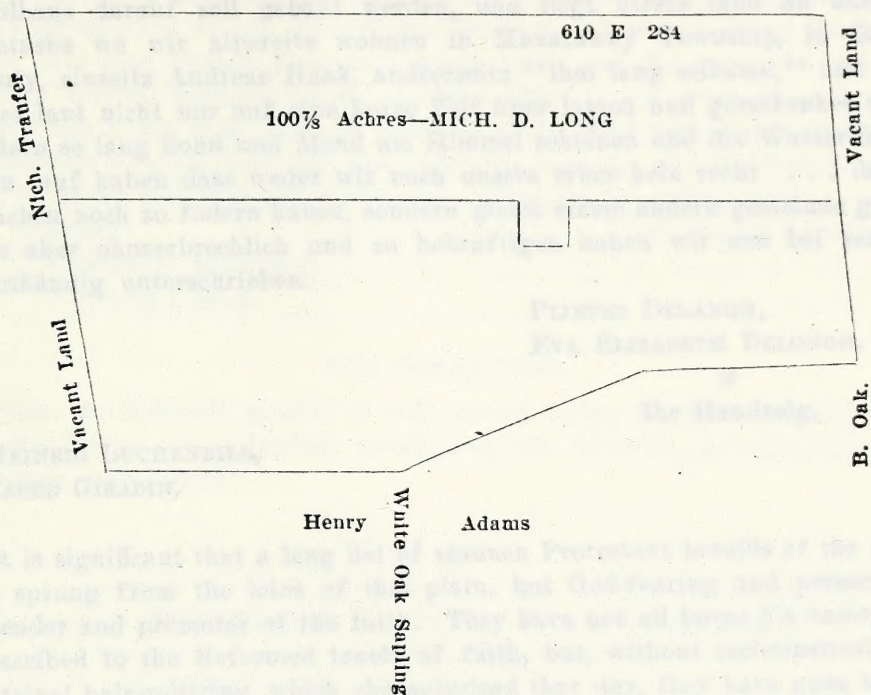
Yet a number of desirable points remain thus far unexplored. It is not absolutely certain what was the locality whence the original immigrant came; nor the particular history of same family immediately preceding their departure from the old world; nor the exact time and port of embarkation; nor the history of same ancestor preceding his taking up of land in what is now Berks county, Pa. From that time on (June, 1738), the genealogical stream can be tolerably clearly traced—the family tree outlined into its outbranching ramifications.

But it is quite clear from name, physical features and religious faith, that the family shared the blood, the reverses and experiences of the French Huguenots, who were cruelly driven from their native country towards the close of the seventeenth century to find temporary refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Protestant Switzerland and the Palatinate. Here their Reformed faith was developed and their French speech mixed with, and exchanged for the Palatine dialect, which the large German emigration brought to and perpetuated in Eastern Pennsylvania. Indeed this is all historically claimed. (See Stapleton's "Memoirs of the Huguenots," p. seventy-four.)

It is known, too, that the original ancestor, or ancestors, entered America by the port of New York and took up temporary abode in that province before coming to Pennsylvania. Was it in the seaport city, at New Rochelle, where many French Huguenots settled and named the colony after the storm center of the old France, or up the Hudson, where a large colony of Germans had settled in 1710? (The Military Records of the State of New York, between years 1783-1821, show a number of DeLongs to have been in service from that State.)

Doubtless moved by the permanent settlement of many of his countrymen, from among the Huguenots and Palatines in the townships of Oley and Maxatawny, then Philadelphia, now Berks county, Pa., it is known that Peter DeLong, regarded by present descendants as the original American ancestor, came to settle in this section of Pennsylvania in the year 1738. There are records in the General Land Offices of the State, showing that on the 27th of June of this year (1738), a patent was granted said Peter DeLong for 187 acres of land, situated where the present village of Bowers Station is located, on the East Penn Branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, about sixteen miles northeast of Reading, Pa. This tract was surveyed in 1740. It was a wise choice, showing native shrewdness and foresight. The soil is rich, the land level, doubtless well timbered at that time, as still at this late day it contains a grove of about six acres of stout and

kingly oaks; and the clear and beautiful Saucon creek, rising in the hills to the south, flowed through the tract on its way to the Antelaunee or Maiden creek, towards the north, which in turn is swallowed up by the Schuylkill just above Reading. We give here a diagram of the DeLong Homestead Plot, as copied by Rev. W. F. DeLong, of Annville, Pa., from the State's Records at Harrisburg:



By virtue of a warrant dated the 27th day of June, 1738, surveyed the 16th day of April, 1740, to Peter Long, the above described tract of land, situated between Oley and Maxatawny in the County of Philadelphia, containing 186 acres and 105 perches, with the allowance of 6 per cent., pr. Edw. Scull. The 100 7-8 acres Returned, &c., 25 November, 1785, for Michael DeLong in part of ye above.

PETER LONG, 185 acres.
Phila. Co.
100 7-8 acres, 25 Nov., 1785.

17 a. 43 per., 3 June, 1828.
83 a., 28 per., 10 July, 1828.
Fees, \$1.50.

In October, 1759, towards the close of his life, this pious Reformed Huguenot gave of his land two acres for church purposes, as is plain from the following quaint document, written originally in German Script, and carefully preserved among the archives of the DeLong's Church, which, under separate pastorates, has survived a century and a half and whose flock still containing many lineal descendants, now worships in the fourth or fifth edifice.

GIFT OF LAND.

Maxatawny Township, Oct. 8, 1759.

Wir unterschreiber, Peter DeLong un meine ehliche Hausfrau, Eva Elizabeth DeLong, bekennen hiermit und in kraft unserer eigenen handunterschrift dass wir an die Reformirte Gemeinde geschenkt und überlassen haben nämlich zwei Acher lant dass eine Evangelische Reformirte Kirche und Schulhaus darauf soll gebaut werden, und liegt dieses land an unserer Plantashe wo wir albereits wohnen in Maxatawny Township, in Berks County, einseit Andreas Haak, andererseits "ihm lang selbstem," und soll dieses lant nicht nur auf eine kurze Zeit über lassen und gerschenket sein, sondern so lang Sonn und Mond am Himmel scheinen und die Wasser-flüsse ihren lauf haben dass weder wir noch unsere erber kein recht . . . daran zusuchen noch zu fodern haben, sondern gleich einem andern gemeinde glied. Dies aber ohnzerbrechlich und zu bekräftigen haben wir uns bei zeugen eigenhändig unterschrieben.

PIJETER DELANGH,
EVA ELIZABETH DELONGH.

X

Ihr Handzeig.

HEINRIG LUCHENBILL,
JACOB GIRADIN.

It is significant that a long list of staunch Protestant heralds of the cross has sprung from the loins of this plain, but God-fearing and persecuted, defender and promoter of the faith. They have not all borne his name, nor subscribed to the Reformed tenets of faith, but, without ecclesiastical and doctrinal hair-splitting, which characterized that day, they have gone on, in several different communions, taking high rank among the promoters of our Master's common Kingdom.

Towards the end of his life Peter DeLong made a will, from the German text of which the following is a translation. The same was copied verbatim from the county records at Reading.

THE WILL.

*Translation from the German Original of the last Will and Testament of
of Peter DeLangh.*

In the name of the Lord, Amen—I, Peter De Lang, of Maxatawny, in Berks Co., as it pleases God to lay me down in sickness, and not knowing how soon God shall call me out of this world, and am yet, God be thanked, in good understanding and memory, I hereby will thus order my goods and movables, and that in the presence of two witnesses, as follows:

First, my three sons, to wit, John and Heinrich and Jacob, shall have my right in the land which I bought of the Secretary and shall pay for the same in my name and shall divide it regularly among them and John shall give Jacob one acre of his meadow.

Secondly, this is my will that my two sons, to wit, Michael and Abraham, shall have my right in my dwelling place, but all my estate, as well the improvements as the movables, shall come into an appraisement and my wife, Eva Elisabita, shall, as Executrix, keep all in her hands, as there are yet four children, to wit, Michael, Barbara, and Abraham, and Frederick, in their minority. But my son, Jacob, shall have before the appraisement, one cow, two swine, two sheep, but after the death of my aforesaid wife, my four children, to wit, Michael and Barbara and Abraham and Frederick, each have four pounds of money before hand, and the remainder shall be equally divided between all my children. But if my aforesaid wife shall marry again she shall have no more than her third part, to require which I herewith conclude and seal and subscribe with my own hand and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. Done 1st December, 1756.

Witness:

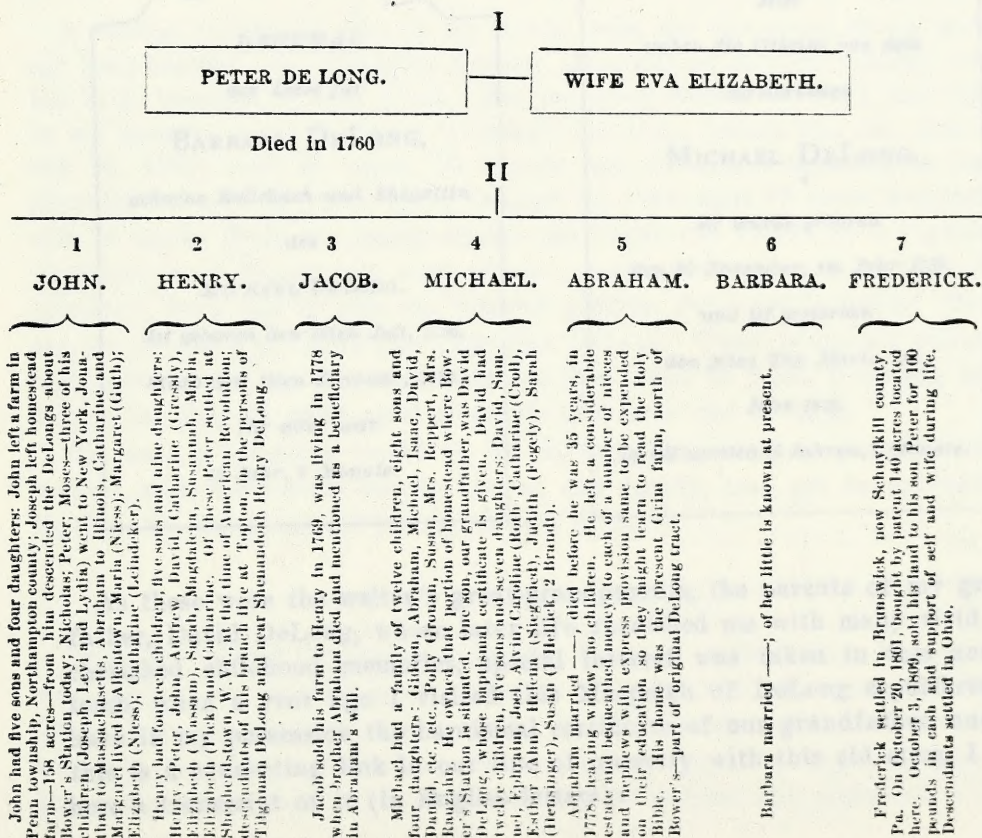
CHRISTIAN HEINRICH.

JUSTAUS URBAN.

PYETER DE LANGH.

THE FAMILY TREE.

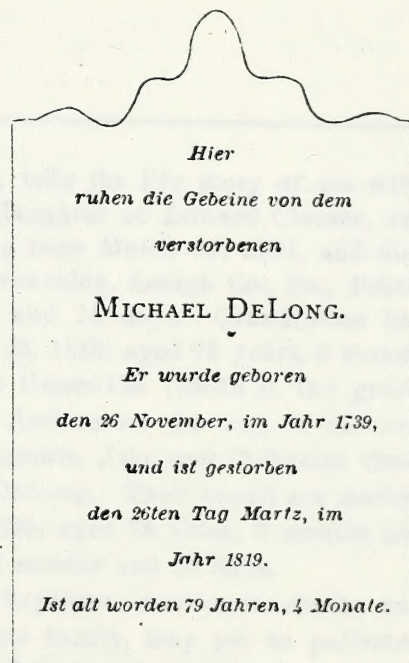
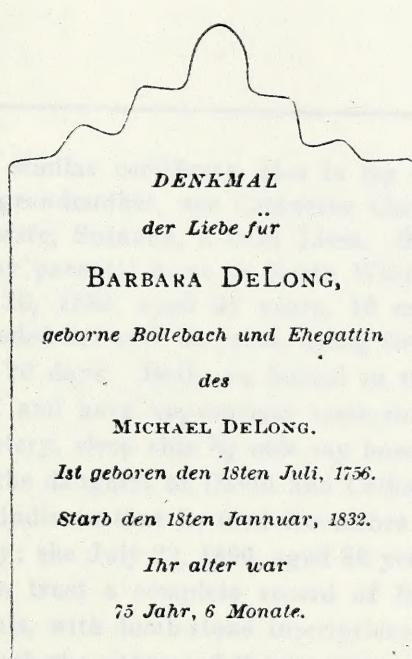
From the different records of will, church books, tomb-stone inscriptions, family Bibles and baptismal certificates, the following genealogical table has been constructed:



Of this family a scion returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., about the beginning of last century and prospered in the mercantile business. His octogenarian son has written several most interesting letters of family greeting and reminiscence to the friends gathered in their annual reunions. Of this branch came the illustrious Lieutenant George W. DeLong, leader of the ill-fated Jeanette, in its Polar expedition, whose widow has graced the assembled DeLongs in family reunion with her presence during the Summer of 1901.

BURIALS.

Many of the older and younger generations of DeLongs lie buried on the burial plots near the DeLong's church. The original ancestor's tomb and that of his wife are doubtless here, but are either unmarked, or their tombstone inscriptions have become illegible. Several of his sons' tombs here are marked with appropriate stones. Being especially interested in my own line, I have copied that of Michael and his wife as follows:



As these were the writer's great-grandparents, the parents of my grandfather, David DeLong, whose later life furnished me with many vivid and cherished childhood memories, special interest was taken in this ancient tomb, when a year ago I visited this Macpelah of DeLong sepulchres. I have in my possession the baptismal certificate of our grandfather, and, as this is a connecting link in our line of ancestry with this old stem, I give here a transcript of it (in English letters):

This Border is filled with hand-painted designs in water-colors.

David DeLang

Hat das Licht dieser welt erblicket und ist von Christlichen Eltern geboren in der Provins Pennsylvanien in Berks County in Maxatawny Township Im Jahr des Herrn 1790, den 5ten May Monats, und ist getauft worden den 24 May, 1790. Sein vater ist der Erbare Michael DeLang, und seine Mutter Barbara. Die Taufzeugen sind David DeLang und seine Frau Barbara—Wurde Confirmirt durch Hn: Henrich Helfrich im Jahr 1805.

A similar certificate, also in my hands, tells the life story of his wife, my grandmother, nee Catharine Clauser, daughter of Edward Clauser, and his wife, Susanna, a born Liess. She was born March 25, 1791, and died in my parental home in North Whitehall township, Lehigh Co., Pa., February 16, 1883, aged 91 years, 10 months and 21 days. Grandfather had preceded her over 13 years, dying October 26, 1869, aged 79 years, 5 months and 20 days. Both are buried in the old Unionville (Neffs P. O.) graveyard and have appropriate tomb-stones. And across the way, in the new cemetery, sleep side by side my honored parents, John and Catharine Croll, she the daughter of David and Catharine DeLong. Their tombs are marked and indicate that he died November 20, 1890, aged 76 years, 6 months and 1 day; she July 22, 1896, aged 80 years, 11 months and 20 days.

We trust a complete record of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths and burials, with tomb-stone inscriptions of this family, may yet be published through the energy of the younger scions of it.

THE OLD DE LONG HOMESTEAD.

From the will of the original ancestor, it seems evident what disposition was made of the original estate upon his death in 1760. However, in 1785, Michael, by the payment of 45 pounds, secured a portion of the same, which seems to have had a shaky title, as same is reconveyed by Orphans' Court. For satisfaction of members of this family we publish this document.

PATENT BOOK P, NO. 4, PAGE 143.

Patent 2.

MICHAEL DE LONG,

(Exa) The Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pa.
To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know ye that in consideration of the monies paid by Peter Long (alias DeLong) to the late Proprietaries at the granting the warrant hereinafter mentioned and of the further sum of 45 pounds lawful money paid by Michael DeLong into the Receivers General office of this Commonwealth, being the arrearage of purchase money and interest due thereon, there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto the said Peter DeLong a certain tract of land called Sommerville, situated in Maxatawny township, formerly Philadelphia Co., now in the county of Berks, beginning at a corner-stone in the line of Daniel Hock's land, thence by the same to Henry Grimm's land south 10 degrees, east 284 perches to a part in the line of Christian Zeivert's (Seibert's) land, thence by the same north 20 degrees, east 59 perches and seven-tenth to a cornerstone of land belonging to the heirs of Abraham DeLong, thence by the same north 10 degrees, west 161 perches to a post, north 8 degrees, east 8 perches, to a post north 10 degrees, west 20 perches, to a post south 80 degrees, west 8 perches, to a post and north 10 degrees and one-half west, 103 perches to a corner-stone of Daniel Hock's land, thence by the same south 80 degrees, west 58 perches and eight-tenths to the place of beginning; containing 100 acres and 7-8 of an acre, and allowance of six per cent. for roads, etc., with the appurtenances (which said tract is part of a larger tract which was surveyed by virtue of a warrant dated the 27th day of June, 1738, granted to the said Peter Long, alias DeLong, who died intestate, whereupon the same was ordered by the Orphans Court to his son, the said Michael DeLong, to have and to hold the said tract or parcel of land, with the appurtenances unto the said Michael and his heirs, to the use of him, the said Michael DeLong, his heirs and assignees forever, free and clear of all restrictions and reservation as to monies, royalties, quit rents or otherwise, excepting and reserving only the fifth part of all gold and silver ore for the use of this Commonwealth to be delivered at the pits mouth clear of all charge. In witness whereof the Honorable Charles Biddle, Esq., in Pres. of the Supreme Executive Council, hath hereto set his hand and caused the State seal to be herewith affixed in council the 26th of November, 1785, and of the Commonwealth the tenth.

Attest: John Armstrong, Sec. Enrolled 28th Nov., 1785.

CHAS. BIDDLE, V. P. (s).

The Court and Commonwealth Records have been thoroughly searched by the aforesaid Rev. W. F. DeLong, and he has found and copied records of conveyances of other parts of same original tract as follows:

Patent Book P, No. 4, p. 143, Nov. 26, 1785, to John DeLong 20 1-8 acres. The tract was called "John's Fancy." This is same date of above conveyance to Michael DeLong.

Patent Book H, No. 25, p. 493, June 3, 1828, to James Bower, 17 acres, 43 perches. After him the present village was named, Bowers.

Patent Book H, No. 26, p. 85, July 10, 1828, to Henry Grim, 83 acres and 28 perches of the same original tract.

Patent Book, Vol. H, No. 26, p. 295, a conveyance June 2, 1829, to Peter Hamsher, of a 20-acre tract, originally secured by Peter DeLong on 30th Jan., 1755, by warrant. Situated in Rockland township and adjoining lands of Adam Luckenbill, Henry Wertz, Jacob Pawrand.

As far as is known to the writer the oldest house on this tract is that now occupied by James DeLong, a son of Franklin DeLong, who was a son of Joseph DeLong, who was grandson of the original settler, Peter DeLong. This house stands a little to the east of Bowers and was built by Joseph DeLong in 1811.

And now let all who have DeLong blood in their arteries remember that when they travel past Bowers Station they are genealogically on hallowed ground, and may they take off their hat, if not their shoes, in token of the sturdy pioneer, who there, nearly one and three-quarters of a century ago, as a religious refugee and a patron of liberty, of life and thought, permanently planted his home in the wilds of Penn's forest, over which waved the glorious banner of religious tolerance.

ADDENDUM.

Since the foregoing was written and set in type, another DeLong Family Reunion was held (at Kutztown Park, on August 26, 1903). At this gathering several hundred of relatives from far and near gathered for reviewing history, renewing or forming acquaintance and stimulating one another in the good ways and purposes of hereditary family traits and virtues. There were attending members of the family from Boston, Mass., to Lafayette, Ind., and a belated comer arrived too late for the day's festivities from Boulder, Colo. Letters from Appleton, Wis., and Brooklyn, N. Y., again cheered the assemblage and several interesting historical or genealogical addresses were delivered. From these it was learned that the heretofore supposed original American pioneer, Peter DeLong's wife's full name was Eva Elizabeth Weber, daughter of Jacob Weber, from Dutchess county, N. Y., who in 1736 settled in New Holland, Lancaster county, Pa., who came to America with the noted Rev. Joshua Kocherthal in 1708. These facts were discovered from the contents of a deed on record in Newberg, N. Y. She was married to said Peter DeLong in the year 1722(?). Records of a certain Francis DeLong were also found as having been a resident in Dutchess county, N. Y., as early as 1714, who then had four sons, and must consequently have been married not later than 1705 to 1707, and hence born about 1685 in Dutchess county. Was he the father of Peter DeLong?

Then the latter was American born and the emigration of the pioneer DeLong is put back into the 17th century, making this a very old family. Following additional facts were also brought to light by an address delivered by Rev. Calvin M. DeLong, of East Greenville, Pa., viz:

1. That the DeLongs come from the French nobility according to de Maigney's "Science of Heraldry," published in Paris in 1856.
2. That the Records of the Dutch Reformed churches of New York City and Kingston N. Y., have entries of DeLong baptisms as early as 1685 and then frequently from 1700 on to 1728.

3. That in "First Settlers of Albany County" (N. Y.) are found DeLange's (Ariaautzen, Rochel and Jean) born in Raysester (Rochester?) and date of settlement as early as 1712 and 1717.

4. That in "Calendar of Wills" at Albany N. Y., for years 1769, 1770, are records of DeLange wills—one Arrie DeLange, of Charlotte precinct, Duchess county, whose wife was Anne, and sons Francis, Elias, Martin, Jearus, Lawrence, and daughters, Mary Crankright and Jene Ismul.

SHALL WE NOT HAVE A SUPPLEMENTAL ISSUE OF PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN BIBLIOGRAPHY TO PROF. SEIDENSTICKER'S "FIRST CENTURY OF GERMAN PRINTING IN AMERICA"?

Already fifteen years have passed since the appearance of Prof. Seidensticker's "First Century of German Printing in America." This is the most complete bibliography of early German book making in America. Notwithstanding its supposed completeness and undoubted value to students in Pennsylvania-German history, the discovery of many works not listed by either Prof. Seidensticker or his predecessor, Prof. Hildeburn, in his "Issues of the Pennsylvania Press," have demonstrated the necessity of a new or revised work on this important subject.

In this field of research no one has been more successful than Rev. A. Stapleton, whose work in this line should not be lost to posterity. His list of publications embraces some titles that materially affect history. As examples: In 1732 appears an announcement in Franklin's "Pennsylvania Gazette," that a paper would be issued in the German language if sufficient encouragement were given the project. No copy of the proposed issue had hitherto come within the knowledge of historians, and Sower has generally been given credit for publishing the first German newspaper in the New World in 1739.

Some years ago Dr. Stapleton discovered a copy of the Franklin paper, dated May, 1732, thus antedating the Sower paper by seven years. Again, the most recent histories and bibliographies of the Reformed Church gives the first appearance of the Heidelberg Catechism in America as 1762, but Mr. Stapleton has recently discovered a Heidelberg Catechism printed by Sower in 1755, thus pushing back the printing of that confession in America seven years.

The number of unrecorded books, pamphlets, papers, etc., which Dr. Stapleton has recovered is over 220. It can readily be seen that the publication of this addition to Prof. Seidensticker's work would materially change its character and be a valuable acquisition to our present fund of knowledge on this subject. We hope such scholars as Dr. Stapleton and his ilk will contribute a full list of works on this subject hitherto omitted for the next issue of this Magazine, and we herewith summon and command Dr. S. to do this additional labor of love and thus contribute to the knowledge and convenience of his fellow men and add lustre to the brightness of his literary crown.

BOOK



NOTICES

**"History of
Donegal Presbyterian
Church."**

Local history has recently received a marvelous impetus. There is something in the air that seems to waken up the people to the study and development of past events at one's very feet. Many a devout Old Mortality has in these days taken up the mallet and chisel to re-trace again some worthy and almost forgotten name upon the erasive and crumbling marble. Many a student has pointed his grey-goose quill to re-enact the deeds and exploits of such as may have, a century and more ago, on their very heath, nobly labored and planted and taught so that the feet of coming generations might have less thorns and fewer obstacles to encounter as they tread the long and winding lane of life.

This spirit has inspired Dr. J. L. Ziegler, of Mt. Joy, to bring out his beautiful and carefully-written book on the widely famous old Donegal Presbyterian Church of Lancaster County. Sixty years of closest acquaintance with the territory and with the history of this pioneer church has enabled him to write its annals much in the way of an eye-witness. Much valuable data is thus given; a great many facts concerning most of the old families who first settled here, or once lived here, are collated; old tombstone instructions and many genealogical sketches are drawn, with accounts of scores of distinguished persons descending out of this sturdy Scotch-Irish settlement, including the late President McKinley, made here when Pennsylvania was yet an infant province. Several beautiful illustrations, half-tones from photographs, adorn the book, which consists of 184 quarto pp. of fine paper, well-bound and gilt-edged. It is a handsome contribution to the interests of local history.

Capt. Gustavus Cunyngham. The Pennsylvania Society, Sons of the Revolution, have recently issued a pamphlet in fine and elaborate style, adorned with half a dozen full-page illustrations, giving a sketch of this worthy Revolutionary fighter and the services he rendered to the cause of American Independence. The thought and its execution merit praise.

**"Response to the Blue Juniata."
AND OTHER POEMS.**

BY

REV. CYRUS CORT, D. D.

The author, a reputed minister of the Reformed Church of America, has kept his pen from rusting during a long and busy pastoral career, by frequent effusions, historic, religious and poetical. The volume before us is a book of his collected poems, which receives its name from the first one. It contains many a clever piece of writing, recounting the heroic deeds of pioneers who helped to lay the foundations of Church and State, and the whole is a worthy and grateful contribution to the provincial biographical and local history of our Pennsylvania-German stock and deserves a wide circulation. Octavo, 117pp.

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